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TRUEGATE, OF MOGADOR

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I

MANY times has the Federal Government pained and shocked the Cedarton critics who gather in the back room of Ashton's general store to debate and whittle, to whittle and debate. Yet no single act, not even the hauling down of the flag in Hawaii, was ever greeted with such astonishment and derision as the selection of Squire Freedom Truegate for consul to Mogador.

Not that Squire Truegate was unworthy or unpopular. It would be somewhat difficult to define just why Cedarton gasped and haw-hawed at the news. Perhaps it was because he seemed so thoroughly a local fixture. Why, he had lived there, boy and man, for fifty years, occupying for half that period a little coop of an office above whose door was a now barely legible sign declaring his profession. The dust on some of his law books had been undisturbed all that time.

Nor was it merely his bulk—although the squire was quite a sizable man, especially around the waist—which suggested permanence. No, it was something more subtle than that; his machine-like regularity of habits, for instance. Miss Phœbe Needlefit used to say that she set her clock by his goings and comings.

He was regarded as firmly rooted in Cedarton. The folks no more anticipated that at fifty he was to begin gadding about the earth than they expected the big old sycamore in front of the Cedarton House to commence playing pussy-wants-a-corner with the Water Street willows.

As a matter of fact, they looked upon Squire Truegate as a man who had not been at home when Opportunity knocked. Most likely he was down the bay, fishing. If he had meant to do anything in the world he would have done it long ago. Although by no means classed as one of the unfit, he was reckoned among the failures. His day had gone. His star had set.

True, he was still of occasional use to the politicians. He was said to know personally nine-tenths of the voters in two counties, and that he had a certain amount of influence no one denied. But what good did it do him? The offices and nominations went to the insistent, ambitious chaps who clamored for their rights. Free. Truegate did not clamor. He was not of the clamoring kind. He just waited, silent, patient, apparently satisfied. So they passed him by.

In the end, however, there arrived a presidential campaign, when the local congressman, observing his party split into squabbling factions, could almost taste in his mouth the bitter pill of forced retirement to private life. Among others he appealed to Truegate. The Squire admitted that things looked black, but said he would see what could be done. He did see, driving all day long for two weeks, and laboring personally with some three hundred malcontents who had fully determined to bolt the ticket. And when the returns came in,

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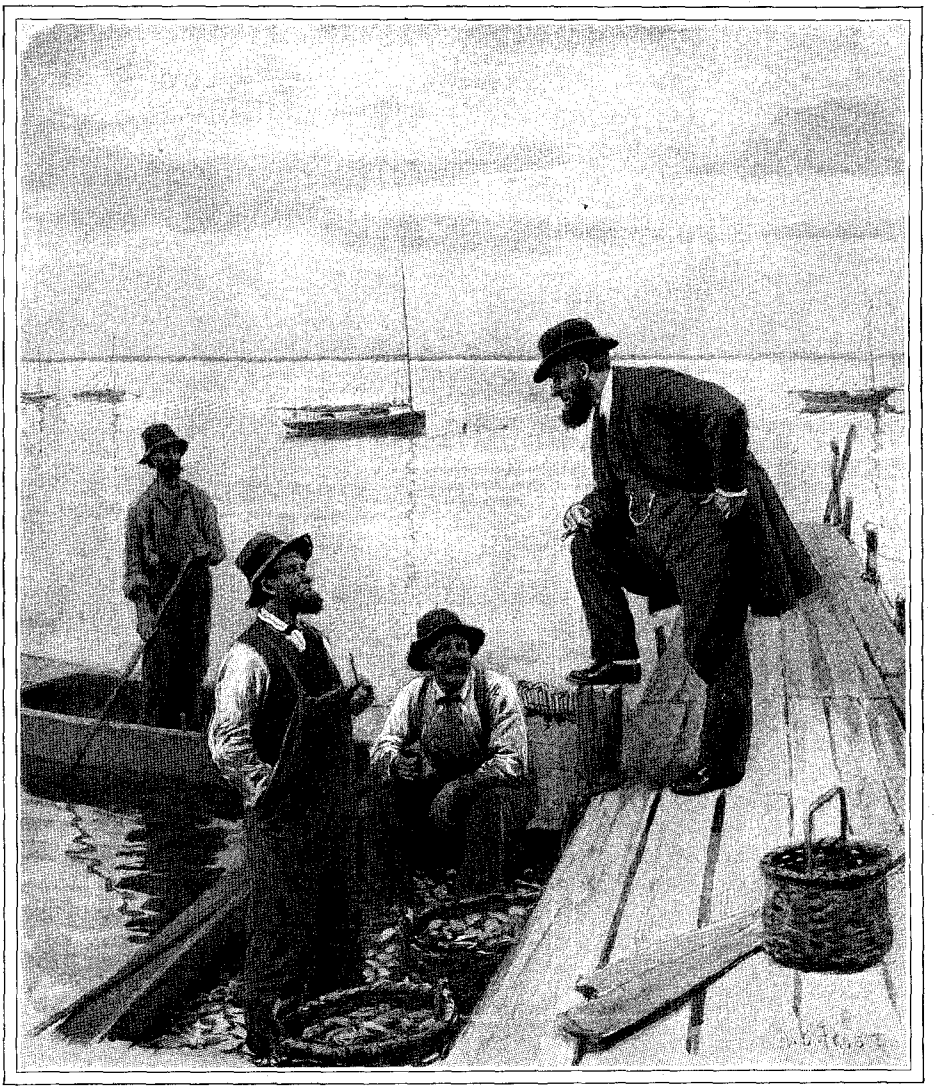
it was found that the districts had been swung back into line. Even then, few besides the relieved Congressman knew just how much Truegate had contributed to that result, and fewer still seemed to realize that reward was due.

So, when it did come, when the word was passed that Free. Truegate had received a foreign consulship, Cedarton opened its mouth in surprise, and then, as was quite logical, indulged in a long, loud, expressive haw-haw.

As for the Squire himself, he tilted cautiously back in his rickety old desk-chair and read once more the brief note, written on House of Representative stationery, apprising him of his appointment.

"Mogador," mused the Squire. "Now where in thunder's Mogador?"

Where, indeed? Doc. Brewswater thought it might be somewhere in Canada. Buck Watkins, who drives the stage, was sure it was in Mexico. Professor Hi Marble, principal of the Cedarton school, wriggled out of a confession of unfamiliarity with the exact location of Mogador by alleging that he knew "just as well as he knew his own name; but at that moment it



Laboring personally with some three hundred malcontents.—Page 641.

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"Now where in thunder's Mogador?"—Page 642.

escaped his memory." He would drop in at noon and let them know. Just as though Squire Truegate meant to sit there for half a day wondering as to what part of the world he had been called.

It was Captain Dory Ibbens, who always stopped for a moment in the squire's office after he had taken out his morning's mail, that supplied the exact information.

"Mogador? Know where Mogador is? Well, I ought to. Shipped a Lascar cook there once, who nearly killed my first mate with a red-hot poker. Mogador? Yes, I ought to remember Mogador."

"But where is it?" chorused Buck Watkins and Doc. Brewswater.

"Why, three days' sail no'th-east from Teneriffe. You can touch there on your way up to Gibraltar, if you're bound for Mediterranean ports. It's in Morocco, or Algiers, or some of those countries along the north coast of Africa."

"Africa!" Again came the chorus. Both doctor and stage-driver turned to look at Squire Truegate, as if they expected that some magic had suddenly endowed him with visible evidence of official importance.

"Hear that, Squire? North Africa!" and Doc. Brewswater adjusted his glasses so that he might give his friend still closer scrutiny.

"Free. Truegate going to Africa!" It seemed to be this illogical and incongruous association of names which struck Cedar-

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ton as humorous. Of course, Cedarton admitted the existence of such utterly remote corners of the earth as Mogador; also, it realized vaguely that American citizens were sometimes sent far afield on official business. But that Free. Truegate should be one of those citizens! Why, it was absurd! Think of the Squire, whose rotund figure had almost attained the dignity of a landmark, taking himself off to Africa! It was as easy to imagine Cedar Creek abandoning its outlet into Barnegat Bay and becoming a tributary of the Nile or the Hoang-Ho.

"Bet he never goes!" said Cedarton confidently, and remained of this opinion until one morning, a month later, it read through the glass of his office door this characteristic announcement:

"Gone to Mogador, North Africa.
"May be back in a few years.
"FREEDOM TRUEGATE,
"Att'y at Law."

Even then Cedarton was reluctant to accept the thing seriously. "He'll show up here by the time the quail season opens," said one. The Squire was the best quail shot in the county.

"He won't miss the duck shooting, anyway," said another.

But the sign remained on the window of the office door. The summer sun yellowed the paper, and the paste dried and allowed one corner to curl, but no word or token from that inconceivably remote corner of the world known as Mogador. The quail season opened and closed, the ducks came and went. In the gun-room of the Cedarton hotel, carefully coated with vaseline and wrapped in flannel, rested undisturbed the squire's light twelve-bore and his heavy eight. In less than a year only Doc. Brewswater and one or two others remembered that there was something humorous connected with the name of Mogador.

II

THE United States consular service maintains representatives in many half-forgotten overseas nooks for much the same reason that the average householder keeps a revolver stowed away in the bottom of some bureau drawer. The householder doesn't expect to do much shooting, but he likes to know that he has something to shoot with in case of an emergency. Mogador was a bureau drawer into which, during a moment of impulsive gratitude, a great administration had thrust Freedom Truegate, and then forgotten him. It did not even stop to inquire whether he was loaded.

Thus it happened that in a square, flat-topped stone house, overlooking a most untidy water-front, and set against a background of mountain peaks, which were painfully white by day and preposterously purple at dusk, resided a solemn-faced, bald-headed man of expansive girth, whom the natives of Mogador came to regard with a curious mixture of awe and derision.

The natives were moved to derision because of the solemn-faced one's singular garb. A black worsted suit, including a vest, a stiff-bosomed shirt, and a black derby hat constitute raiment unfitted for such a climate as that of Mogador, which is within hail, at least, of the Tropic of Cancer. But Squire Freedom Truegate had worn a black worsted suit and a black derby for many years, not from personal fastidiousness, but as a tribute to his profession; and now that he was upholding the dignity of his Government abroad, he could do no less, no matter in what excesses the climate might see fit to indulge.

It was from a similar disinclination to adapt himself to altered conditions that he refused to sleep on the flat roof at night, to eat fresh figs and luscious dates, to smoke a narghile instead of cigars, and to drink watered wine instead of bottled beer.

The Mogadoreans were awed, however, by the unchanging solemnity of his big face, by the suggestion of quiet force in the light-blue eyes, and by the calm, unruffled demeanor of the personage who sat under the shadow of a great American flag reading a month-old newspaper which had been printed in Cedarton, N. J.

Occasionally there rode in, through clefts in the white peaks, and from the white desert behind, troops of wild-eyed brown men on splendid horses, and nothing in Mogador seemed to interest them more than the big, bald-headed man in the strange clothes, under the strange banner. Often they would circle gravely about, blocking the street until their curiosity had been satisfied.

It became Squire Truegate's custom, in

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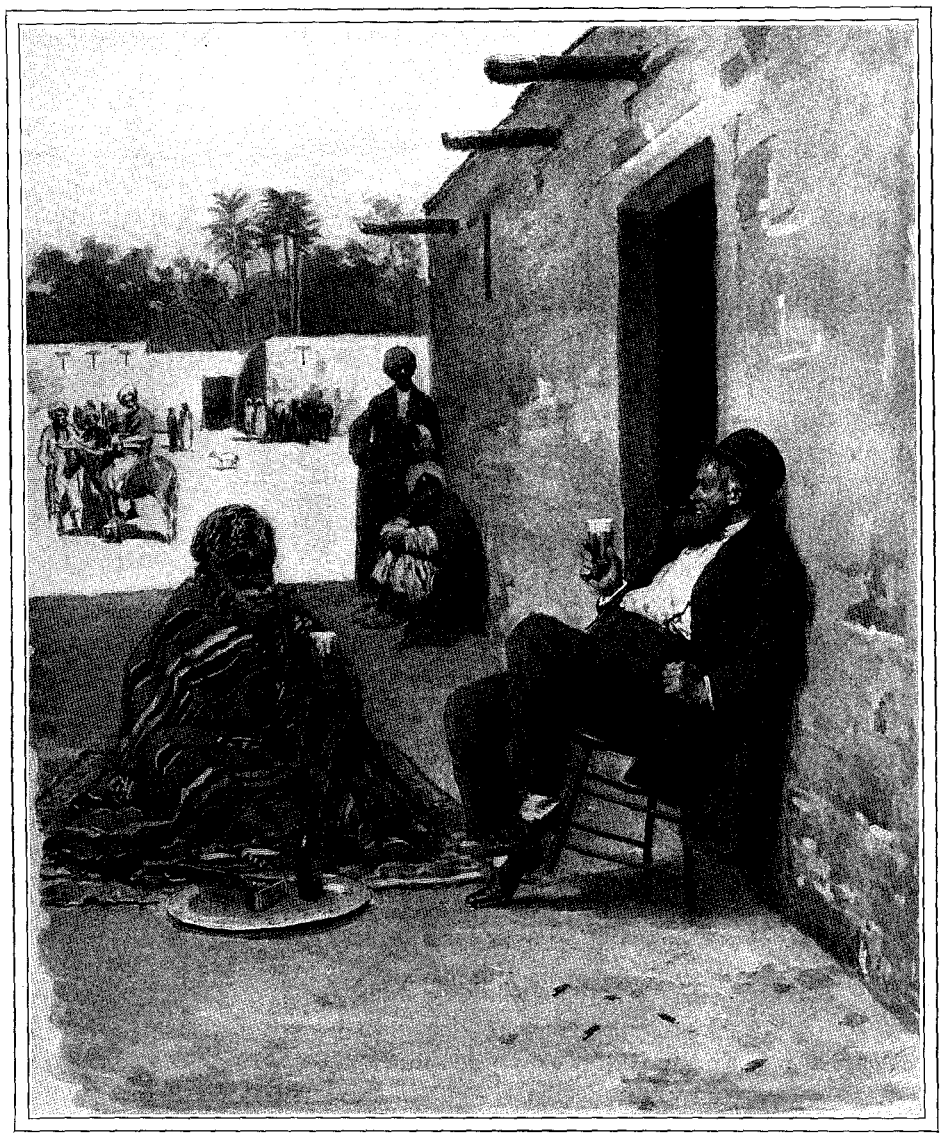

As symbols of such courtesy he used Key West cigars and cold bottles of St. Louis beer.

such an event, unerringly to single out the chief of them all and extend to him the courtesies of our great nation. As symbols of such courtesy he used Key West cigars and cold bottles of St. Louis beer.

Often did the folks of Mogador see the fat American consul, tilted comfortably back in his chair, with a turbaned, whiterobed, long-bearded chieftain squatting on the other side of the doorway, and a ragged, rascally horde of the white desert's brown sons staring complacently from across the way.

No spoken words were exchanged between host and guest, of course, but neither seemed to mind. The man who had brought back into line some three hundred disgruntled voters and the individual who held power of life and death over as many cut-throat fanatics appeared to understand each other perfectly without such means of communication.

In this passive manner, and with no other motive than to fully discharge the unwritten duties of his office, as he conceived them,

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did Freedom Truegate win for himself the respect and good-will of many a venerable old villain whose head, it may be, would have brought a price in three capitals.

As gossip spreads in Cedarton, so does news travel over the white desert, only more slowly, to be sure. Also, in the course of a year, many tribesmen find their way through the mountain-passes and into the port of Mogador. The head men of most of these wandering tribes seemed to carry knowledge of the Wise Faced One who dwelt under the Banner of Night and Dawn.

Fully one-fifth of Squire Truegate's salary went for bottled St. Louis, the freight rates to Mogador being somewhat startling to contemplate; but no chieftain ever found him without at least half a dozen cooling at the bottom of a sixty-foot well. It was not inexpensive, this business of extending national courtesies, the squire was forced to admit; but this was what he was there for, as he saw it. Besides, some of those chiefs were quite worthy of distinguished honors, he was sure.

Perhaps the chieftains reciprocated this high opinion. Who knows? At any rate, they salaamed elaborately before the Wise Faced One and sent him many curious, as well as embarrassing, tokens of their esteem. A white Arab stallion, which the Squire would not have mounted for the chairmanship of the national committee, and a sword with a wickedly curved blade, were among the lot.

Most men would have found existence in Mogador insufferably dull without such limitations as Squire Truegate imposed upon himself. There was lion shooting to be had in the hills. Khaki-clad Englishmen came many leagues to enjoy the same. The Squire scorned it.

"Why not shoot at a barn-door?" he would ask. "Who couldn't hit a lion?"

Fish were to be caught in Mogador Bay. "But they're red-scaled, pink-eyed things," said the Squire. "I don't believe they're fit to eat. When the blues and channel bass strike in, let me know."

So he continued to sit, tilted back in his doorway, under the Stars and Stripes, reading unseasonable news about the cranberry crop at home, and trying to shut out from his tired vision the untidy water-front before and the painfully white hills behind.

Then, indeed, came moments when the fruitlessness of his life rose up to mock him. He felt forgotten and lonely, like a stem-withered apple on a bare branch. Had he, after all, missed his chance? Was he good for nothing better than to fill a chink which might as well remain unstopped? Of what use could he ever be in Mogador? There were times when he would have swapped the whole continent of Africa for a passage back to south Jersey.

But he had determined to stick it out as long as the administration lasted. If, by any miracle, the men who sent him to Mogador should have need for him, there he would be found. By an effort he shook off weariness of soul, opened a fresh box of cigars, and lowered another half dozen bottles to the bottom of his well.

III

PERHAPS you remember the Faiz Ulli rising. It is more than likely you don't, for just about that time our domestic affairs were particularly interesting. New England was enjoying a street-railroad strike; New York was busy with a very promising murder mystery; floods were rampaging through the Mississippi Valley; and San Francisco was wrought up over a contest for the heavy-weight championship. No wonder, then, that the lively doings of Faiz Ulli, away off in northern Africa, were given but meagre space in the news columns.

Yet, according to his lights, Faiz Ulli was doing his best, and, considering that his force numbered something less than three thousand, his was quite a creditable performance.

Just why he rose no Western mind could pretend to comprehend. But rise he did, abruptly, energetically and in no time at all he had driven a standing army almost into the sea, stormed the very gates of Fez itself, plundered and ravaged three or four lesser cities, and committed atrocities enough to fill a book with the list of them. Quite incidentally he killed a dozen or more subjects of three powerful foreign governments and carried unharmed into captivity, for some unexplained reason, one American missionary, by the name of Milliken, a native of Bangor, Me.

Great Britain, France, and Germany promptly entered protest and made demands on behalf of the families of their

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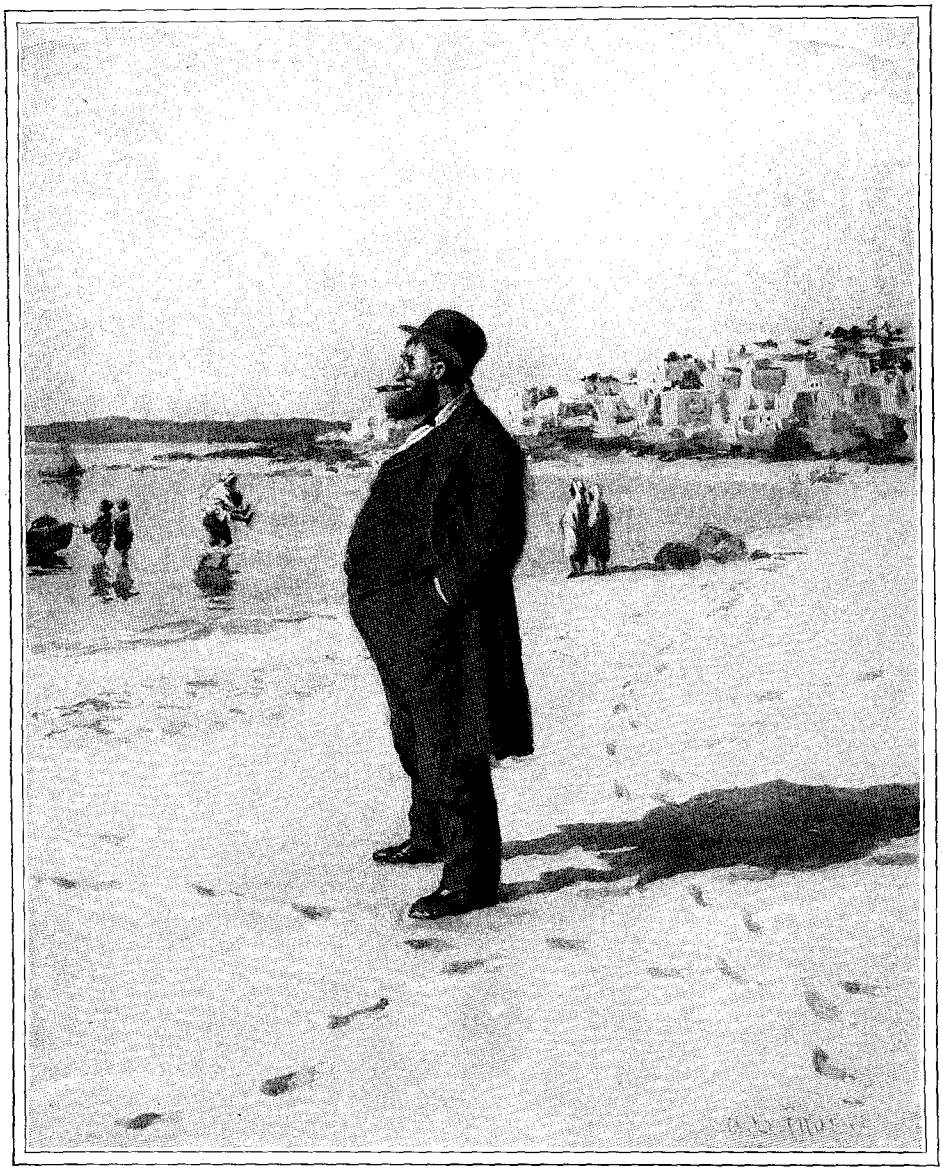

He felt forgotten and lonely.—Page 646.

deceased subjects. In due time the State Department at Washington followed suit. His August Highness, Abdul Something-or-Other, made evasive explanation and offered unlimited promises. But Milliken, of Bangor, Me., remained captive. Contributors to the foreign missionary fund wrote indignantly to the newspapers. Friends of Milliken set to work diligently.

Just about the time the Milliken agitation got nicely under way the street-railroad strike petered out, the murder mystery was solved, the floods subsided and the heavy-weights fought a draw. Having nothing of greater moment to consider, the great American public turned its eyes and attention to the audacious wickedness which Faiz Ulli was doing in far off Africa.

Seventeen distinct and amazingly different portraits of Faiz were printed in as many

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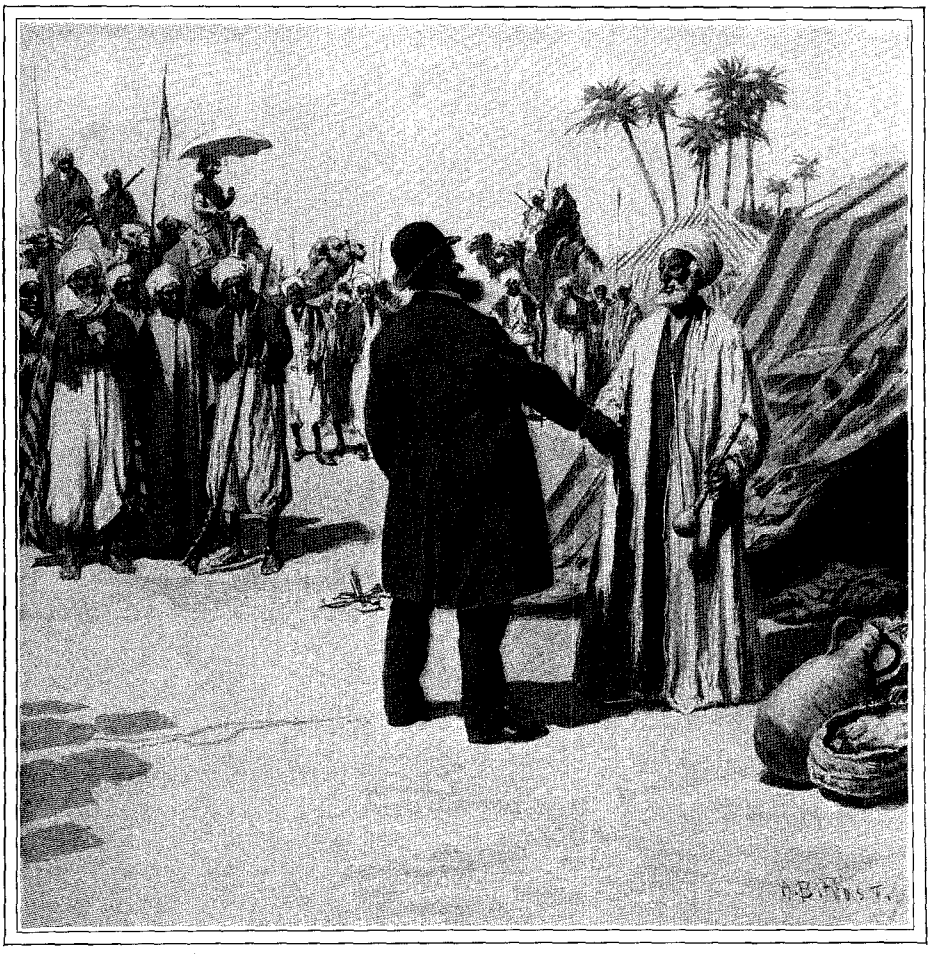

Somehow or other, Truegate . . . had turned the trick.—Page 650.

newspapers. Pictures of Milliken, of Bangor, Me., were more consistent, although differing as to the detail of his whiskers. And the call which arose, from Eastport to Dallas, was that Milliken should be immediately rescued from the remote barbarian. It was an insistent, unanimous, full-volumed call. The State Department heard. So did our consul-general in Fez, and he uttered a fervent wish that the assistant secretary who had framed that imperative message to him could be there to try his luck with the wily old sinner who grinned suavely behind his palace gates.

"Send around a few war-ships, and I'll do my best," replied the consul-general.

Only when the war-ships had arrived off the seaport was the consul-general granted an audience. Yes, his August Highness regretted exceedingly the destruction of property and loss of life caused by the execrable rebel. Yes, the royal exchequer should pay the indemnity at once.

"That's all right as far as it goes; but how about Milliken?" demanded the consul-general. "He must be delivered to me within forty-eight hours, or our ships will open fire on your rotten old seaport back there."

More protests from his August Highness. He would pay. He would apologize. But produce Milliken he could not, and Allah was witness to his great grief that this should be so. Faiz Ulli, the renegade, possessed Milliken. His Highness recommended that the consul-general should speak to Faiz about the matter.

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The consul-general smiled unpleasantly and looked at his watch. "It is now Monday noon," he said. "On mid-day of Wednesday, if I am not enjoying the society of Mr. Milliken, you will hear from me again. Our thirteen-inch guns carry a projectile ten miles, and they make excellent speaking-trumpets."

Wherefore his Highness, no longer serene, no longer grinning suavely, summoned councillors and ministers. Out of his panic he explained explosively that something must be done or heads would fall. Milliken, the dog of an unbeliever, must be secured.

So the swiftest of riding camels, carrying messengers of high rank, lurched out into the desert on the trail of Faiz Ulli. Before night that individual was found, flushed with victory, laden with loot, and decidedly obstreperous.

No; he didn't care a green fig if all of Europe camped about the gates of Fez. What was Abdul Two-or-Three-Times to him? He, Faiz Ulli, was going it on his own hook. He was an emperor himself, he was, with the whole desert as his domain. As for the white dog, Milliken, he was an amusing creature, good to have around the camp. He had flame-tinted face whiskers, at sight of which the sons of the desert forgot their troubles. Eventually, Faiz Ulli meant to have those whiskers dyed green, a holy color. That would cause redoubled joy in camp, and would render Milliken pleasing to the eyes of the Prophet, whom he denied. But give him up? No. Let the English come and take him.

The messenger endeavored to explain. Milliken was not English, but American. He came from the great land far across the seas, and his countrymen were angry on his account. Even now their huge war-ships threatened to destroy the port.

Faiz Ulli shrugged his shoulders indifferently. He had no time for fine racial distinctions. A white dog was a white dog, nothing more. Only this one had flame-colored face whiskers which amused the men.

The messenger had a nightmare vision of what would happen to him if he should return to report failure, and he renewed the attack. The great Emperor of the Desert must understand that there was a difference. There were white dogs and white dogs. This Milliken person was of a special and particular breed. His country was—— But just here he caught sight of a small American flag hung in the royal tent. There! That was the American banner. Surely, Faiz Ulli knew it?

But Faiz Ulli was not to be deceived. That was the banner of his dear friend, the Wise Faced One who dwelt in Mogador—a just man, who kept cool bottles of fizzy stuff in a well.

The messenger grasped at this straw. Let the flame-whiskered unbeliever be put to the test. Let him be brought to the tent and asked to point out the flag of his brethren. And it was as the messenger had predicted. Milliken, of Bangor, Me., white of face and shaky of limb from what he had been through, but still full of Yankee grit and Christian faith, almost wept for joy when he beheld that cheap little cotton flag there in the terrible desert. Proudly he claimed it as his country's banner, and then turned defiantly to see what new deviltry was in store for him.

Faiz Ulli, perplexed, pulled at his beard. "By Allah, if this thing be true!" he exclaimed. "If I have done injury to a brother of the Wise Faced One, shame is on me and on all my followers. Ho! Send quick to Mogador and ask him to come. And you," addressing the messenger, "tell the grinning old hyena in the palace that it is not for fear of him I do this. If the Wise Faced One of Mogador claims this man as his brother, into his keeping he goes. If not, he shall serve as a target for my lance-throwers. Now go!"

So the amazing news travelled back across the desert to Fez, and was flashed under the ocean to puzzle the authorities in Washington. On an unknown personage in unheard-of Mogador depended the fate of Milliken, of Bangor, Me. Sullenly the consul-general granted two days more of delay, and the world waited in anxious suspense. What nonsense was this about a Wise Faced One, friend to Faiz Ulli? Was it a riddle or a ruse?

Then the State Department remembered that it had a representative at Mogador. Who was he? Truegate, from south Jersey. Well, poke up Truegate. It was done. No reply.

"Hang Truegate!" said the State Department. "Why doesn't the fellow answer, at least? Is he dead or has he resigned?"

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No one seemed to know. Another day of exasperating suspense, during which forty leading editorials were devoted to the denouncing of Truegate. Why didn't he do something? Why didn't he act?

It was a fine, large, resounding howl in which the American public indulged itself. You would have thought that Milliken had eighty million intimate friends. In a hundred thousand village grocery stores folks first remarked that it had been a hot day for so late in September, and then asked: "Have they got that poor fellow Milliken, yet?" About the bulletin boards of city dailies packed crowds of busy men watched for news of Milliken.

And then, just in time for the Thursday evening last editions, came that now historic message:

"Got Milliken all O. K. What shall I do with him?

"TRUEGATE,
"MOGADOR."

Wow! Hip-hip! Hooray for Truegate! There's the kind of a consul to have! There's a man for you—Truegate! Freedom Truegate, of south Jersey.

Next day the leader writers, ignoring their expressions of the day before, summoned the nation to view the superlative heroism of Truegate, who, when he got the word, went out and did things. Just how he could accomplish that which a consul-general, with a whole squadron of war-ships and half of Europe to back his demands, had failed to do, was not clear. But what did that matter? Somehow or other, Truegate, alone, single-handed, independently of Sultans or war-ships or European monarchies, had turned the trick. Then hail to Truegate!

Cedarton did its share of the hailing by ringing the Methodist church bell for one whole hour on a stretch and by building a huge bonfire in front of Ashton's general store.

"Always knew the Squire would come out on top of the heap some day; them quiet fellers most generally do," declared Cedarton. "Hooray for Squire Truegate!"

Of course, in far-off Mogador was heard no echo of all this. Entirely unsuspecting of the noise which was being made at home over the results of his seventy-mile camel ride, Squire Truegate rubbed with horse liniment the parts of him which were most sore and discouraged Milliken from making further protests of his gratitude.

His first hint was a cablegram from the party leaders in his old district. Would he accept congratulations on his brilliant stroke of diplomacy? Would he come home and take the nomination for Congress? This enabled him to piece out a faint map of the situation. It was enough, however.

Without regret, with no sorrow of farewell, Squire Freedom Truegate watched from a London-bound steamer's taffrail the purple peaks back of Mogador melt into the purple sea in front.

"Opportunity keeps queer company," reflected the Squire, "and she abides in odd places. Who would think of looking for her in Mogador or in the camp of Faiz Ulli?"

Then he followed a deck steward below and regaled himself, for the first time in three years, with a white man's dinner.

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A VISIT TO WASHINGTON ON THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR

By George P. Fisher

TO all watchful observers of the signs of the times, in the North or the South, the week in which Major Anderson transferred the garrison under his command in Charleston harbor from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter was a period of absorbing interest. A portion of that week was spent by me in Washington, naturally a focus of public anxiety and discussion. To several persons in official stations I was indebted for courteous attention and kind services. Two of them whom I met at once were acquaintances of long standing. One of them was Hon. James Humphrey, a representative in Congress from Brooklyn, a Republican in his political relations.

Mr. Humphrey, a son of President Humphrey of Amherst, was a man of talents who united the attainments of a well-trained lawyer with literary taste and culture. A patriot in spirit and conversant with public affairs, his manners and address were so pleasing as to render him a genial companion for all his associates.

Another previous acquaintance was the widely known representative in Congress from Ohio, Samuel Sullivan Cox—yclept sportively "Sunset Cox." I had known him well as a fellow-student, of an older class, in Brown University. In those days his talents won for him much applause as a speaker and debater. He was specially fond of political and historical studies, with an interest likewise in philosophy. He read Locke, and I remember that he relished the writings of Berkeley, especially certain of his colloquies, in which he would read aloud the acute bishop's own rôle of the successful defender of Christian truth, and so vanquish the sceptic, this heretical part being relegated, as in the dialogue, to a younger student. Cox resorted, besides, with zest to a pretty wide range of books, and took pleasure in tolerably successful experiments of his own in authorship and youthful oratory for the magazines and for gatherings of fellow-students. His career later was not a surprise to his college associates. That his preference should be for the legal profession, that he should embark in political controversies, become an aspirant for political office, gain notoriety by conspicuity in Congress, secure diplomatic stations, mingle with his public employments the composition of narratives of experiences of his own and other books of a popular cast, and shine in political life as a humorist and lively jester, was the natural sequel of the characteristics early manifest. Cox owed his advancement to the Democratic party of which he was an adherent. Among certain competing branches of the party, he was a sympathetic supporter of Douglas in his ambition for ascendency in its counsels. As to other lines of policy, whether upheld by Buchanan or other party leaders, he looked on them, for the time at least, with comparative disfavor, which was extended to exertions by such leaders to gain personal control.

Cox met me in Washington with the hearty welcome which he always had ready for his fellow-students of other days. At this time not only were the two parties at variance touching the legislation deemed expedient in dealing with the promoters of secession in the South, but within the bounds of each there were differences respecting the features of policy meriting approval. There was a problem of a personal kind not easy to be solved by Cox, who was not indifferent to the bearing of the course he might take on his own political prospects. He had to settle which of the discordant modes of action was most eligible.

Remembering like services which now and then, when I was in my teens at Brown, I had complied with his request to render him, he now requested me to do him the favor to let him read to me a speech which he had just composed to be delivered in the House of Representatives. He was not careless of the observance of Sunday and apologized for being obliged to borrow time

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for the prelection of his speech on a Sunday afternoon. When I had patiently listened to its rehearsal, he wanted to get my opinion of it, and I frankly confessed my impression that each of the rival parties would construe it as being on its side. This, he said, was just what he wanted.

Shortly after this conversation—I think it was the next day—I accompanied Cox to make a call on President Buchanan. As we were just about to cross the threshold of the White House my companion said of him—coupling with the mention of him a not flattering epithet, "He has turned out my postmaster twice," referring, as he explained, to a postmaster in Ohio—in Cleveland, if my memory serves me—who belonged to the Douglas branch of the Democracy, but whose appointment Cox had managed to secure and whose removal he warmly resented. We were graciously received by Buchanan, with no apparent lack of cordiality in greeting my guide, who was equally complaisant. The exciting events and controversies of the day became at once the subjects of conversation. Buchanan showed the utmost interest in the recent speech of Pugh, Senator from Ohio, and undivided sympathy with its contents. 'The town is ringing," the President exclaimed, "with Pugh's speech."

That speech, delivered on December 20th, had charged the Republicans with the design to surround the slave States with a cordon of free States so as to compel them to emancipate their slaves; also with the intention to extend the right of suffrage to the blacks and mulattoes. It, moreover, maintained that slavery should be permitted in Territories, and in arsenals and navy yards in the slave States. "Would not the Republicans," inquired Pugh, "feel bound to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery in the States?"—an assertion put in the form of an interrogatory. Pugh reiterated in substance Buchanan's declarations in his message against the coercion of a State. He raised his voice in favor of Crittenden's compromise scheme. Of this speech of Pugh, Buchanan spoke with fluent admiration.

Another subject of talk was the late doings in South Carolina. The ordinance of secession had been passed by the convention there on December 20th. On the 22d it appointed commissioners to negotiate with the Government of the United States in order to obtain the delivery of its property within the limits of the State. They started for Washington on Saturday, the 22d. Buchanan was looking for their arrival. He remarked to us that he should present to Congress the communication which he was expecting them to bring. He had foreseen, he said, what would be done up to this point. "I can see no farther," he went on to say; "what is to follow must be left to Providence," glancing upward as he spoke and pointing above to the ceiling, as if to indicate the locality of the Power thus designated.

His plan concerning the commissioners was not carried out. On the evening of the day (December 26th) in which they arrived in Washington, Fort Moultrie was evacuated. Buchanan's only interview with them was on the 28th. He told them that he would receive them as private gentlemen and communicate to Congress any propositions to be made by them. They had refused to make any proposals until Major Anderson should be sent back to Fort Moultrie. Buchanan denied that he had given a pledge to send him back, and refused to accede to their demand.

Leaving the White House, I was conducted next by Cox to the Capitol and to the Vice-President's Room, where I was presented to Mr. Breckinridge. At the date of his election (1856) he was only thirty-five years old, the youngest man that had ever held the office. He was now thirty-nine years of age, while the President was sixty-nine. The Vice-President in his form, his stature, and apparent vigor seemed fully as young as he was. His expressive countenance, the marks of unusual care in his dress, his bearing indicative alike of self-respect and courtesy, would incline one to judge him to be a well-bred man of a resolute spirit. While conversing with us, he walked slowly to and fro in his room. When we had exchanged greetings, Mr. Cox mentioned to him that we had been to the White House, saying, "I wish you were there instead of that ——," giving to the President an appellation the reverse of a compliment. "It matters not," replied Mr. Breckinridge, "who it is that is there. It must be decided whether or not re-enforcements are to be sent to the forts." He emphasized the one alternative which the

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Government, whoever might administer it, could not avoid facing. What he meant to insist upon was the futility of trying to shirk this responsibility. He had been chosen Senator from Kentucky in 1860. He had been nominated for the vice-presidency by the anti-Douglas section of the Democracy, and he stood by the slave-holding cause and the Southern Confederacy which it called into being.

Our interview with General Cass had a special interest, owing to the fact of his recent withdrawal from the Cabinet. When, in 1857, he accepted the post of Secretary of State, it was after a long and varied experience in public life. He was seventy-five years old. His loyalty to the Union was sincere, yet free from extreme partisanship, and willing to go far to restore concord. Buchanan in his message at the opening of Congress had taken the ground that there is no legal right of secession and had likewise affirmed that in the Government of the United States there is vested no legal power to prevent it. This mixture, a theory of power on the one hand, and of powerlessness on the other, was not at the moment perceived to be, what it turned out to be, a foretoken of the uncertainty and vacillation shown in his dealing with the revolutionary movement in South Carolina. The treatment of the question whether Major Anderson and his garrison should be, or should not be, re-enforced and furnished with provisions for their need is a record of indecision, the effect of which was to offend all the parties concerned and to divide the Cabinet into contending individuals and small antagonistic groups. In this medley, one person after another resigned his portfolio. In this partial dispersion of discordant counsellors, true to his steady conviction that a State has no right to secede, General Cass, when it was made perfectly clear that Buchanan was resolved to leave the forts of the United States without re-enforcement and not to take the necessary means to compel the collection of duties on imports, notified the President that he should resign, and in his formal resignation, a few days later (December 15th), assigned the reasons for this step.

When we visited him in his dwelling, we found him in very good spirits, seated in a comfortable dressing-gown by a parlor window which looked out in front on the adjacent street. In the most friendly manner, he engaged at once in talk about the current events in which his share had been a *magna pars*. He explained his reasons for giving up his connection with the Cabinet. "I own," he said, "that house," pointing to a dwelling across the street, but noticing that I cast a glance in the direction whither he pointed, he added: "It is *not* mine; it is an illustration. *Suppose* that it *were* mine, and some one should tell me that I could continue to possess it, but that I must put no furniture in it—put nothing in it; that would be the substance of what is said to the Government of the United States concerning its forts by those who refuse to permit soldiers and means for their sustenance to be put in them."

After continuing for a while on this general theme, the conversation turned to the secessionist negation of the existence of an authority in the Federal Government to prevent by force the disruption of the Union. On this topic, Cass made mention, with a smile, of an incident at a late Cabinet meeting. It was a brief passage at arms between himself and Thompson, of Mississippi, the Secretary of the Interior. "Thompson," said General Cass, "said to me: 'Would you coerce a State—coerce Mississippi?' 'No,' I answered, 'but I would coerce *you*, *Jacob Thompson*, if you violated the laws.'" Thus, in a word, Cass set forth a distinction as plain as could be, which a multitude of advocates of the secession doctrine obtusely ignored.

Candid historical students are not surprised that Mr. Buchanan was regarded on all sides, in the earlier period of his administration, with a disrespect mingled with dislike. These sentiments were common to all parties, in the South as well as the North. It is true, however, that fair-minded judges acquit him of a consciously unjust antagonism toward the Northern section and of an equally unmerited favoritism toward the South. Misjudgment growing out of prejudices, not insincere, and however destitute of a sound basis, is not to be confounded with wilful antipathy or the opposite bent of feeling. It is true, moreover, that unprejudiced historical authors give credit to Buchanan for a spirit of patriotism and courageous action in the later period of his administration, when such admirers as Holt and Dix were called to his side and engaged

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his confidence. It is simply just to praise the support which he gave to Lincoln, when Lincoln assumed the responsibilities of his high office; and in the closing years of Buchanan's life, he was in sympathy with the prosecution of the war.

No one will imagine that the period in the administration of President Buchanan when discontent and derision confronted him on all sides was for the Chief himself a bed of roses. In those days it happened to me, in company with Mr. Humphrey, to pass an evening at the house of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, with Mrs. Adams and one or two other callers. Mr. Adams was absent, being engaged in connection with the House Committee of Thirty-three in quest of a feasible scheme of reconciliation and peace between the two sections. In this undertaking Mr. Adams made his influence felt. One of the members, a Representative from Kentucky, was with us on the evening referred to. He spoke with praise of the service Mr. Adams was rendering. "He reminded me the other evening," said the Kentuckian, "of the old man [John Quincy Adams] *resurrected*." On our walk to our lodgings, late in the evening, as we passed by the President's house, Mr. Humphrey observed of the master of the silent mansion close by: "When he took up his abode there he felt that he had reached the topmost round of the ladder, but now he would rejoice to be anywhere else."

My acquaintance with Senator Trumbull of Illinois opened to me the privilege of conferring with him freely on political questions. One source of satisfaction in this intercourse was derived from his independence of thought, which, at the same time that he was attached to the Republican party, kept him from being warped by partisan prejudice. I recall a visit to him on a certain evening when Senator Sumner was also present. The prolonged conversation disclosed points of contrast in the mental habit of the two men, coexisting with a considerable measure of harmony of opinion. Sumner had a good deal to say on the legal and moral aspects of fugitive-slave legislation. I do not remember at present special points open to question in his creed, which, on the whole, gave me not so full satisfaction as I had looked for. It was in keeping with characteristics of Sumner that, holding as Webster had formerly held, that the framers of the Constitution intended that not Federal authority, but the States severally and exclusively, should carry out the provision for the rendition of run-away slaves, he still did not, as Webster did, cease to advocate such a construction for the reason that the Supreme Court had decided against this interpretation, but, on the contrary, affirmed in Congress, instead of discarding, the view set aside judicially, and evaded the question put to him by Mason, of Virginia, whether he would *lend support* to the enactments of the *States* to carry out the constitutional guarantee. The warmest admirers of Sumner have pronounced puerile his avowal of the doctrine that the denial of suffrage to the blacks would be a violation of the constitutional guarantee of a Republican government. With an admiration of the varied gifts and virtues of Sumner, they have not hesitated to recognize in him as a marked weakness a vanity showing itself in diverse forms. Versed as he was in so many branches of knowledge, and always a tireless reader in literature—in literature lying even beyond the limits of his own profession, he was not considered by the best trained of his appreciative friends an accurate linguist or thorough in his scholarship in any department of knowledge. His rhetorical habit obliged his hearers and readers to miss in his literary work the charm of simplicity and naturalness. His devoted friend and most competent biographer, Mr. Pierce, points out another trait, that "he never seemed to realize how sharp his blade was," meaning that he carried into debates, even in controversies on theories of prison discipline, a needless severity, a vituperative tone, and disparaging personal references. With all his sincerity and freedom in general from vindictive emotions, a writer far from being unfriendly said of him, that he could not eliminate from a speech the idea that it was an exercise in declamation. It was in him, as it has been in not a few eminent men, a misfortune that he coupled with extraordinary talents a lack of humor.

Senator Trumbull, in the freedom of conversation when he and I were alone together, and knowing that I was with him in valuing Sumner's high abilities and moral worth, frankly, in good humor, adverted to certain minor characteristics not falling under these rubrics. One anecdote I will repeat.

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It was a function of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, of which Senator Trumbull was the chairman, to attend to the furnishing of the old Senate Chamber with busts of eminent judges who had sat on the Supreme bench. In the discharge of this office, Senator Trumbull offered a resolution in the Senate that a bust of the late Chief-Justice Taney should be placed there along with the busts of his predecessors. Immediately, Mr. Sumner warmly objected to this measure on the ground that Taney's decision made in the Dred Scott case—a decision generally obnoxious to people hostile to slavery—was too offensive and infamous to render it fit to grant this honor to its author. Trumbull, in telling this story, smiled as he said that it had seemed to him that, even if Taney might have fallen into a legal error, or been extremely blameworthy, it might still be natural to want to see how he looked! The fire of Mr. Sumner's protest, however, led to a *postponement* of the resolution. Trumbull observed that Sumner speedily went to work to hunt up in the Congressional Library, and to bring from its shelves, book after book on the lives and misconduct of iniquitous judges in the past and to deposit them in a huge pile by his desk in the Senate Chamber, his intention being to draw from these some illustrations of detestable judicial decisions, the authors of which might be seen in the pillory and classed with the judge who presided in the Dred Scott case. After waiting for the objectionable resolution to be called up for action, Mr. Sumner, who had taken time enough to compose an elaborate philippic, inquired of Trumbull when the resolution would be called up anew. To this question an evasive reply was made then and, perhaps, more than once. The upshot of the incident was that no opportunity was given to deliver the harangue which Mr. Sumner had been laboriously getting ready to fortify from the contents of the pile of books at the side of his desk. After the gun had been loaded with so much pains-taking, no chance was afforded to discharge it.

At the outset of Lincoln's administration, the absence of a definite, settled policy and of a concurrence of opinion in the Cabinet as to what was best to be done, left room for Mr. Seward to broach occasionally schemes of an eccentric cast that failed to gain the approval either of the President or of Seward's own colleagues, and to venture on predictions having no probability of fulfilment, being nothing better than a product of optimism. Of the projects of the first class the most extraordinary was the confidential suggestion, in writing, presented to Mr. Lincoln just a month after his inauguration, that the question about slavery should be dropped from discussion, Fort Sumter be evacuated, explanations be called for from four offending European powers, and if not received from two of them, Spain and France, war should be declared against these nations, the end aimed at being to divert the attention of the South and North from their mutual alienation and combine them in a union for the energetic prosecution of a foreign war. Thus domestic strife was to terminate and the belligerent sections of this country be absorbed in their common hostility to a common foe. There was some ingenuity shown in a device of this nature. The difficulty lay in its being totally impracticable.

An instance of the optimistic faith of Mr. Seward at this particular time was furnished in the confident prophecy uttered by him at the dinner of the New England Society in New York on his return from a visit to Auburn. On his arrival in Washington, I went to his office with Mr. Humphrey—who was on terms of frank converse with him—where we passed an evening most agreeably. Present with us on that occasion were Governor Andrew of Massachusetts and Senator Anthony of Rhode Island. It could never be a task to listen to Mr. Seward, although one's pleasure was slightly marred by his nasal tone, consequent on the habit of snuff-taking. Professor Shedd, notwithstanding that he was not a stranger to Mr. Seward, once when talking with him, remarked: "You are suffering, Mr. Seward, from a cold." "But a cold," answered Mr. Seward with a smile, "from which I shall not recover."

On the evening referred to, it was pleasant, I am sure, to all of us, to hear him speak with animation of circumstances in his recent trip. In his speech at the Astor House, he assured the company that the threatening aspect of our relations to the South would be all over in ninety days—a declaration regarded with great surprise when sent abroad in the newspapers, as it immediately was. Mr. Seward told us in a lively way how he tarried a little while in

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New York on his way to Auburn, and there happened to meet a friend of his—a gentleman well known and highly respected, whose name he mentioned—who expressed great anxiety at what he regarded as the extremely menacing situation of public affairs. "I assured him," said Mr. Seward, "that there is no such danger as he apprehended, but he reiterated his conviction to the contrary. I tried to disabuse his mind of this mood of feeling, all in vain, and at length said that I wouldn't talk with such a damn fool"—a remark which Mr. Seward repeated, as evidently he had uttered it to his anxious friend, in a good-natured tone.

I was so desirous of ascertaining beyond doubt whether Mr. Seward's optimistic predictions really reflected a firm persuasion in his own mind, that, emboldened by his free and friendly manner, I ventured to ask him if his statement that the clouds that darkened the sky, and inspired the belief that war impended, would vanish so soon—in so short an interval—if this statement was a settled conviction. He answered at once: "Yes; my view is that the excitement in the South was at its height the day after Mr. Lincoln's election. What we have seen since is only the *manifestation* of that feeling, which has itself been constantly lessening." I think that none of us imagined that Mr. Seward doubted in the least his declaration as made at the Astor House dinner and as he reaffirmed it to us—whatever might be our distrust of the soundness of his logic. He had, in fact, in talking with Sumner, set the date as only *sixty* days hence, when "all would be well."

In making the journey shortly after with Governor Andrew and Senator Anthony from Washington to New York, I had the opportunity to learn something of their Washington experiences. They were both men of marked intelligence and geniality of manner. Governor Andrew had conversed with Senator Mason of Virginia, who felt sure that the practice of Massachusetts to pronounce free the slaves brought with the consent of the master within the limits of the State would have to be given up and the law authorizing it would have to be abrogated. To this confident proposition, Governor Andrew replied that slavery was not made illegal in Massachusetts by a *statute*, but by a judicial interpretation of the Bill of Rights. To this Mason rejoined that the *Bill of Rights*, then, would have to be altered. The Governor remarked to me that he did not remind him of the fact, as he might have done, that this Massachusetts Bill of Rights, in its contents, was on the basis of the *Virginia* Bill of Rights, drawn up by the Senator's distinguished grandfather, George Mason, one of the noted leaders of the Revolution.

Senator Anthony had met the diplomatic representative of Bremen, and had been struck with what he had said of the undesirable situation of a small political community, isolated, yet in near local relations with larger States. The lesson drawn by Mr. Anthony was the importance to Rhode Island of keeping up the Federal organization, the Union of the States, threatened with dissolution.

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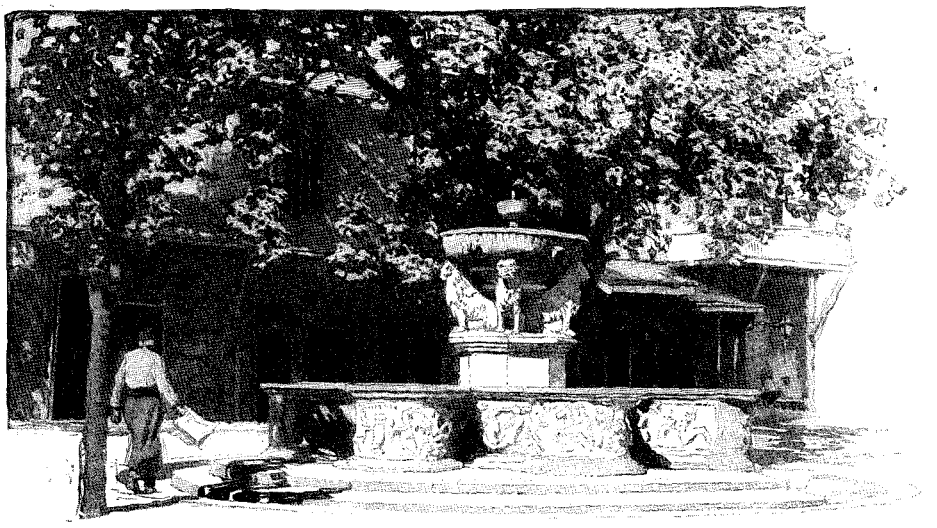

Venetian fountain in square.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE ISLAND OF CRETE

By Blanche Emily Wheeler

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN these sophisticated days, when travellers are journeying far and near in search of some new adventure, it is worth while to discover that within easy reach of the beaten roads of travel lies a land which may be said to enjoy the distinction of having been "recalled to life." This land is Crete, "in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair land and rich, begirt with water," in the words of the Odyssey. But, until a few years ago, the fairness of Crete was a myth to all moderns except a few venturesome spirits who dared trust themselves in the midst of insurrections and massacres which made up the sad history of the island during the nineteenth century. In 1897, however, it being decided by the Powers that Turkey had forfeited her right to control Crete, the island was granted autonomy under the suzerainty of the Porte, and Prince George of Greece was appointed High Commissioner.

In December, 1898, Prince George entered upon his duties as governor. He arrived to take charge of a devastated island. Whole villages lay in ruins and their inhabitants, sometimes Christian, sometimes Mohammedan, had either perished or deserted their homes. In Heracleion, or Candia, one of the chief cities, the quarter near the sea was burned while the Christian refugees, who had fled to Greece, were only just beginning to return. The country, too, told the story of ravage in the cut-down olive groves and up-rooted vineyards. Great poverty existed everywhere. The immediate result of the present government was to assure a state of peace and security, which has both encouraged the inhabitants to rebuild their shattered fortunes and invited foreigners to visit the island with perfect safety.

The first strangers to take advantage of the open door to Crete were the archæologists. For many years the archæological world has regarded Crete with great longing, for it was believed that at Knossos and other reputed Homeric sites would be found treasures as important as those unearthed at Mycenæ and Troy. The correctness of

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this belief is already proved by the exploration of the Italian, English, French, and American excavators, who have achieved extraordinary success within a few years. The wonderful Homeric palaces of Knossos and Phæstos, the curious contents of the Cave of Zeus on Mount Dicte, and the villages of Gournia and Zachro are sufficient to verify Homer's praise of the fair island and to attest the high civilization reached by Crete in the second millennium B. C.

The writer visited Crete as a member of the expedition that was sent out in 1901 by the American Exploration Society of Philadelphia. The business of the expedition led us to Heracleion, to various historic sites in the interior of the island where no foreign women had been before us, and, finally, to the village of Kavousi, near the site of our own excavation of Gournia.

It is exciting even to sail by the Ægean Islands, and he must be an unimpressionable traveller indeed, who does not thrill at the near view of Heracleion rising from the sea, backed by snow-capped Mount Ida, and surrounded by a massive Venetian fortification wall which runs down into the water and stretches out a long curving arm to form an enclosed harbor. Nor does the interest grow less as you climb over the side of the steamer and into a small boat, to be rowed ashore by muscular fellows in picturesque costumes, who quickly pull through the narrow entrance under the great Lion of St. Mark and up to the landing. The quay presents a brilliant, busy spectacle of gaily dressed natives in every style of Cretan costume—baggy blue trousers, blue jackets, soft Greek caps, Turkish fezzes, blue or red sashes—according as the wearer is Christian or Mohammedan—bright pink and yellow stockings—worn only by Ottomans—and high white leather boots.

The walk to the so-called hotel shows that the city is both Turkish and Venetian. The narrow winding streets are lined with little booths where the wares, chiefly white boots and blue jackets, are lavishly displayed. A Venetian arsenal meets the eye on one side, farther on a Turkish mosque, then a great Venetian fountain, shaded by plane trees, rises in a square from which opens the market place. Here a crowd of hucksters cry their meats, vegetables, fruit, live hens, sheep and goats, through the midst of which you must push your way, jostled by Turk and Christian, and often obliged to stand aside to make room for a caravan of donkeys and mules. From this hubbub you turn into a side street to meet the contrast of the mysterious privacy of the East. A veiled Turkish woman emerges from a door through which flashes a glimpse of a charming garden. Just beyond there is another glimpse of a gay courtyard, where a Christian mother sits with her children playing about her; but you get no nearer than this to the intimate life of the Cretan city, and find more satisfaction in the business portion or in a visit to the museum. Here are displayed all the archæological treasures of the island (for the government allows none of them to be carried out of the country), and with the help of these and the excavations at Knossos, it is possible for a person who has only a short time to spend at Heracleion to obtain a vivid picture of the Homeric civilization. To visit Knossos, you must leave the city by the great eastern gate, two hundred feet thick, narrow and grim like the entrance to a fortress, beyond which you emerge on the broad, glaring highway, where the lepers sit to beg of the passers-by. At a little distance lies the Turkish cemetery, with its turbaned tombstones, and half an hour's ride on horseback up and down hill brings you to the imposing palace of King Minos, a description of which lies outside the limits of the present article.

The ruined portion of Heracleion and the presence of the British "Tommies" often remind one that the city has not long been as peaceful as at present. Although no Turkish soldiers remain on the island, the Powers support the government by maintaining there each a force of five thousand men, while a native gendarmerie is being trained by officers of the Italian carabinieri.

Prince George is assisted in the government by three ministers appointed by himself, and by an assembly elected by the people. Questions relating to the foreign relations of Crete are determined by the representatives of the four Powers at Rome. The population of the island is about 300,000, of which the Greek element is increasing, while the Mohammedan is on the decline, owing to constant emigration. Education is now compulsory and the school-desk, carried by caravans of small donkeys, is invading every quarter of the island. In Heracleion, the old Turkish barracks has been converted into a

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Van of Easter procession.

school-house, and the fine Venetian arsenal will soon be the national museum.

The popularity of Prince George was at first unquestioned. He won the love of his people not only at Canea, but also throughout the island, where the peasants regarded him almost with idolatry. His administration was wise, and the people had an ardent faith that he would be able to bring about the great desire of their hearts—annexation to Greece. It may be of interest to know that the Prince receives a salary of 200,000 francs for governing this small island, an amount which, together with other expenses, proves a crushing rate of taxation. Yet the great natural resources of the island indicate that in a few years she will be fully equal to bearing this burden.

While a visit to Canea and Heracleion can easily be undertaken by any traveller, an expedition to the interior of the island is another story. A dragoman is indispen-

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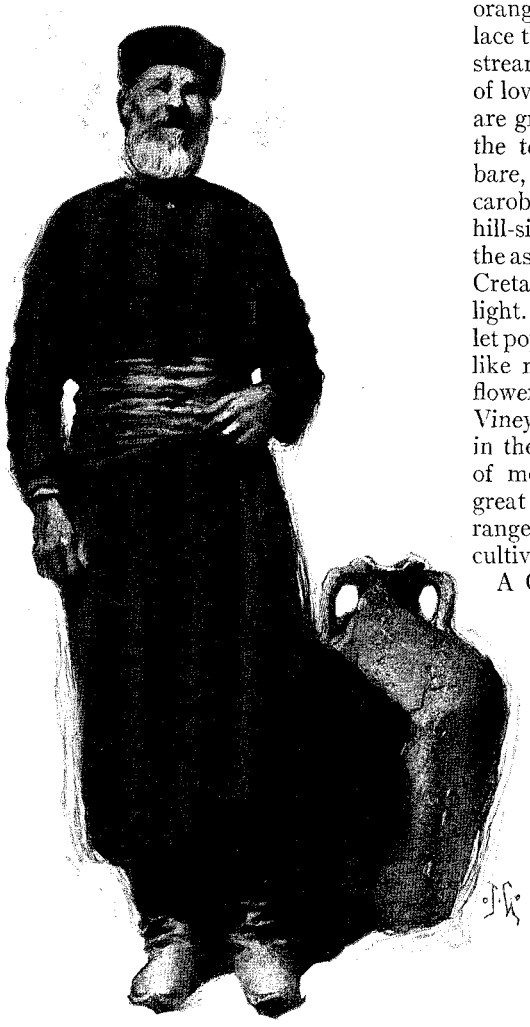
sable, and a knowledge of modern Greek necessary, if you wish to have any personal dealings with the natives. All travelling must be done on horses or mules. Further, some kind of a camping outfit is necessary, for no one should attempt to depend on the so-called inns of a Cretan village. Yet when you have made up your mind to rough it, no travelling can be more fascinating than on this island, in the midst of magnificent scenery of mountain, plain, and sea, a picturesque peasantry, and with the delightful feeling of being in Vagabondia, not knowing where you may be obliged to spend the night.

A day's ride in Crete leads you through every variety of scenery, from a flat, treeless plain, past gray olive and dark green carob-trees, over gently rising hills, and across a chain of rugged mountains, along dizzy heights beneath which yawn deep ravines and gorges. Even in the interior the sea is seldom out of sight, and its deep blue combined with the intense blue of the sky forms a striking contrast to the violet shades of the mountains and the white cliffs along the shore. The vegetation, too, changes with the character of the land. In the flat sandy plains near the sea lie cultivated fields where vegetables and grain grow luxuriantly as a result of careful tillage and a primitive system of irrigation from well-sweeps. Often the foot-hills of the bare mountains abound in natural springs, and then the vegetation is almost tropical in its luxuriance. Fig, orange, lemon and pomegranate trees interlace their branches, and by the edge of the streams the pink oleanders make bowers of loveliness. Higher up in the mountains are groves of oak, chestnut, and plane, but the top of a Cretan mountain is almost bare, except for a low, scraggy growth of carob-trees, or, in the spring, when the rough hill-sides are veiled in the misty lavender of the asphodel. To a lover of wild-flowers the Cretan flora would be a deep source of delight. Great blue and pink anemones, scarlet poppies, wild gladioli, and later the fairy-like myrtle blossoms and scores of other flowers make the journey a continual joy. Vineyards are found everywhere in Crete: in the low plains by the sea, on the terraces of mountain valleys, and even up on the great plateau of the Kavousi mountain range, the highest point where the vine is cultivated in this part of the world.



Mayor of Kavousi.

A Cretan town is always situated on a height, and it looks most attractive to see a white village crowning the summit of a hill or nestling in a dark mountain side; but as you approach, the apparent whiteness grows darker and darker, and you find yourself riding into a little town along narrow, tortuous alleys with pigs and sheep and cattle getting in your way, and all the inhabitants standing in the doorways or on the house-tops to greet you. The lesson is, never expect a Cretan village to be clean, and then you may occasionally be agreeably surprised, as we were at Kalamavka, a mountain village where streams of water ran through the

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Aristides, Georgios, Anagnostes.

streets and where we had the additional luxury of being sprayed with rose-water by the women on the house-tops, as we rode by. The houses in the villages are white-washed, flat-roofed structures, usually with two stories, the upper rooms for the human inhabitants and the lower ones for the animals, which wander in and out, and if they happen to be goats, even mount the stairs into the upper regions. We never stayed at a khan, or inn, but our faithful man found quarters for us in an empty house or shop where our camp-beds could be set up. Once we were received at the house of the Mayor in spotlessly clean quarters, and entertained quite naturally by the Mayoress at dinner at one end of a long room, while another guest was sleeping audibly on the floor at the other end. The next night we passed in a miserable room where our beds had to be shifted constantly to avoid the streams of water that poured in through the leaky roof. Another night was spent in a mountain valley, in a tiny chapel, somewhat to the dismay of the peasants, who were reassured, however, by the comment of the village school-master: "The church is the house of God and we are the children of God. Why should they not sleep there?"

The Cretan peasant is generally industrious. To be sure, it would seem to an American farmer an extravagant waste of time and strength to cultivate fields and steep hill-sides a couple of hours distant from his house. But all the arable land lies outside the villages, often high up in the mountains,

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and the peasant is so poor that he must plant where the natural qualities yield the most at the least expense. All the agricultural implements are of the most primitive kind; the ploughs are made from the roots of trees, the reaping is done by hand, and the grain is threshed by being trodden by oxen. Besides agriculture, sheep and goat raising, the principal industries, the emery-stone is quarried and silkworms are raised extensively. All transportation is carried on by means of caravans of donkeys and mules and in little coasting caiques. Nothing is too cumbersome to be carried by donkeys, and it is a comical sight to see a caravan of them loaded with pig-skins of wine fastened on pannier-fashion, which look every minute as if they must burst open. The mail is carried by horse to the principal towns, thence by foot to the different villages. The telegraph already reaches several parts of the island.

Our life near a Cretan village, and in daily contact with a hundred workmen, gave abundant opportunity to study the characteristics of the people. They came from far and near, eager to get work at the rate of a shilling a day, and with one or two exceptions they proved themselves honest and industrious. They were never particular as to the number of hours they worked, always beginning when they were told to, and stopping just before sunset. Their food was of the simplest sort; bread, cheese, olives, eggs occasionally, and coarse beans cooked in oil formed their ordinary diet. Meat was seldom eaten and our workmen drank but little wine. Too high praise cannot be given for their invariably respectful behavior to us. For their good character and the success of the excavation, the Mayor of Kavousi considered himself responsible. He was a fine dignified old man, most courteous in his demeanor toward us. Whenever we entered the town we were expected to call at his office, a plain bare room, where chairs were set and coffee served us in the simplest manner. Such an act of hospitality is an invariable custom in Crete, though in a private house the refreshment is more elaborate, consisting of coffee, liqueur, and a spoonful of rich preserve, usually rose-leaves. The men rarely missed a day's work, unless it was a holiday when everybody took a vacation; for the observance of a church fête is a serious business for members of the Greek Church.

The great festival of the year is Easter, which we saw celebrated with unusual magnificence. The festival that year was full of joy, it being the first time in years that the celebration could be kept with due form, freed from Turkish restrictions. Passion Week is a season of humiliation and rigid fasting. Our Greek household, Aristides Pappadias and his mother, the housekeeper, ate no meat during the week and nothing at all on Good Friday. On that day the cathedral was draped in black, the Pascal lambs were carried through the town on the shoulders of the shepherds, and flags at half-mast gave an air of mourning to the streets. In the evening a solemn service was held in the cathedral around a pall placed in the centre of the nave. At the close of this service, about ten o'clock, a procession of six priests bearing the pall on their heads, and preceded by lanterns, choristers, the cross, and the Metropolitan, marched through the candle-lighted streets. On Saturday the town began to assume a festive air. Little booths with gayly decorated candles were placed here and there, and people hurried about to buy their provisions for the great feast. Our household, too, began to eat a little and to show an interest in an Easter lamb, which was to be cooked on the morrow. The principal act of this day was the Resurrection service. By ten o'clock in the evening, the square and streets around the cathedral and all the house-tops were crowded with spectators holding lighted tapers and waiting patiently for the supreme moment of midnight. Just before that time the Metropolitan and priests proceeded slowly from the cathedral through the reverential crowd to a raised platform in the square. Here a solemn litany was chanted until a gun announced the stroke of midnight, when all the bells pealed out and a service of praise was sung, while everyone joyfully shook hands with his neighbor, repeating again and again the words "Christos aneste"—"Christ is risen." Then the great crowd melted away, the little candle beams flickered out in the narrow streets, and the people joyfully returned home. When the sun rose, the city was transformed. Flags floated from all the houses, everybody had on his best and cleanest clothes, and sat about in the cafés waiting for the Second Resurrection. This is the joyful procession of priests and choristers which marches through the

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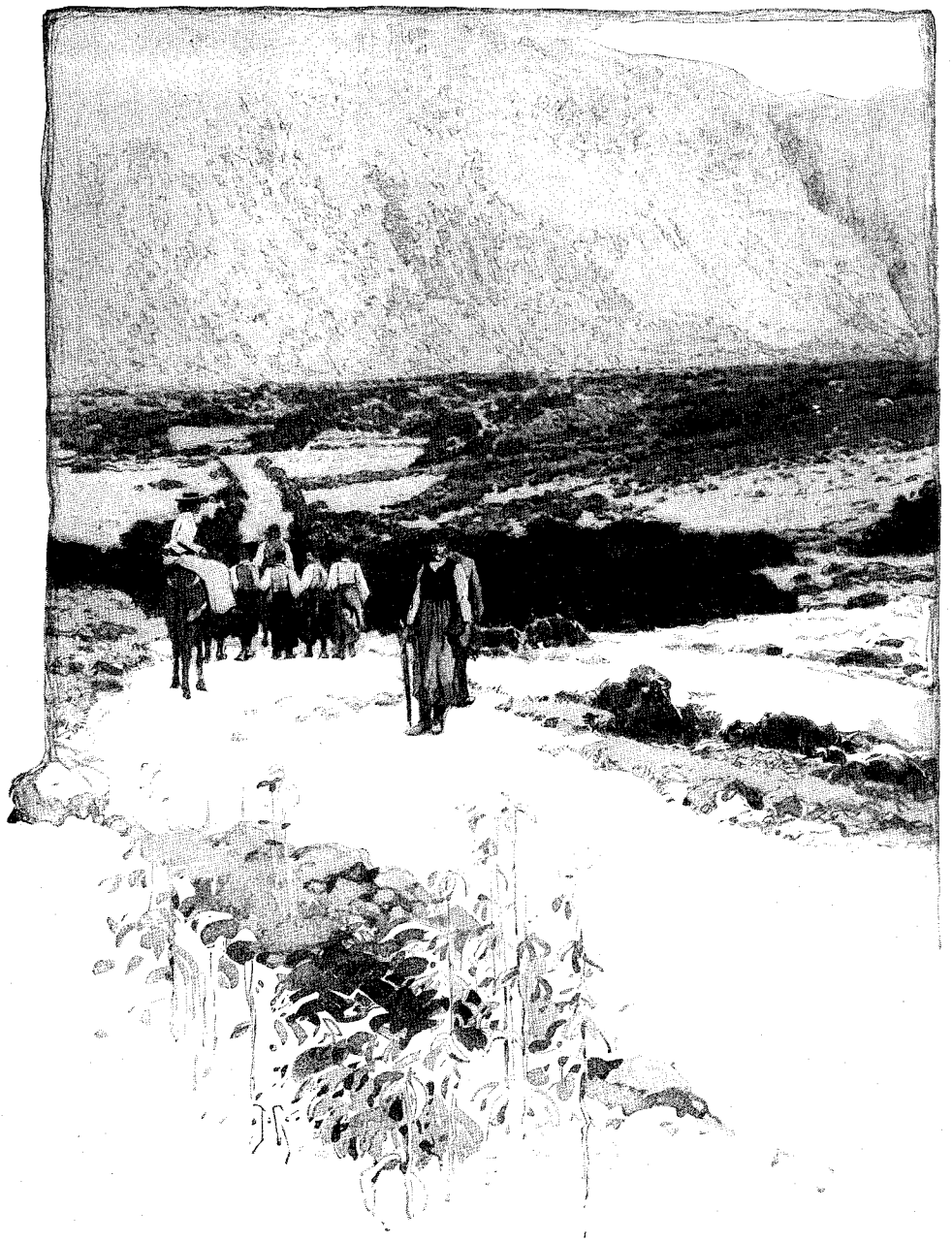

Workmen going home at night, Kavousi Mountains.

streets at noon on Easter day and is the final act in the Resurrection Mystery.

During our stay in Kavousi, Ascension Day was celebrated in a little church by the sea, at five in the morning. After the service, baskets of corn and grain were served, and later all the people picnicked under the olives and oleanders. Then they sat around and watched a solemn dance in which the men took the chief part, holding hands and dancing slowly in a long line in time to their weird singing or monotonous music on a drum and curious fiddle. Each man took turns in leading the line through compli-

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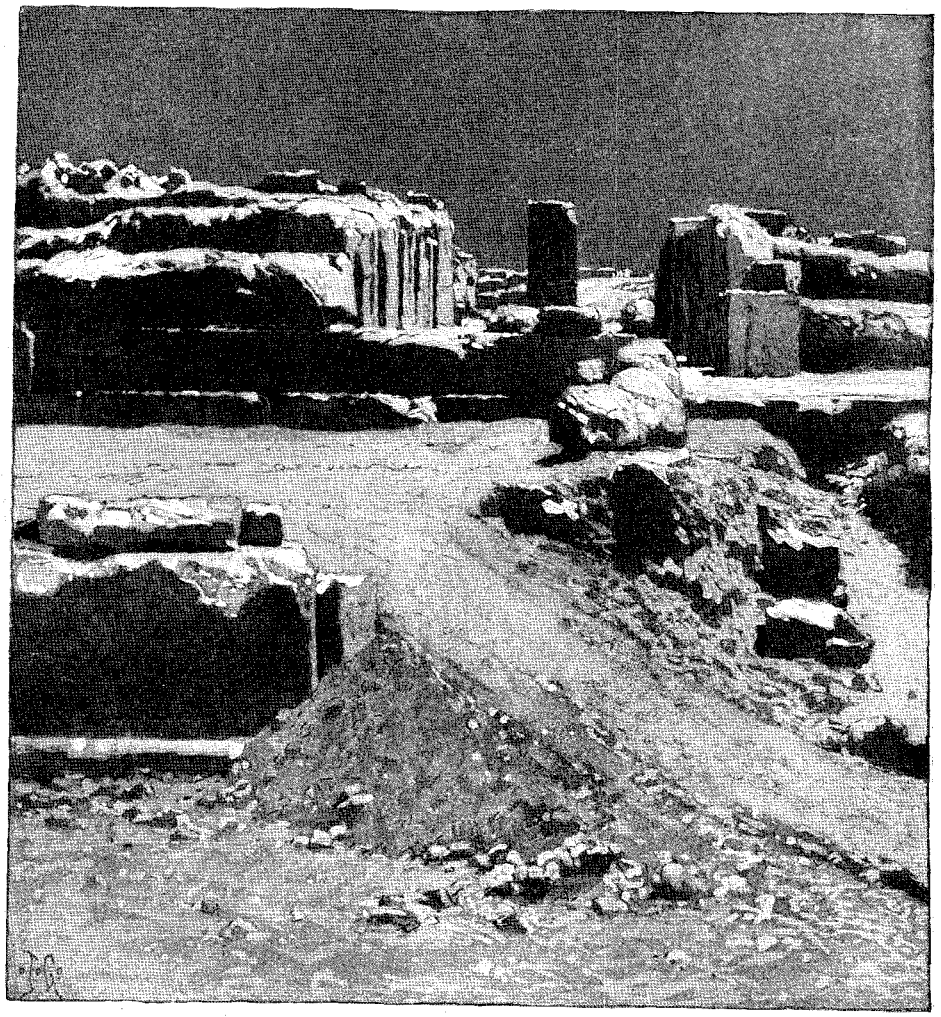

Phæstos.—Main corridor.

cated windings and often enlivened the performance by wild leaps and pantomimic gestures.

Perhaps a Cretan wedding is the most curious of all their customs. There was no romance connected with the one we saw. Indeed, both bride and groom looked too stolid to have viewed the affair as any other than a business contract. They were conducted to the church by their attendants and took their stand, side by side, in the middle of the nave. Before them was placed a small table loaded with candles, a basket of green leaves and candies, a red kerchief, a loaf of bread, a glass, a pitcher of wine, a fork, and the marriage wreaths. The couple joined hands and each held a lighted taper, while the priest recited the service, and blessed them at regular intervals, finally placing the rings on their little fingers. Then he stepped aside and the *compara*, or godmother, removed the rings, crossing them back and forth three times, and at last left them as the priest had done. Next came the crowning of the couple with the wreaths, which were tied together. Both the priest and the *compara* took part in this ceremony. At the next step all, even the bride and groom, were amused. The priest cut four small pieces from the loaf of bread, and after dipping them in the glass of wine fed them to the couple with the fork, afterward giving

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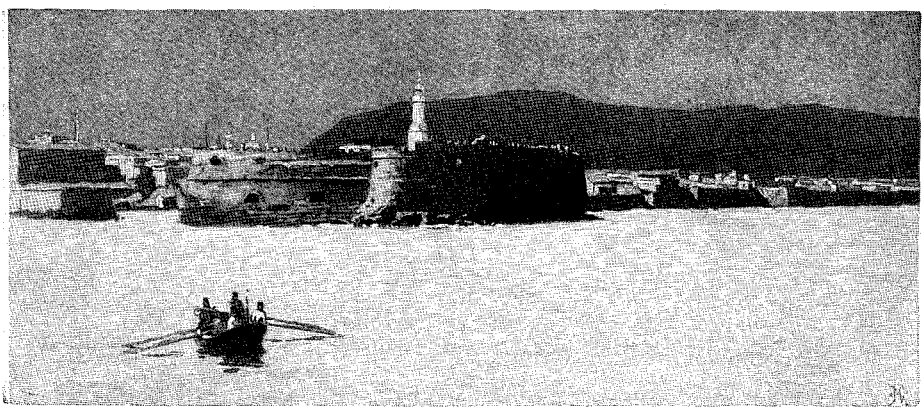
them a drink from the same glass. But the most difficult part of the ceremony was to follow. The priest took the kerchief, gave one end to the groom, the middle to the bride, and holding the other end himself led them three times around the table, followed by the *compara* and the bridesmaids, who threw green leaves and candy after them, and at the same time tried to keep their wreaths from falling off. The complicated ceremony was completed by a blessing, after which anyone who wished had the privilege of kissing both bride and groom on the forehead, and presenting a wedding gift. The favorite presents were two kerchiefs, which were laid one on the groom's shoulder, one on the bride's. Money also was acceptable, and a few copper coins were dropped into a kerchief held for that purpose by one of the bridesmaids. After the service, everybody accompanied the newly wedded pair to their house, at the threshold of which there was a pause, while the bride annointed the lintel and doorposts with oil. The interior of the house was decorated with the bride's dowry of household linen, which was hung on a rope all around the single room. In one corner was a little loft supported by poles and trimmed with leaves of myrtle and large doughnut-shaped loaves of bread. In this bower the bridal couple and a bridesmaid took their seats, while their friends and relatives serenaded them from the floor below with extemporaneous songs in their weird wailing fashion. One song that was sung by the groom's sister caused a great sensation, because she reproached her brother for having married so soon after their father's death without first having provided a husband for her.

To describe all the attractions of a tour in Crete would be beyond the limits of a magazine article, yet it is my hope that such interest may be aroused in this unique island that many a traveller may go there under the assurance that "welcome" will greet him from the lips of every islander and "good-luck" and "a safe journey to your own fatherland" speed him on his departure.

Fortified harbor at Heracleion.
Rowboat that carried us to the steamer.



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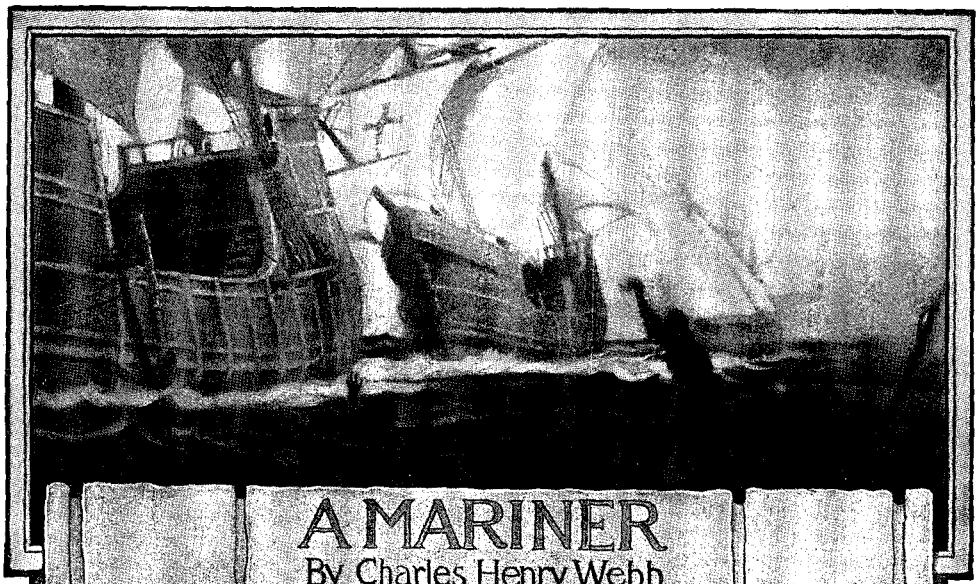

A MARINER

By Charles Henry Webb

I LAUNCHED my ships at break of day.
Were ever ships so fair as they?
Their silken sails white in the sun,
With threads of yellow gold enspun.
And snow-white decks and spotless spars
And masts that tapered to the stars!

My shining sails I spread unto
The perfumed breeze that softly blew
To bear me clear of care and pain
To a far shore I thought to gain.

I cannot tell with these pale lips
How danced the prows of my brave ships,
How high their quarter-galleries rose,
To catch each favoring breeze that blows—
I asked not how such build would bear,
If wind came other way than fair.
Enough that high and wide the deck
I walked without a thought of wreck.
Columbus sailing parallels
Had joyed to have such caravels.

To luckless mariners I passed
No aid I gave, no look I cast:
"Help, or we sink!" the storm-tossed cried.
"Poor seamen, ye," my scorn replied;
"See how my ships hold on their way,
Shape ye your course as right as they."
"Show mercy as you mercy seek!"
I answered from my towering peak:
"Who seeks that which he has not shown?
I sail on business of mine own.'

· BLENDON · CAMPBELL ·

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A hand was stretched across the sea,
Of one who walked on Galilee:
"The shore is far, the night is near;
A pilot take, who waits you here."
Light mocked I back: "The wind is free;
Not this your Lake of Galilee.
You see my ships, how stout and brave;
What need of hand to help or save?
Seek those who lack the shipman's art;
I need no pilot and no chart."

God! can horizons change so fast,
Can skies so soon come overcast?
The wind that lately spoke me fair
Veered round and blew from everywhere;
Waves that had followed, adverse rose
To beat me back with cruel blows;
My sails that shone so in the sun,
Blown from their fastenings, every one,
Storm-stained and tattered, whipped the air
With rags the wrecks had shamed to wear.
Mere toys of the tumultuous swells
Lay all my high-pooped caravels.

Full many that I thrust aside,
Or passed in wantonness of pride,
Unanswering when for help they hailed,
Have gained the shore for which I sailed.
From where the sheltering coast lifts high
They signal as I drift them by;
I hear them ask with pitying lips,
"What wrecks be these that once were ships?"

"O Christ, if any Christ there be,"
I cry across a wintry sea,
"My every ship has found a grave,
Now but the sinking skipper save!"

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A DAY AMONG THE QUANTOCK HILLS

By Henry van Dyke

DOROTHEA was the only one of the merry crowd who cared to turn aside with me from the beaten tourist track, and give up the sight of another English cathedral, for the sake of a quiet day among the Quantock Hills. Was it the literary association of that little corner of Somersetshire with the names of Wordsworth and Coleridge that attracted her, I wonder? Or was it the promise that we would hire a dog-cart, if one could be found, and that she should be the driver all through the summer day? I confess my incompetence to decide the question. When one is fifteen years old, a live horse may be as interesting as two dead poets. Not for the world would I put Dorothea to the embarrassment of declaring which was first in her mind.

When she and I got out of the railway carriage in the early morning at the humble station of Watchet (barely mentioned in the guide-book) our travelling companions jeered gently at our enterprise. As the train rumbled away from the platform, they stuck their heads out of the window and cried, "Where are you going? And how are you going to get there?" Upon my honor, I did not know. That was just the fun of it.

But there was an inn at Watchet, though I doubt whether it had ever entertained tourists. The friendly and surprised landlady thought that she could get us a dog-cart to drive across the country; but it would take about an hour to make ready. So we strolled about the town, and saw the sights of Watchet.

They were few and simple; yet something (perhaps the generous sunshine of the July day, or perhaps an inward glow of contentment in our hearts) made them bright and memorable. There were the quaint, narrow streets, with their tiny shops and low stone houses. There was the coast-guard station, with its trim garden, perched on a terrace above the sea. There was the life-boat house, with its doors wide open, and the great boat, spick and span in the glory of new paint, standing ready on its rollers, and the record of splendid rescues in past years inscribed upon the walls. There was the circular basin-harbor, with the workmen slowly repairing the breakwater, and a couple of ancient looking schooners reposing on their sides in the mud at low tide. And there, back on the hill, looking down over the town and far away across the yellow waters of the Bristol Channel, was the high tower of St. Decuman's Church.

"It was from this tiny harbor," said I to Dorothea, "that a great friend of ours, the Ancient Mariner, set sail on a wonderful voyage. Do you remember?

> "The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
> Merrily did we drop
> Below the kirk, below the hill,
> Below the lighthouse top.

That was the kirk to which he looked back as he sailed away to an unknown country."

"But, father!" said Dorothea, "the Ancient Mariner was not a real person. He was only a character!"

"Are you quite sure," said I, "that a character isn't a real person? At all events, it was here that Coleridge, walking from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, saw the old sailor-man. And since Coleridge saw him, I reckon he lived, and still lives. Are we ever going to forget what he has told us?

> "He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

Just then a most enchanting little boy and his sister, not more than five years old, came sauntering down the gray street, hand in hand. They were on their way to school, at least an hour late, round and rosy, careless and merry, manifest owners of the universe. We stopped them: they were dismayed, but resolute. We gave each of them a penny; they radiated wonder and joy. Too happy for walking, they skipped and toddled on their way, telling everyone they met, children and grown-up people, of the

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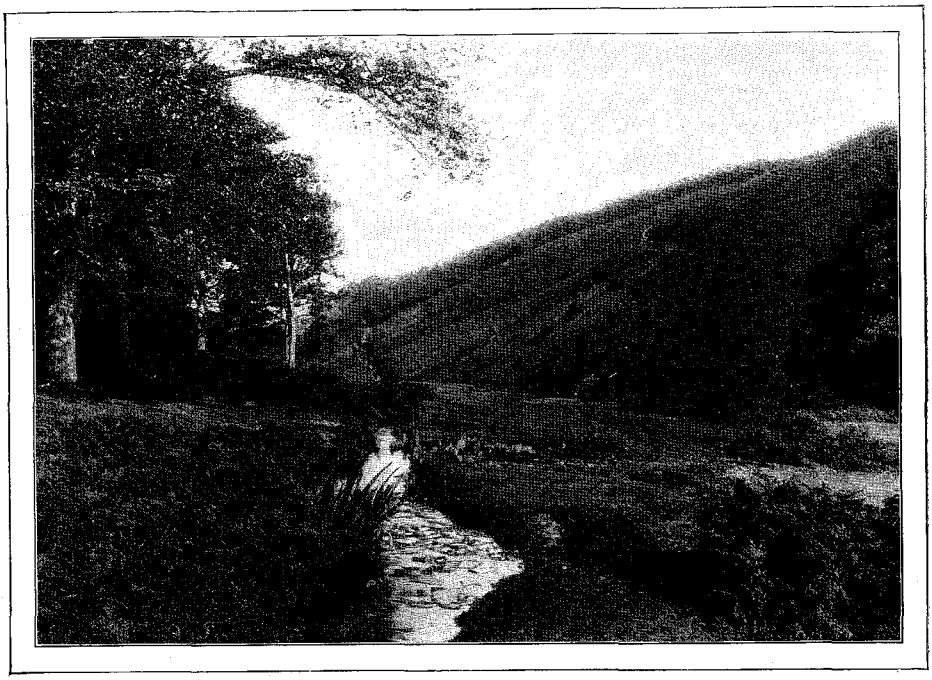

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Tannery Combe, Holford.

good fortune that had befallen them. We could see them far down the street, pausing a moment to look in at the shop-windows, or holding up their coppers while they stopped some casual passer-by and made him listen to their story—just like the Ancient Mariner.

By this time the dog-cart was ready. The landlord charged me eighteen shillings for the drive to Bridgewater, nineteen miles away, stopping where we liked, and sending back the cart with the post-boy that evening. By the look on his face I judge that he thought it was too much. But I did not. So he climbed to the high seat, Dorothea took the reins and the whip, and we set forth for a day of un-guide-booked pleasure.

What good roads they have in England! Look at the piles of broken stone for repairs, stored in little niches all along the way; see how promptly and carefully every hole is filled up and every break mended, and you will understand how a small beast can pull a heavy load in this country, and why the big draught-horses wear long and do good work. A country with a fine system of roads is like a man with a good circulation of the blood: the labor of life becomes easier, effort is reduced and pleasure increased.

Bowling along the smooth road we crossed a small river at Doniford, where a man was wading the stream below the bridge and fly-fishing for trout; passed the farmhouses of Rydon, where the steam-thrasher was whirling, and the wheat was falling in golden heaps, and the pale-yellow straw was mounded in gigantic ricks; and then climbed the hill behind St. Audries, with its pretty gray church, and manor house half hidden in the great trees of the park.

The view was one of indescribable beauty and charm; soft, tranquil woods and placid fertile fields; thatched cottages here and there, sheltered and embowered in green; far away on the shore, the village of East Quantockshead; beyond that the broad, tossing waters of the Bristol Channel; and beyond that again, thirty miles away, the silver coast of Wales and the blue mountains fading into the sky. Ships were sailing in and out, toy-like in the distance. Far to the north-west, we could see the cliffs of the Devonshire coast; to the north-east the islands of Steep Holm and Flat Holm rose from the Severn Sea; and around the point beyond them, in the little churchyard of Clevedon, I knew that the dust of Arthur Henry Hallam, whose friendship Tennyson

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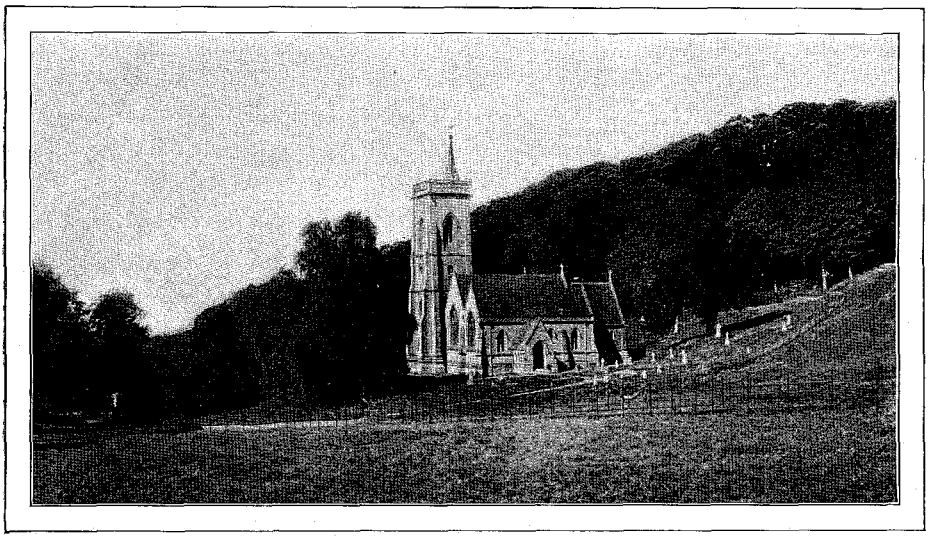

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The church and park at St. Audries.

has immortalized in "In Memoriam," was sleeping

> By the pleasant shore
> And in the hearing of the wave.

High overhead the great white clouds were loitering across the deep-blue heaven. White butterflies wavered above the road. Tall foxglove spires lit the woodland shadows with rosy gleams. Bluebells and golden ragwort fringed the hedge-rows. A family of young wrens fluttered in and out of the hawthorns. A yellow-hammer, with cap of gold, warbled his sweet, common little song. The color of the earth was warm and red; the grass was of a green so living that it seemed to be full of conscious gladness. It was a day and a scene to calm and satisfy the heart.

At Kilve, a straggling village along the road-side, I remembered Wordsworth's poem called "An Anecdote for Fathers." The little boy in the poem says that he would rather be at Kilve than at Liswyn. When his father foolishly presses him to give a reason for his preference, he invents one:

> At Kilve there was no weather-cock,
> And that's the reason why.

Naturally, I looked around the village to see whether it would still answer to the little boy's description. Sure enough, there was no weather-cock in sight, not even on the church-tower.

Not far beyond Kilve we saw a white house, a mile or so away, standing among the trees to the south, at the foot of the high-rolling Quantock Hills. Our post-boy told us that it was Alfoxton, "wheer Muster Wudswuth used to live," but just how to get to it he did not know. So we drove into the next village of Holford and made inquiry at the "Giles' Plough" Inn, a most quaint and rustic tavern with a huge ancient sign-board on the wall, representing Giles with his white horse and his brown horse and his plough. Turning right, and left, and right again, through narrow lanes, between cottages gay with flowers, we came to a wicket-gate beside an old stone building, and above the gate a notice warning all persons not to trespass on the grounds of Alfoxton. But the gate was on the latch, and a cottager, passing by, told us that there was a "right of way" which could not be closed—"goä straight on, and nivver feär, nubbody 'll harm ye."

A few steps brought us into the thick woods, and to the edge of a deep glen, spanned by a bridge made of a single long tree-trunk, with a hand-rail at one side. Down below us, as we stood on the swaying bridge, a stream dashed and danced and sang through the shade, among the ferns and mosses and wild flowers. The steep sides of the glen glistened with hollies and laurels, tangled and confused with blackberry bushes. Overhead was the inter-

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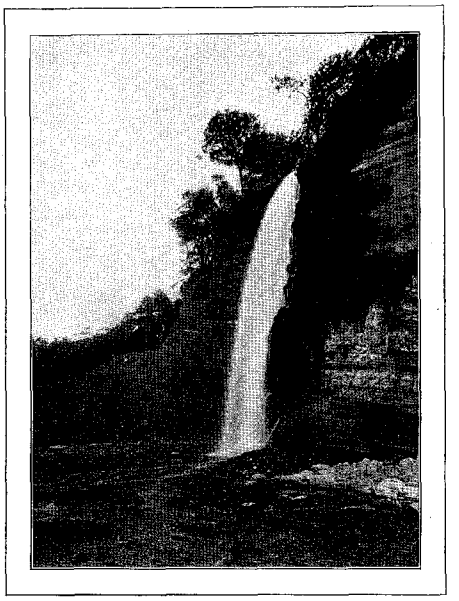
woven roof of oaks and ashes and beeches. Here it was that Wordsworth, in the year 1797, when he was feeling his way back from the despair of mind which followed the shipwreck of his early revolutionary dreams, used to wander alone or with his dear sister Dorothy. And here he composed the "Lines written in Early Spring"



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A waterfall at St. Audries.

—almost the first notes of his new poetic power:

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its leaves;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Climbing up to the drive, we followed a long curving avenue toward the house. It led along the breast of the hill, with a fine view under the spreading arms of the great beeches, across the water to the Welsh mountains. On the left the woods were thick. Huge old hollies showed the ravages of age and storm. A riotous undergrowth of bushes and bracken filled the spaces between the taller trees. Doves were murmuring in the shade. Rabbits scampered across the road. In an open park at the edge of the wood, a herd of twenty or thirty fallow deer with pale spotted sides and twinkling tails trotted slowly up the slope.

Alfoxton House is a long, two-story building of white stucco, with a pillared porch facing the hills. The back looks out over a walled garden, with velvet turf and brilliant flowers and pretty evergreens, toward the sea-shore. The house has been much changed and enlarged since the days when young William Wordsworth rented it (hardly more than a good farmhouse), for twenty-three pounds a year, and lived in it with his sister from 1797 to 1798, in order to be near his friend Coleridge at Nether Stowey. There is not a room that remains the same, though the present owner has wisely brought together as much of the old wood-work as possible into one chamber, which is known as Wordsworth's study. But the poet's real study was out of doors; and it was there that we looked for the things that he loved.

In a field beyond the house there were two splendid old ash-trees, which must have been full grown in Wordsworth's day. We stretched ourselves among the gnarled roots, my little Dorothy and I, and fed our eyes upon the view that must have often

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Alfoxton House.—Wordsworth's home.

refreshed him, while his Dorothy was leading his heart back with gentle touches toward the recovery of joy. There was the soft, dimpled landscape, in tones of silvery verdure, blue in distance, green near at hand, sloping down to the shining sea. The sky was delicate and friendly, bending close above us, with long lines of snowy clouds. There was hardly a breath of wind. Far to the east we saw the rich plain rolling away to Bridgewater and the bare line of the distant Mendip Hills. Shadows of clouds swept slowly across the land. Colors shifted and blended. On the steep hill behind us a row of trees stood out clear against the blue.

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh.

What induced Wordsworth to leave a place so beautiful? A most prosaic reason. He was practically driven out by the suspicion and mistrust of his country neighbors. A poet was a creature that they could not understand. His long rambles among the hills by day and night, regardless of the weather; his habit of talking to himself; his intimacy and his constant conferences on unknown subjects with Coleridge, whose radical ideas were no secret; his friendship with Thelwall, the republican, who came to reside in the neighborhood; the rumor that the poet had lived in France and sympathized with the Revolution—all these were dark and damning evidences to the rustic mind that there was something wrong about this long-legged, sober-faced, feckless young man. Probably he was a conspirator, plotting the overthrow of the English Government, or at least of the Tory party. So ran the talk of the country-side; and the lady who owned Alfoxton was so alarmed by it that she declined to harbor such a dangerous tenant any longer. Wordsworth went with his sister to Germany in 1798; and in the following year they found a new home at Dove Cottage, in Grasmere, among the English lakes.

On our way out to the place where we had left our equipage, we met the owner of the estate, walking with his dogs. He was much less fierce than his placard. It may have been something in Dorothea's way that mollified him, but at all events he turned and walked with us to show us the way up the "Hareknap"—the war-path of ancient armies—to a famous point of view. There we saw the Quantock Hills, rolling all around us. They were like long smooth, steep billows of earth, covered with bracken, and gorse, and heather just coming into bloom. Thick woodlands hung on their sides, but above their purple shoulders the ridges were bare. They looked more than a thousand feet high. Among their cloven combes, deep-thicketed and watered with

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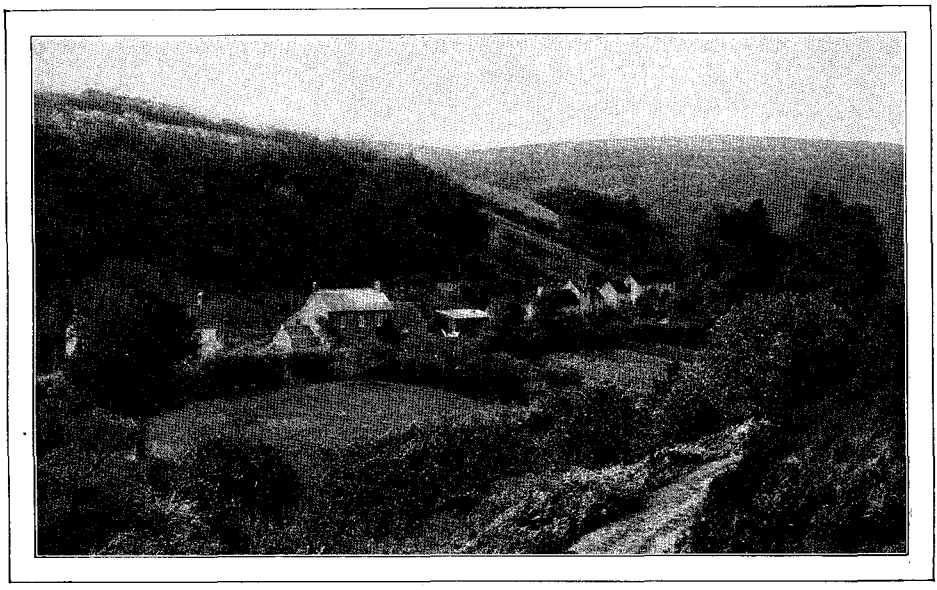
cool springs, the wild red deer still find a home. And it was here (not in Cardiganshire as the poem puts it) that Wordsworth's old huntsman, "Simon Lee," followed the chase of the stag.

It was a three-mile drive from Holford to Nether Stowey. Dorothea remarked that Coleridge and the Wordsworths must have been easy walkers if this was their idea of living close together. And so they were, for that bit of road seemed to them only a prelude to a real walk of twenty or thirty miles. The exercise put them in tune for poetry, and their best thoughts came to them when they were afoot.



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Village of Holford.

"The George" at Nether Stowey is a very modest inn, the entrance paved with flagstones, the only public room a low-ceiled parlor; but its merits are far beyond its pretensions. We lunched there most comfortably on roast duck and green peas, cherry tart and cheese, and then set out to explore the village, which is closely built along the roads whose junction is marked by a little clock-tower. The market-street is paved with cobble-stones, and down one side of it runs a small brook, partly built in and covered over, but making a merry noise all the way. Coleridge speaks of it in his letters as "the dear gutter of Stowey."

Just outside of the town is the Castle Mound, a steep, grassy hill, to the top of which we climbed. There was the distinct outline of the foundations of the old castle, built in the Norman times; we could trace the moat, and the court, and all the separate rooms; but not a stone of the walls remained—only a ground-plan drawn in the turf of the hill-top. All the pride and power of the Norman barons had passed like the clouds that were sailing over the smooth ridges of the Quantocks.

Coleridge was twenty-four years old when he came to Nether Stowey with his young wife and a boy baby. Troubles had begun to gather around him; he was very poor, tormented with neuralgia, unable to find regular occupation, and estranged by a quarrel from his friend and brother-in-law, Robert Southey. Thomas Poole, a well-to-do tanner at Nether Stowey, a man of good education and noble character, a great lover of poetry and liberty, had befriended Coleridge and won his deep regard and affection. Nothing would do but that Poole should find a cottage near to his own house, where the poet could live in quietude and congenial companionship.

The cottage was found; and, in spite of Poole's misgivings about its size, and his warnings in regard to the tedium and depression of village life, Coleridge took it and

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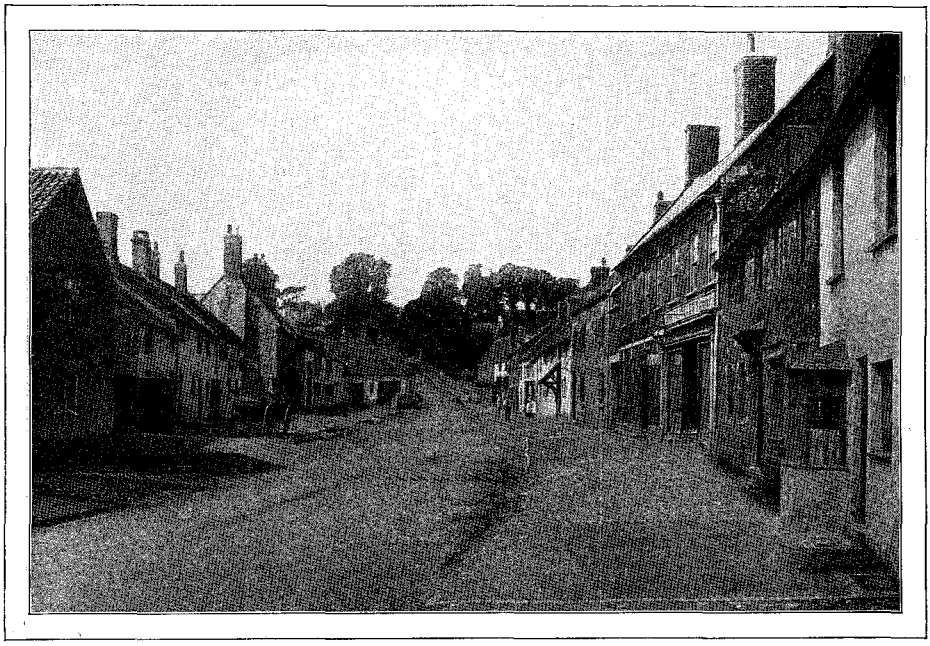
moved in with his little family on the last day of the year 1796—a cold season for a "flitting"! We can imagine the young people coming down the Bridgewater road through the wintry weather with their few household goods in a cart.

The cottage was at the western end of the village; and there it stands yet, a poor, ugly house, close on the street. We went in, and after making clear to the good woman who owned it that we were not looking for lodgings, we saw all that there was to see of the dwelling. There were four rooms, two downstairs and two above. All were bare and disorderly, because, as the woman explained, house-cleaning was in progress. It was needed. She showed us a winding stair, hardly better than a ladder, which led from the lower to the upper rooms. There was no view, no garden. But in Coleridge's day there was a small plot of ground belonging to the house and running back to the large and pleasant place of his friend Poole. It was upon this little garden that the imagination of the new tenant was fixed, and there he saw, in his dream, the corn and the cabbages and the potatoes growing luxuriantly under his watchful and happy care; enough, he hoped, to feed himself and his family, and to keep a couple of what he called "snouted and grunting cousins" on the surplus. "Literature," he wrote, "though I shall never abandon it, will always be a secondary object with me. My poetic vanity and my political favor have been exhaled, and I would rather be an expert, self-maintaining gardener than a Milton, if I could not unite them both." How amusing are men's dreams—those of humility as well as those of ambition! There is a peculiarly Coleridgean touch in that last hint of uniting Milton and the market-gardener.



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Nether Stowey village.

In fact, I doubt whether the garden ever paid expenses; but, on the other hand, the crop of poetry that sprung from Coleridge's marvellous mind was rich and splendid. It was while he lived in this poor little cottage that he produced "Osorio," "Fears in Solitude," "Ode to France," the first part of "Christabel," "Frost at Midnight," "The Nightingale," "Kubla Khan," and "The Ancient Mariner," and planned with his friend Wordsworth "Lyrical Ballads," the most epoch-making book of modern English poetry. Truly this year, from April, 1797,

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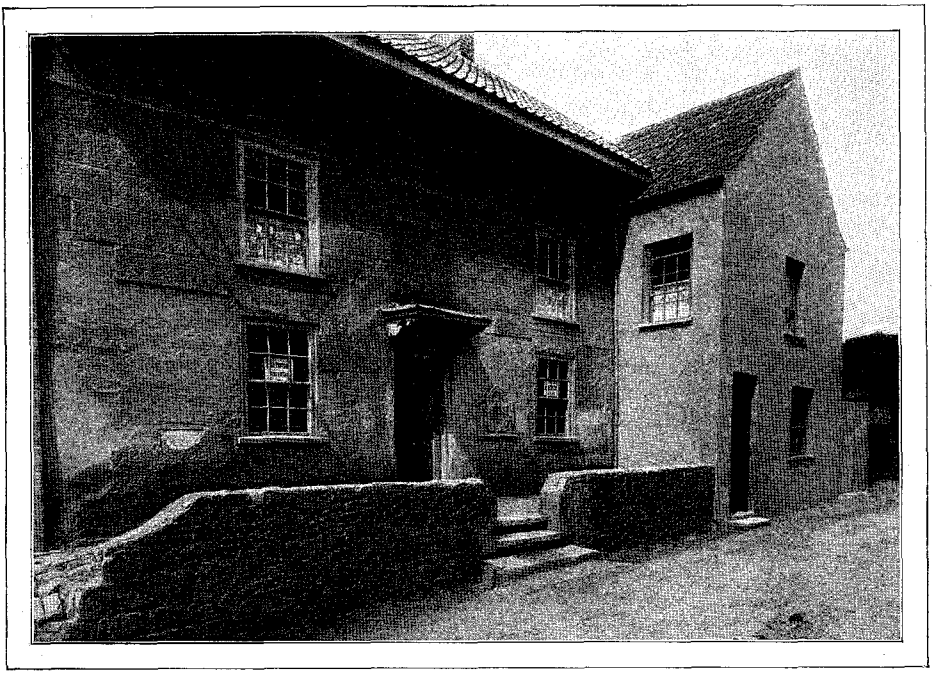

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Coleridge's house, Nether Stowey village.

to April, 1798, was the *annus mirabilis* of his life. Never again was he so happy, never again did he do such good work, as when he harbored in this cottage, and slipped through the back gate to walk in the garden or read in the library of his good friend, Thomas Poole, or trudged down the road to the woods of Alfoxton to talk with the Wordsworths. He wrote lovingly of the place:

And now, beloved Stowey, I behold
Thy Church-tower, and methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lovely cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace.

Dorothea and I were not sure that Mrs. Coleridge enjoyed the cottage as much as he did. Greta Hall, at Keswick, with its light airy rooms and its splendid view, was her next home; and when we saw it, a few weeks later, we were glad that the babe and the babe's mother had lived there.

But the afternoon was waning, and we must turn our back to the Quantocks, and take to the road again. Past the church and the manor house, with its odd little turreted summer-house, or *gazébo* perched on the corner of the garden-wall; past a row of ancient larch-trees and a grove of Scotch pines; past smooth-rolling meadows full of cattle and sheep; past green orchards full of fruit for the famous and potent Somerset cider; past the old town of Cannington, where the fair Rosamund was born, and where, on our day, we saw the whole population in the streets, perturbed by some unknown excitement and running to and fro like mad folks; past sleepy farms and spacious parks and snug villas, we rolled along the high-road, into Bridgewater, a small city, where they make "Bath bricks," and where the statue of Admiral Blake swaggers sturdily in the market-place. There we took the train to join our friends at dinner in Bristol; and so ended our day among the Quantock Hills.

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THE SOLDIERS' RECESSIONAL

By John Finley

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

Down from the choir with feebled step and slow,
Singing their brave recessional they go,
  Gray, broken, choristers of war,
Bearing aloft before their age-dimmed eyes,
As 'twere their cross for sign of sacrifice,
  The flags which they in battle bore,—

Down from the choir where late their hoarse throats sang
Till all the sky-arched vast cathedral rang
  With echoes of their rough-made song,
Where roared the organ's deep artillery,
And screamed the slender pipe's dread minstrelsy
  In fierce debate of right and wrong.

Down past the altar, bright with flowers, they tread
The aisles 'neath which in sleep their comrades dead
  Keep bivouac after their red strife,
Their own ranks thinner growing as they march
Into the shadows of the narrow arch
  Which hides the lasting from this life.

Soon, soon, will pass the last gray pilgrim through
Of that thin line in surplices of blue
  Winding as some tired stream asea;
Soon, soon, will sound upon our list'ning ears
His last song's quaver as he disappears
  Beyond our answering litany;

And soon the faint antiphonal refrain,
Which memory repeats in sweetened strain,
  Will come, as from some far cloud-shore;
Then, for a space the hush of unspoke prayer,
And we who've knelt shall rise with heart to dare
  The thing in peace they sang in war.

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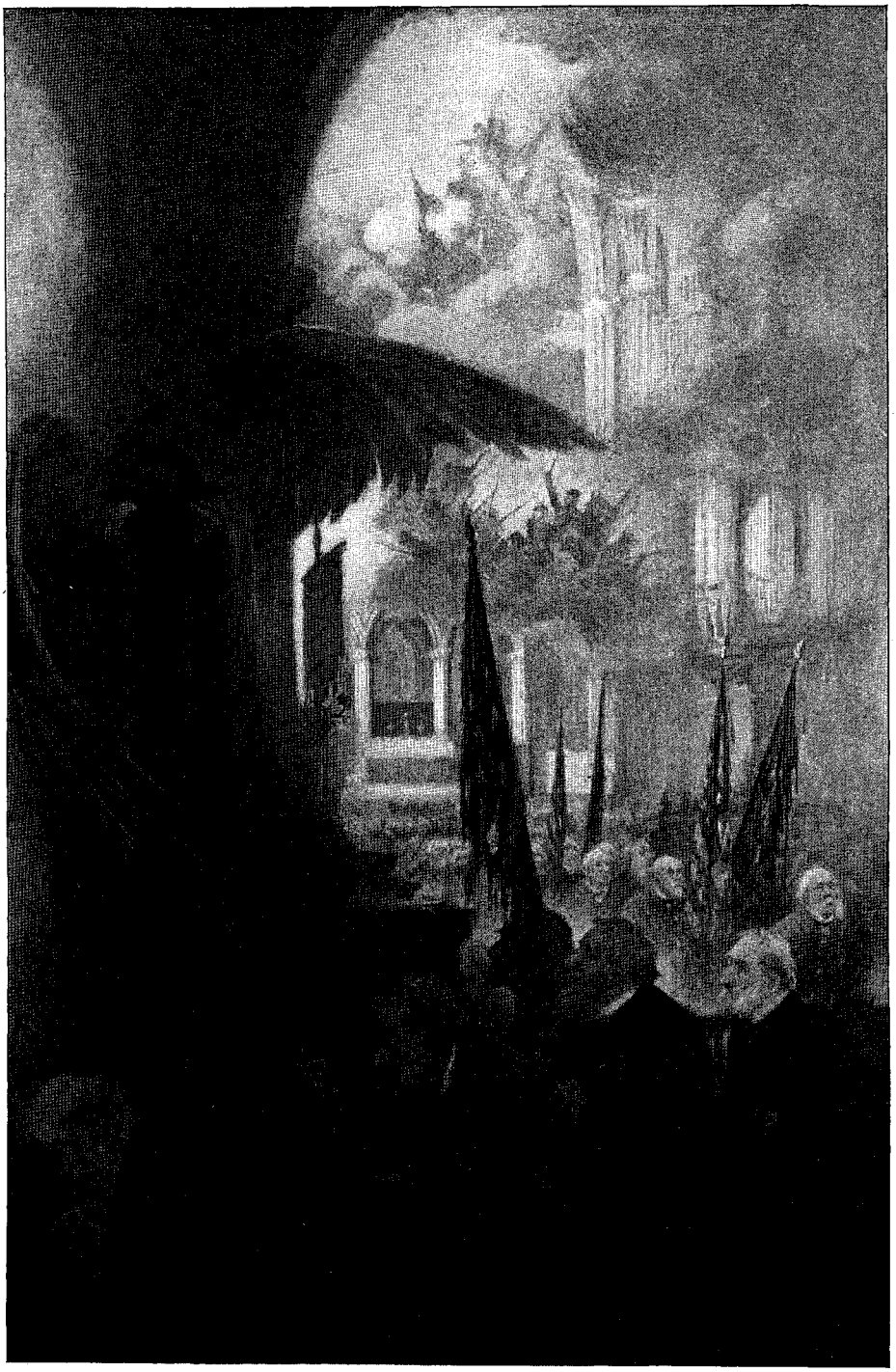

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"The Soldiers' Recessional."

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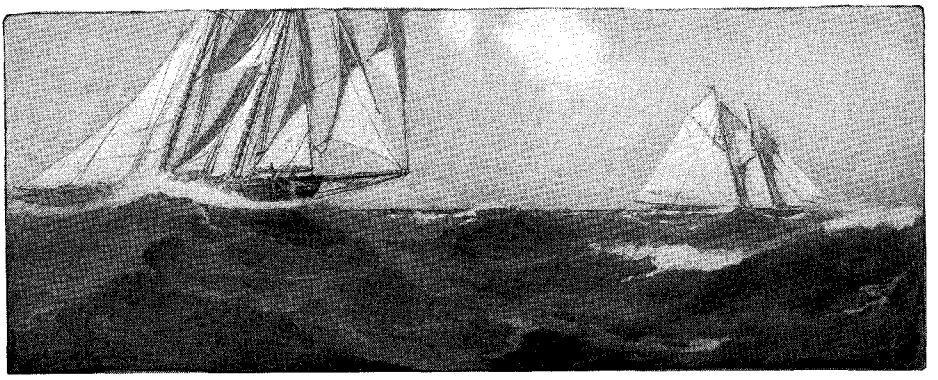

THE WICKED "CELESTINE"

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD

SAILING out of Boston is a fleet of fishing schooners that for beauty of model, and speed, and stanchness in heavy weather are not to be surpassed—their near admirers say equalled—by any class of vessels that sail the seas; and, saying that, they do not bar the famous fleet of Gloucester.

This Boston fleet is manned by a cosmopolitan lot, who are all very proud of their vessels, particularly of their sailing qualities. Good seamen all—some beyond compare—Irishmen still with the beguiling brogue of the south and west counties, Yankees from Maine and Massachusetts, Portuguese from the Azores, with a strong infusion of Nova Scotians and Newfoundlanders, and scattering French, English and Scandinavians.

No class of men afloat worry less about heavy weather than do these men; nowhere will you find men more deeply versed in the ways of vessels or quicker to meet an emergency; none will carry sail longer, or, if out in a dory, will hang on to their trawls longer if it comes to blow, or the fog settles, or the sea kicks up. In the matter of courage, endurance and skill, they are the limit.

The standard for this superb little navy was first established by a lot of men of Irish blood, from Galway and Waterford originally, who chose this most hazardous way to make a living—and in other days, with the old-class vessels, it was terribly hazardous—who chose this life, tender-hearted men and men of family though most of them were, in preference to taking orders from uncongenial peoples ashore.

They are still there, an unassuming lot of adventurers taking the most desperate chances in the calmest way—great shipmates all, tenderness embodied and greatness of soul beyond estimation. And it was one of the best known of them, a dauntless little Irish-born, who, squaring his shoulders and swinging his arms, spat right and left and moved up the dock to a hail of salutations this beautiful winter morning. "Good-morning, captain," and "How are you, Coleman?" and "Are you to take the new one this trip, skipper?" All this, and more, as Captain Coleman Joyce, not above five feet in height nor a hundred and thirty pounds in weight, but of a port to subdue Patagonians seven feet high, as with a fighting beard that curled and shoulders that heaved he rolled gloriously up the dock.

An abstemious man was Captain Joyce; but there were times and circumstances, say now, for instance, when before casting off for a haddocking trip to George's Banks it

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became necessary to consummate one of the rites without which no man could conceive a fishing trip to be lucky. These rites, incidentally, were two: One consisted of taking a good drink before going out; the other was to take a good drink after getting in. Simple, but not to be overlooked.

And now, when, after a beat up Atlantic Avenue to the saloon that is nearest the south side of the wharf, Coleman found himself leaning against the bar and looking at the barkeeper, that suave party, without further orders, set before him a small glass of water and a small glass empty and the same old bottle with the horse and rider on the outside.

Raising his filled glass, and absent-mindedly looking about him by the way, Captain Joyce observed that it was a wistful crowd which was watching him. It was always a wistful crowd. He nodded amiably to four or five, but gazed vacantly at the others. All told, there must have been twenty loafers in the place, and everyone undeniably thirsty, with a thirst that was immeasurably intensified by the sight of this successful skipper preparing to take a drink.

Coleman, regarding them again, pulled out an old wallet and from it took a five-dollar bill. Every pair of expectant eyes in the place saw the V on the bill. Plainly, too, he was not trying to hide it. A symphony of short, hacking coughs foretold clogged throats clearing for action—Captain Joyce always was free with his money. Following the bill, but only after a lot of digging about with his fingers, Captain Joyce extricated a silver coin—a quarter of a dollar, they saw. Coleman held it up to his eyes that he might the better see it. Nobody, looking at those eyes of his, would ever suspect that they were weak. He put back the bill, restrapped the wallet, replaced it in his pocket, laid the quarter on the bar, and took his drink, first the whiskey, then the water, and both rapidly, as a man of action should.

Smacking his lips and regarding the change on the bar—a dime and a nickel—at the same time casting a sly glance at the barkeeper, he beckoned with his hand over his shoulder, but without looking around, "Let ye all come up," he said, and bolted for the door to escape the rush.

Outside the door of the saloon he was hailed by a shore-going friend, once a fisherman, but now a grocer, whose chief income arose from provisioning fishing vessels, and so one who kept up with all the gossip of the fleet. "Hello, Captain Joyce! What's this they're telling me about you having a new vessel—a new style model, too."

"It's the truth."

"And given up the *Maggie*—that was built for you—that I heard you say a hundred times was not a bad sailer at all and the ablest vessel of her tonnage that ever sailed past Boston Light?"

"Yes, or past any other light. She's that and more. But Lord bless you, she can't sail with some of the new ones, and I'm tired to my soul of havin' every blessed model of a fisherman that was ever launched comin' up on my quarter and goin' by like I was an old sander. This last time who was it, d'y' think? You'd never guess. Name every vessel that ever sailed out of T Dock and she'd be the last you or any other man'd name. Who but the *Bonita*—yes. The black-whiskered divil, Portugee Joe, yes—with the rings in his ears. Faith, an' had I hold of him when he said it, 'tis in his nose he'd be wearin' them. 'Captain Joyce,' he hails, and the bloody Dago he can't talk United States yet—'Captain Joyce, what you carry, hah?—breeks or gran-eet or what?' Gran-eet, mind ye, with the Western Islands brogue of him! Yes, and goes on by the same's if the *Maggie* was r'ally loaded with granite. 'By the Lord,' I calls out after him, 'but the next time you and me try tacks I'll make a wake for you to steer by or I'll know why.' And I've got a vessel now, b'y, a vessel that can sail or I don't know fast lines when I see them. And the Portugee he's just gone down the harbor—he'll be waitin' for me outside the lightship, he says. So I'm off."

Captain Joyce journeyed on and, standing on the cap-log at the end of the wharf, he looked down on his new vessel and his eyes shone with joy in the sheer beauty of her. "Purty, purty, purty," he murmured; "just like she was whittled out of a block." And, turning to a man who was taking his bag ashore, the last man of the old gang to leave her, he inquired, "She can sail, they tell me, this one?"

"Oh, she can sail all right."

"And how does she handle?"

"Handle? She's that quick in stays that you want to watch her."

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"Watch her, eh? And stiff is she?"

"I don't know about that. One day we used to think she was a house, but again she'd roll down in a twelve-knot breeze, and in a way to make your hair curl."

"Man alive! But whisper, was that why Jimmie Eliot gave her up?"

"I don't know about that. He wouldn't say, the skipper wouldn't."

"And that's queer, too, come to think."

"It do look queer, but maybe he thought it wouldn't be fair to the owners."

"'Tis the divil and all of a mystery. And where is he now?"

"Went to Gloucester last night."

"That's too bad. When another man's been in a vessel I gen'rally likes to get his notions of her myself. You can't tell a vessel by just lookin' at her—you have to be in her a while. Well, whatever she is, we'll put out in her now. Let ye hoist the mains'l, b'ys, and we'll go. Portugee Joe is waitin' for us below."

Captain Joyce and his able crew put out from the dock and a great crowd lined the cap-log to see her off. Down the harbor she went, creeping before the light westerly as if she had a propeller hidden somewhere below.

Captain Joyce and his old friend Jerry Connors looked her up and looked her down.

"I say, Jerry, but did ever y' see annything scoot like her—hardly a breath and she goin' along like she is. It's not right, Jerry—hardly a ripple in her wake."

"Oh, you've been so long in the old *Maggie*, skipper——"

"The *old Maggie*, is it? She's not too old—ten year."

"I know. Ten year is nothing in a good vessel, but they been improving them so fast. Last fall, the trip you didn't wait for me, you know, I went in the *Jennie and Katie*. Y'oughter seen her skipper. Handle? Like a little naphtha launch to pick up dories. And sail? Man, but she could sail!"

"That so? And how'd she behave in heavy weather?"

"Well, we didn't have any heavy weather that trip."

"No breeze at all?"

"Well, one day it did breeze up. We had her under a balanced reef mains'l. She did slap around a bit. 'Twas the devil and all to stay in your bunk, but she did pretty well. But you mustn't get 'em out of trim. The first two dory-loads of fish that came aboard that trip was pitched into her afterpens and, man, she reared right up in the air—right straight up on her hind legs and began to claw out with her fore feet like she was trying to climb up a wall——"

"You'd think 'twas a horse you were talkin' about, Jerry. But she could sail, you say?"

"Sail? Like a plank on edge—and greased."

"Well, this one can sail, too. Look at her. Not a blessed hop out of her—just smoochin' along like a girl slidin' on ice ashore, isn't she?"

Off the lightship they found the *Bonita*. "There she is," announced Coleman, "with the rings in his ears. Keep her as she is till the pair of us come together. Trip afore last he sailed a couple of rings around the *Maggie* by way of amusin' himself, but I'll amuse him now or I'll tear the sail off this one."

In a freshening breeze and both vessels soon swinging all they had, it was a good chance for a try-out. Four hours of that and the victory went to the handsome *Celestine*, for off Cape Cod, after a run of forty miles, Coleman had the *Bonita* two miles to leeward.

For an hour after that Coleman could hardly be coaxed down to eat. Standing on the *Celestine's* quarter, he chuckled, and chuckled, and chuckled. Even after taking his place at the table, he had to climb up the companionway to have one more look at the beaten *Bonita*. "A good vessel for rip-fishing the Portugee's got—she drifts well," he said, "and maybe 'tis me won't tell him next time we meet."

And yet in the middle of the meal he suddenly set down his mug of coffee and leaned across the table. "Don't it strike you, Jerry, that for a vessel of her model this one is the divil for stiffness?"

"We were saying among ourselves a little while ago, skipper, that we never before saw a vessel that barely wet her scuppers in a breeze like this."

"That's it—I don't know what it is. But she's a queer divil altogether. Sometimes when she luffs she fetches up in a way to shake every tooth in your head. And there was what one of the men that was in her last trip said of her."

"And what did he say, skipper?"

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"He said—but come to think, he didn't say anything, and that's the divil of it. One or two little outs in a vessel, if you know what they are, aren't always a great harm. But when you don't know how to take her!"

The crew agreed with their skipper that there was something queer about this new vessel of theirs, but no illuminating discussion came of it until next morning when having cleared the north shoal of Georges, it became necessary to head to the southward.

Heading to the east'ard in a southerly breeze, she had been on the starboard tack up to that time. Now her helmsman shot her head across the wind, her sails shook, shivered, her booms began to swing, and over on the port tack went the *Celestine*. Everybody looked to see her roll down some, but in that breeze (they hadn't even taken their stays'l in) nobody looked to see her do what she did. Least of all her skipper, who, standing carelessly by the starboard rail, would have gone overboard and been lost probably, but for Jerry Connors."

"Wheel down! wheel down!" roared Jerry, and hauled the skipper back aboard.

"Down it is!"

"Cripes!" said the skipper when he found his breath—"cripes, but she's left-handed."

"Left-handed?"

"Yes, and double left-handed, the cross-eyed whelp! Just barely put her scuppers under on one tack and down to her hatches on the other. Man alive, but if we have to put her on the wrong tack makin' a passage, what'll we ever do with her? Put her back, put her back—back on the other tack with her and keep her there till we get some sail off her. Man, man, but when we have to put a vessel under her four lowers in a little breeze like this——"

They kept her so until next morning, when they hove her to—they had to heave her to—with Georges north shoal bearing twenty-three miles west by north and a howling gale in prospect. With the glass showing a scant 29 and the sea coming to them in a long swell, they all foresaw a good lay-off with a chance to catch up on sleep or read up, or overhaul their gear.

The storm hit in hard that night. A north-easter it was, with a thick snow in its wake and a whistle that made a bunk feel most comfortable. The snow passed, and after two days the worst of the breeze also; but after it came the tremendous seas that make such a terrible place of the northerly edge of Georges shoals in the wrong kind of winter weather.

Nobody aboard the *Celestine* worried particularly. They had been having that sort of thing all their lives. After a while it would pass. Only when it lasted for too long a time it *did* make slow fishing. They put her under jumbo and riding sail and let go their chain anchor. Next day they took sail off her altogether and made ready their hawser and big anchor. Under both anchors, if it came to that, she certainly would be safe.

This gale was some time in passing. And now it was coming on evening of the fourth day—two days of a heavy breeze and two days of the great seas. All the men, excepting the watch, were below, about half for'ard and half aft, those for'ard mugging-up or overhauling trawls, those aft listening to Jerry Connors, a great reader, who was now reeling off a most interesting story with dramatic emphasis. It was the "Cloister and the Hearth," and Gerald was up in the tree with the bear after him—the *Celestine* dancing like a lead-ballasted cork figure all the while. In the middle of it all the watch hailed something from deck. The skipper, trying to keep from sliding off the locker and, at the same time, above the howling of the wind get what Jerry was reading, grew wrathy at the interruption.

"What's that ballyhooin' on deck—whose watch?"

One had risen, and now from the companion steps, his head above the slide, passed on the word. "It's John's."

"Oh, John is it? Don't mind John—the least thing worries John. But what was he sayin'?"

"He says there's some big seas coming, and getting bigger all the time; and true enough they are."

"Big seas, is it? Cripes, a man don't need to stand watch on deck or stick his head out of the hatch, like a turkey in a crate, to find that out."

"Big seas coming aboard, he says, and hadn't we better make ready to put out the big anchor, she being on her weak tack?"

"Her weak side! That's so—maybe he

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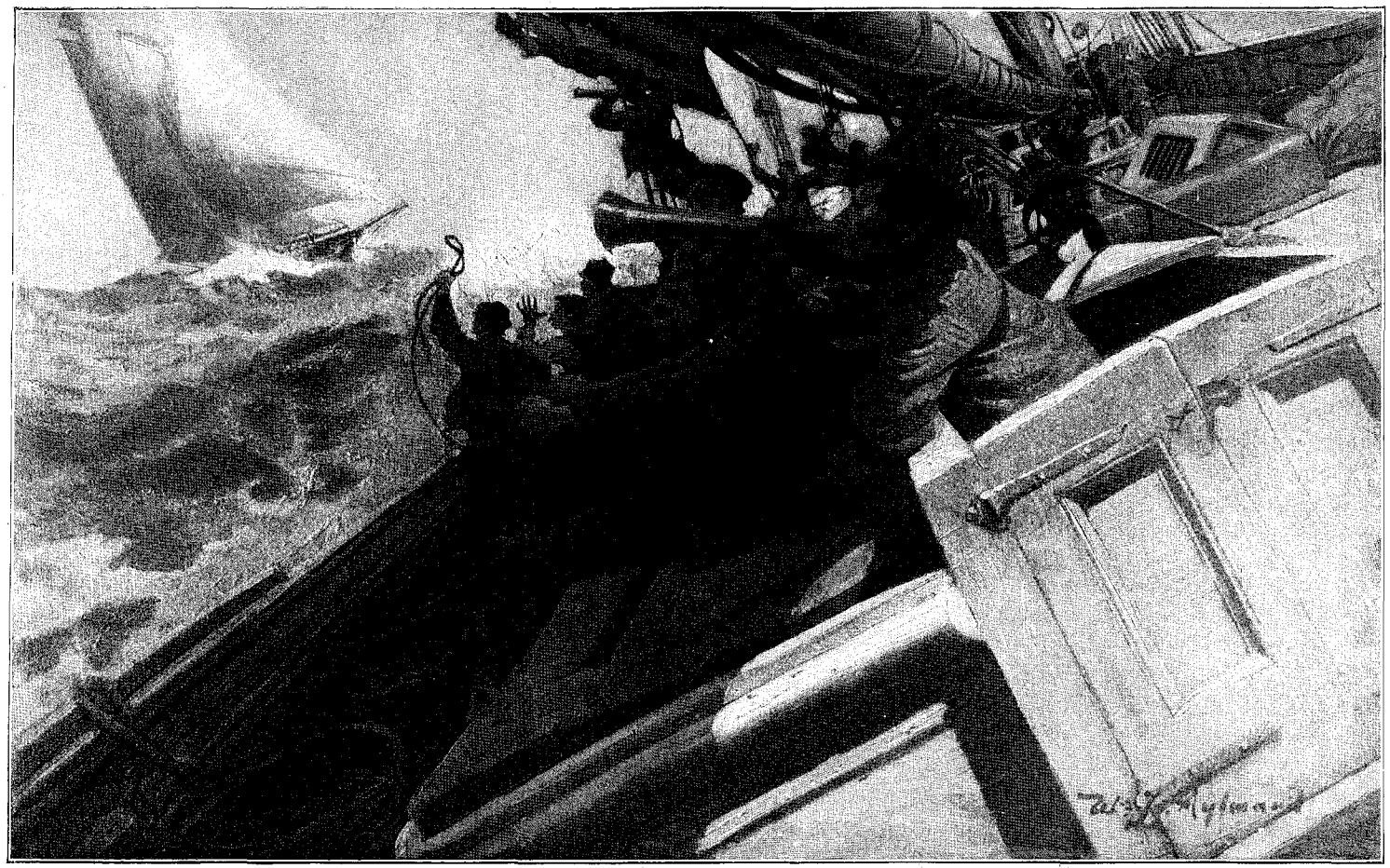

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"Sailed a couple of rings around the *Maggie* by way of amusin' himself."—Page 679.

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had. Tell him yes and call the gang for'ard. Now go on, Jerry, whilst we're waitin'. What did that divil of a bear do then?" The skipper leaned forward from the locker. "What did he do? Hurry on, Jerry boy."

"And then he——" recommenced Jerry, but got no further. A scurry of boots was heard on deck, a quick slamming back of the slide, and down the companionway came John. Feet first he came flying and hauled the slide after him. "Here's one as big as a church and——"

That was all he got out when the sea struck. Over went the *Celestine*—over, over—the skipper was shot from the locker through the open door of his stateroom across the cabin. Jerry, who had been sitting by the stove, was shot into that same room ahead of him. Another, lying comfortably in his bunk to windward, was shot clear across the cabin and into the opposite bunk on the lee side, and his bedding followed him and covered him up. Another of the crew, doubled up in the after windward bunk, was sent past the lazarette and in on top of his neighbor, who had a moment before been comfortably lying in his bunk to leeward, passing the time of day with a pleasant word and a pipe in his mouth. The bedding also followed that man. Everything loose went from the windward bunks to the lee bunks—from the whole windward side to the lee side.

The vessel poised so for perhaps ten seconds, while men called one to another. "What's it?" "Are you hurted, Joe?" "God help us—what in the divil's this?" "What in the devil's name——" "Man, let me up—'tis smothered I am!" Cries of surprise and cries of consternation, while through it all the *Celestine* seemed balanced between going down for good and never coming up at all. The wall-lamp flared and then started to blaze. It looked like a possible fire to add to the rest of it, but the skipper, like a flash, threw a smothering wet oil-jacket over it. The binnacle lamp then started, but only for a moment—suddenly went out, and then for the first time they heard the rush of the sea coming on them in the dark.

"Did you think to draw the slide tight, John?" bellowed the skipper.

"Tight? 'Tis tighter than the lid of hell."

"Then somebody must've left the binnacle slide open—there's men without sense to be found wherever you go—you can't dodge them."

A short space of that, and she rolled part way back. "Up she comes," said the skipper—"'tisn't in nature she won't come—she's got to come up soon or go down entirely." And it did seem as if she was coming up, but the next big sea hit her—bigger than the one that had hove her down. Down inside the *Celestine* they never quite agreed on what happened. They knew that for a moment or two they were standing on the roof of the cabin, that the red-hot cover fell off the stove and hit that same roof, that the hot coals fell out of the stove and began to sizzle among the loose bedding. They knew, too, that in the middle of it all John's voice was heard exclaiming, "Oh, my poor wife!" and again, "O God, O God, we're lost!" and that the skipper said, "Hush up your caterwauling—we're a long way from bein' lost yet," even while the loose bedding began to take fire and blaze up.

Then all at once she righted, and so suddenly that they were thrown one against the other, across the floor and back again. And Jerry Connors became entangled in a tub of trawls that somebody had been overhauling. Six hundred hooks, every hook attached to three feet of ganging, and the whole hanging to two thousand feet of line—it was an awful mess to get mixed up with at a time like that. Twenty hooks at least were sticking in him here and there, and Jerry swore prodigiously.

They smothered the fire with blankets and old clothes, noting while at it that the print of the red-hot stove cover had been left on the roof of the cabin, proving that the vessel had been keel up. "D' y' s'pose she went clean over and over, or did she go halfway and back again, Jerry?" was the first inquiry of the skipper when they had put out the fire and lit the lamp again.

"In God's name, wait till I get some of these hooks out of me—they're into me gizzards, some of them."

Up on deck they met the gang coming out of the forec's'le with the cook in the lead.

"How was it for'ard?" asked the skipper.

"I was lying in my bunk to looard," began the cook, "and Jack was in his bunk

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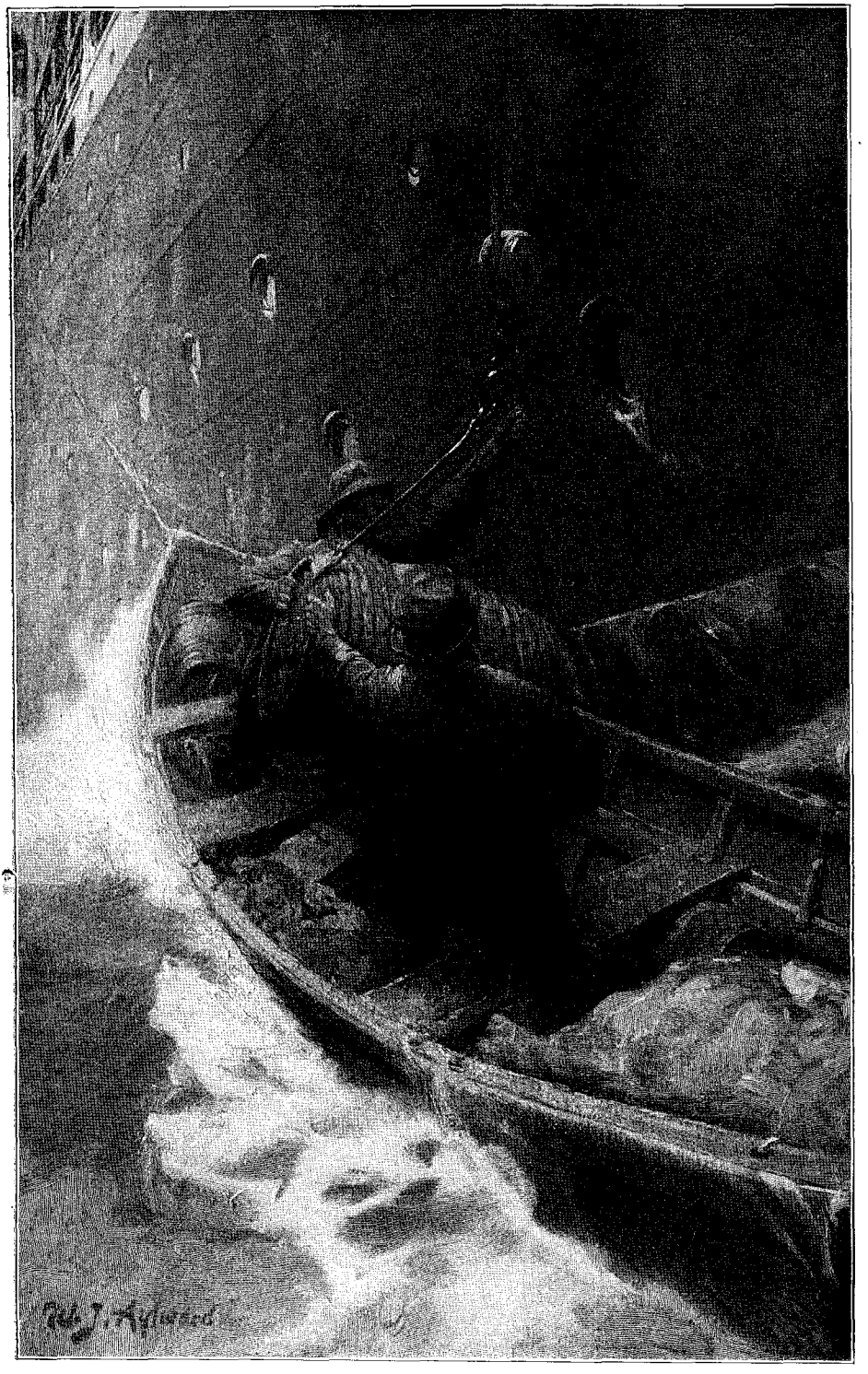

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Stood by and took them as they came down.—Page 687.

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to wind'ard just opposite. Jack was playing with the cat. Well, sir, when she went over I forgot the cat, but through the air came this great black thing with forty claws and two green and yellow eyes and got me by the hair, and Jack with his two hundred pound weight on top of him again. And the cat gets his claws in among me whiskers——"

"Shut up!" roared the skipper; "you and the cat and your whiskers. Is anybody gone? Who was on watch with you, John?"

"Mattie."

"Is he here now?"

"Here, skipper," responded Mattie for himself. "When John dove for the cabin I dove for the forec's'le. I didn't lose no time."

"I'll bet you didn't, if you came down red-jacks first the way John Houlihan did. Well, that's all right, then. Let's see what's left on deck. Get up a few torches—and have a care some of you aren't washed overboard."

Nothing was left on deck. The spars had been torn out when she went over and were now lying alongside threatening to punch holes in her side as they lifted and dropped to every big sea. The skipper took the big axe and the cook his hatchet, and others got out their bait knives, and all began to chop and hack and cut until the wreckage of the spars was clear of the vessel.

Then they took a further look. Dories were gone, booby hatches were gone, the rail was gone. Only the stanchions sticking up above the deck showed where the rail had been. But the wonderful thing was yet to appear. Going forward, the skipper noticed a turn of chain around the vessel's bow. He looked again—and again. When he had satisfied himself he thoughtfully combed his beard.

"Forty winters I've been comin' to Georges, and this is the first time ever I see that. There'll be people that'll say it never happened—that it couldn't have happened. But there's the cable around her bows, a full turn, to prove she went clean over—down one side and up the other. We're blessed lucky to be alive, that's what I say."

"That's what we are," affirmed Jerry, and had another look for himself. And they all had another look for themselves.

"Blessed lucky," they all agreed. "And what'll we do now, skipper?"

"Do?" He looked around and saw only the stumps of masts projecting above her deck—no sails, no rigging, nothing. The bowsprit, even, was gone and their chain parted—and the north shoal of Georges bearing twenty miles to leeward. "Give her the other anchor, and whilst we're layin' to that we'll see what we can do."

That night they hung grimly on to the other anchor. In the morning the skipper chewed it over. "We can't lay here forever—that's certain. We must try and get her out. I don't like that shoal to looard. With this one there's no tellin' what she'll take it into her head to do—to go adrift maybe, and then it's all swallowed up we'll be in short order."

So they prepared to work her out. For masts they could do no better than take the pen-boards out of the hold, split them up and fish them together. They were of two-inch stock, and when they had used them all up they made but sorry-looking spars. For sails they shook the bedding out of their mattresses, took the ticking and their blankets and sewed them together with pieces of oilskins by way of patchings. There was some record-breaking sewing aboard the *Celestine* that morning, for all were thinking of the shoal under their lee.

They set up the pen-boards by way of masts, laced the bedding and blankets to them for sails, and then they had it—a medley of colors! Blue and white striped ticks, green and gold and red blankets—the masterpieces of fond wives ashore—and two crazy-quilts. One particular crazy-quilt the skipper eyed with regret. "I mind the night the wife won that at the church fair. A hundred and fourteen chances she took—at ten cents a chance—me payin' for them. Nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces in it. 'There'll be the fine ornament for your bunk, Colie,' says she to me. 'And warm, too,' she says, 'on a winter's day.' 'Tis tears she'd be sheddin' could she see it this winter's day, usin' it by way of a cloth to a fores'l up where the single reef cringle should be."

They spread them all at last, brought her head to and warped in the anchor. "And now, you slippery-elm divil, sail! Sail, you black, fatherless, left-handed, double left-handed divil, sail!"

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

A tug bore down and hailed them.—Page 687.

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She did sail, after a fashion. She did not go along like the saucy vessel that had put out from T Dock less than a week before, not quite like a greased plank on edge or a girl sliding on ice, but she made headway. It was heart-breaking headway that promised to make a long voyage of the something like two hundred miles to Boston, but the crew had hopes—if the wind stayed to the east'ard.

But the wind did not stay to the east'ard. After two days it hauled to the north-west, and they had to tack. They tacked to the north and they tacked to the south, always with a respectful eye to her weak side, but it was slow work. More, it was cold, and the seas that came aboard iced her up. And, having no rails to her, the crew had to be painfully careful or they would slide overboard.

"And yet no great danger bein' lost, for even with oilskins a man could swim as fast as this one's sailin'. But it's so blessed cold!" said Jerry.

They were sighted several times and other vessels bore down, but the skipper waved them off. "If they think because we're short on sails and spars they're goin' to get salvage out of this one, we'll fool 'em," and onward he sailed with a dory, which they had picked up, lashed amidships.

They ran out of grub and fuel. They had fitted out for market fishing, with ten days or two weeks as the probable length of the trip. They were now four weeks out, with Cape Cod not yet weathered, and something had to be done. Four times they had got all but abreast of the cape—four times the no'-wester had beaten them back. Under their rig they had to take whatever came. They could not force her around when around she would not go.

Nobody murmured. They were enjoying themselves. For one thing they learned how Gerald made out with the bear, and Jerry read in his round voice of Gerald's further adventures; and they would not have minded it much, though, to be sure, there was not much money in it for their families—but that was the luck of fishing—only they were cold and hungry.

It was then that for the first time the skipper hailed a vessel. She was one of the big liners, a fourteen-thousand tonner, bound out from Boston to Liverpool. Beside her huge hulk the little *Celestine*, with her ridiculous jury-rig, looked like a burlesque toy. But Coleman wasn't apologizing for looks.

"I know ye'll be carryin' the mail and in the divil's own hurry, but we're a little short of grub," he explained when the steamer had come to a stop. "Our head steward doubts there'll be oysters and on-trees enough for our seven o'clock dinner to-night, and if ye'll stay hove-to for a half hour I'll come under your lee and go aboard."

"All right. But how will you carry the stuff?"

"Carry it, is it? Why, in the dory, to be sure."

"What? Put a dory over to-day?"

"And why not?"

"She'll swamp."

"The divil she will." They put the dory over, Coleman and Jerry got in it, rowed alongside, and climbed up the sea-ladder. Half-way up the skipper looked back—there was a good bit of water in the dory. "Jerry, you'll have to go down again and bail her out." Which Jerry did, while the skipper kept on to the steamer's deck to negotiate.

"And what can I help you to?"

"Well, we'll need a little coal."

"All right. How much?"

"Oh, maybe half or three-quarters of a ton."

"Three-quarters of a ton? And where'll you carry it?"

"In the dory."

"In this sea?"

"I've carried twenty-five hundred of fish in a dory in more sea than this."

"All right—in it goes. What else?"

"Oh, some wood."

"Wood all gone, too?"

"We burned the last of our bunk-boards this morning."

"Gracious! How much wood?"

"Oh, two or three barrels."

"All right. But won't it overbalance your dory?"

"L'ave that to me. And have you some vegetables, say a barrel of potatoes ——"

"Sure. And where'll you put *them?*"

"In the dory. And a barrel of odds and ends—turnips and cabbage and——"

"And that in the dory, too?"

"In the dory—where else? And a tub of butter, and a case or two of canned beef,

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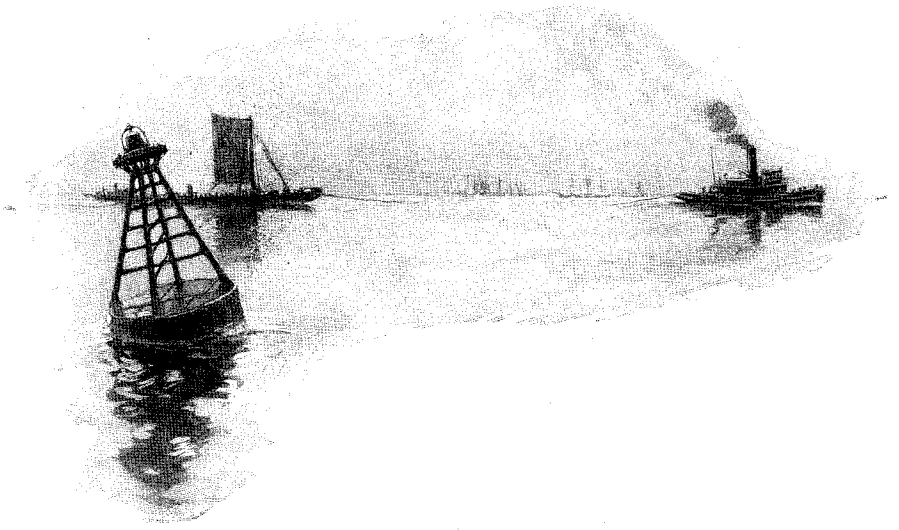

And so the *Celestine* came back to T Dock.—Page 688.

and a bit of fresh beef, and some coffee and tea, and a box of hard bread——"

"And all in the——"

"In the dory, yes."

"All right. Stand by and over they go."

And the skipper and Jerry stood by and took them as they came down and piled them all in the dory, to the wonder of all who saw. "And send the bill to the man I told you—he's the owner. And 'twould be servin' him no more than right if you charged him good and high, for a man that would ask men to go to sea in a circus vessel like this—sure he deserves no better."

As they were about to push off, the steamer captain lowered down another case. "Of bouillon," he said, "for yourself, captain—for the nerve of you. And here's for the boys to have a drink," and tossed down a quart of whiskey.

"Thank ye kindly," said Coleman, and he and Jerry pulled off.

From the steamer they watched them anxiously, expecting to see them swamped and lost. But not so. There is an art in managing a loaded dory in a heavy sea.

Their shipmates greeted them affectionately. "And I'll begin with the bully soup, skipper," said the cook. "'Twill be the quickest made."

And the cook did that, putting the twenty-four quarts into one immense boiler, and they finished it in the first rush. Then the skipper drew the cork out of the bottle of whiskey.

"A nice man, that steamer captain," said Coleman, "but not much judgment. 'Tell the boys to have a drink on me,' he says, and that same was good of him. But one quart among twenty-two men! O Lord!"

"Lord forgive him," said Jerry, "'tisn't enough for even an aggravation."

After that, and a good warming-up and drying out of wet clothes, they went on deck and turned to as if it was canoeing on the Charles River they were. They coaxed the *Celestine* along, always with an eye to her weak side. And the wind came fair, and the first thing they knew—no more than a couple of days more of careful night and day work it was—they found themselves abreast of Boston lightship. And here a tug bore down and hailed them.

"You're lookin' in bad shape. Will I heave a line aboard?"

"Will you? I don't know. How much to the wharf?"

"Oh, about five hundred dollars, I guess."

"You guess, do you? Well, I'll make a guess you won't."

"Well, what d'y' say to two fifty?"

"No, nor one fifty—nor a single fifty, nor the half of fifty. We've beat two hundred and odd mile this way, and I callate we can make ten mile more to the dock."

"Come two hundred miles in that rig?"

"Yes, sir—from Georges—and could come it again."

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"From Georges—in the weather we've had? Angel Gabriel! I'll take you up for nothing."

"No, no, you won't. We'll give you what's due you—ten dollars."

"All right—ten dollars."

And so the *Celestine* came back to T Dock. And an appreciative aggregation of connoisseurs in seamanship were there to greet her. But the crew of the *Celestine:* It did not take them long to hustle ashore after she was tied up—and they all had their bags with them. No more of her for them, thank you.

And Coleman? After a look over to Eastern Packet Pier to see that his own *Maggie* was still there, Coleman hurried up the dock and headed for the bar of the saloon that is nearest the south side of T Dock, there to consummate the second of the rites without which he could conceive no trip to be lucky.

The bartender set down the glass of water and the glass empty and the bottle with the horse and rider on the outside and Coleman took them up. But looking about him before he drank and observing the wistful crowd, he set his filled glass down again and drew his old wallet from his pocket, and from there dug out a bill. It was a five-dollar bill—they all saw it, with the V in plain sight. That, Coleman laid down on the bar, and motioning back over his shoulder, said heartily, "Let ye all come up—and have a drink on the *Maggie Joyce*—the *Maggie* for me from this out."

"And how about that new one, Captain?"

"That one, is it? That one! The wicked—I won't say it, but if ever I set foot on her deck again may—— That one—why, 'tis bad as pickin' up a painted drab on the street and your own decent wife to home. Let ye all come up—did ye hear me?" And they came with a rush.

HER ROOM

By Margaret Bartlett Cable

THIS is her room. Let no one enter here
Who enters not with brave-eyed cheerfulness.
What though its silence wound thy heart anew,
And each dear object mock thy loneliness;
What though the patient place her image lack,
Is grief so selfish it would call her back?
This is her room. Let no one enter here
Who comes not in with loving cheerfulness.

Aye, this is still her room. Turn not away
Till in thy heart is sweet assurance born
That hence her presence has but seemed to fade,
As some soft star fades in the blue of morn,
And that her spirit hovers here to bless
Our aching hearts with soothing tenderness.
This is her room. Turn not away until
Praise, love, and cheer are in thy heart new-born.

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THE USE OF DOGS IN WAR

By Lieutenant Charles Norton Barney
Medical Department, U. S. Army

AMONG all the tragedies of war there is none more pitiful than the fate of those poor fellows who are overlooked in the search for the wounded, left to die alone, and dropped from the rolls as "missing." No part of all the complicated medical service of the battlefield appeals more to our sympathies than that which has to do with the finding of the wounded; and at the same time there is no part which is in a more unsatisfactory state of development. How many times have the searchers come perhaps within a few feet of the spot in the thicket where a wounded man has fallen, or the ravine whither he has crawled to quench his thirst, and have not heard the faint cry which he has put forth his last strength to utter!

We have a small regimental hospital corps personnel available for this work, to be re-enforced by bandsmen—or possibly combatants who have been fighting all day and may be called upon to fight on the morrow; we have a few oil lanterns, and we can make torches; that is all. Portable acetylene lights have been tested in some foreign services, and in a few cases, particularly among the British in South Africa, the electric search-light has been available to illuminate the field on the night following the battle. But the acetylene lantern is scarcely practicable in this connection and the search-light is rarely at hand. The medical officers and hospital corps men who are detailed to search for wounded go wherever they hear a cry of pain or a call for help, but they must abandon in woods, thickets, and ravines, many who, on account of hæmor-

Waiting for a message.
(German Army.)

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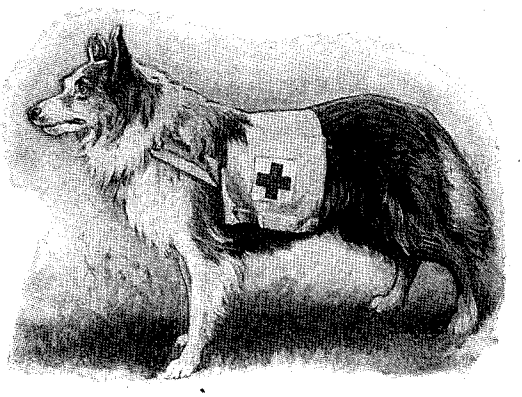
rhage or shock, or wounds of the face or of the air-passages, cannot make themselves heard.

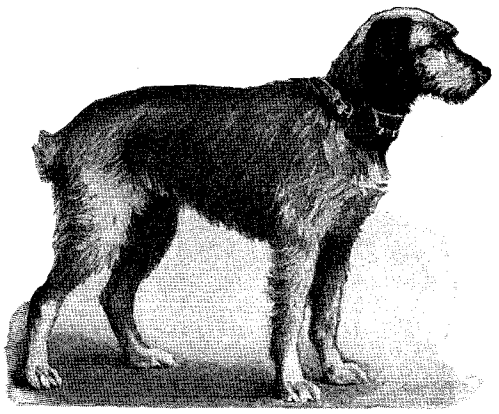
A little less than two years ago, while I was looking over a batch of foreign military medical journals, my attention was attracted by a novel picture in a journal published at Buenos Ayres, the "Anales de Sanidad Militar." It was a battlefield scene—a dog bringing litter-bearers to the spot where he had found a man who had been overlooked in the search for the wounded. This opened a new prospect. It brought to my mind pictures I had seen as a child in old scrap-books, dogs from the monastery of St. Bernard rescuing travellers who had been lost in the snows of the Alps. At first thought the use of trained dogs in searching for and carrying first aid to the wounded on the battlefield seemed a picturesque subject rather than a practical one; but it was sufficiently attractive to invite investigation. I searched American literature for any mention of this subject, and found none. Foreign literature seemed almost equally barren. But through correspondence with pioneers in this work abroad, and through the courtesy of various military authorities, I have been able to get some very complete reports of investigations made within the past few months by officers and civilians in the principal countries of Europe. I am very sorry that I am not at liberty in all cases to mention the sources of my information and to give credit which has been highly deserved.



Scotch collie.

German shepherd dogs.

There is no novelty about the use of dogs in war as messengers, sentinels, scouts, and even as combatants. The prowess of the war dogs of the ancients is celebrated in fable, in history, and in sculpture. The Greek heroic poems and early historical writings relate that war dogs were used by Æneas during the siege of Troy and by Cambyses during the Persian conquest of Egypt. Plutarch relates that Agesilaus, King of Sparta, used dogs against the Thebans at the siege of Mantinea, and that Philip of Macedonia kept a troop of large hounds to guard his camp. Ancient Roman historians state that the Cimbri and Teutons had war dogs which were protected by mail and spiked collars, and that the Gauls used war dogs which were much feared by the Roman legionaries. Bituitus, chief of



An Airedale terrier.

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the Arverni, sent a messenger into one of the Roman camps to protest against the advance of the Romans into Gaul. This messenger was an enormously tall man, with a collar and bracelets of gold. Beside him came a bard singing the praises of his clan, and after him, as his chief guards, came a pack of immense hounds pacing in ranks

cavalry the dogs were provided with a sort of harness or coat of mail covered with spikes and sickles to cause confusion among the horses. Even firebrands were attached to the dogs' armor in order to set fire to the enemy's camp. In 1476, at Granson and Murten, many of the Burgundians were torn to pieces by the Swiss hounds.

Demonstration by Captain Ciotola (Italian Army).

The dog has found the wounded man and has gone to the nearest elevation in sight of the trainer, to bark.

like soldiers. Vegetius relates that the Romans soon learned the value of dogs as sentinels and put them in the towers of fortifications to give warning of the approach of the enemy. A relief has been dug up at Herculaneum which shows a hound protected by armor, fighting bravely against the barbarians in the defence of a Roman post.

In the middle ages we still find dogs employed in offence as well as in defence. The Scotch bloodhound pursued the enemy into his remotest hiding-places. For attack on

History records the employment of war dogs in every century of the modern epoch. Columbus, in fighting the Indians of the New World, constituted his order of battle as follows: two hundred foot soldiers, twenty cavalrymen, and twenty dogs. During the conquest of Peru the dogs of Pizarro strangled hundreds of Indians, and at Coxamalca they showed such conspicuous gallantry that the King of Spain issued a decree giving them a pension. In 1522, at the renewal of war between France and Spain,

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Found and aided.
(German Army.)

King Henry VIII of England offered his nephew, the Spanish king, Charles V, forty thousand mercenaries and four thousand war dogs as auxiliaries against Francis I. Napoleon in Egypt, a few days before the battle of Aboukir, wrote Marmont to get together all the dogs of Alexandria and tie them at a distance from the ramparts so that they would give the alarm. At Austerlitz the dog Moustache saved his regiment's flag from the Austrians, and in reward was decorated by Marshal Lannes. The French in Algeria learned the use of dogs as sentinels from the Kabyles, and to-day they turn that knowledge against the insurgent Arabs of Tunis. In Turkey, dogs were used as scouts in the seventeenth century, and they reappeared in the nineteenth at the storming of the Acropolis at Athens, where the surprise planned by the Greeks was frustrated by the watchfulness of the dogs. In 1877 and 1878 the Russians employed dogs in the Turkish war, and in 1882 the Austrians in the Balkans used them to prevent ambuscades. In Java to-day the Dutch use trained dogs to guard themselves from surprise by hostile natives. During the recent insurrection in the Philippines the insurgents were warned of the approach of American troops to their villages by the barking of dogs. Nowadays dogs are no longer used in war as combatants, but in most of the countries of Europe they are trained, on a large or small scale, by the government or by private individuals, to act as sentinels on outpost and as scouts in marching through broken country, to prevent surprise by hostile patrols, to guard baggage, and to carry messages and ammunition.

The customs guards on the Belgian frontier of France have for a long time employed dogs in a service which is not unlike military service. Having found that smugglers trained dogs to avoid the guards, packed them with lace and set them loose in Belgium to pick their way back to their masters in France, they themselves trained dogs to watch for and fight these smugglers' dogs.

The idea of using dogs in the ambulance service is quite a new one. It appears to have had its origin in the employment of dogs by the monks of St. Bernard to rescue travellers overcome by the snows of the Alps.

In 1893 there was founded in Germany a society called the "Deutscher Verein für San-

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itätshunde," which has for its object the training of dogs to search for and carry first aid to the wounded on the battlefield. In the German Army there are two war dogs attached to each company of the Jaeger or sharpshooter battalions; and elaborate instructions have been issued covering every detail of their management and training. These dogs are used principally for aiding sentinels on outpost, for the transmission of information sent in by patrols, and for communication between the chains of outposts, but they have also incidentally and experimentally been taught to recover wounded.

In 1899 a field trial of dogs from the German Society for Ambulance Dogs was made by the Eighth Army Corps at Coblentz, in connection with the hospital corps exercises. Major Richardson, a well-known dog owner of Carnoustie, Scotland, formerly of the British Army, gives the following description of these trials in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of November 23, 1901: "At dusk the keepers brought out four ambulance dogs. Previously two hundred soldiers had been put out to represent the wounded, and five hundred stretcher-bearers set out in the darkness carrying torches and lanterns. It was an interesting piece of most difficult work, and numbers of officers, mounted and on foot, followed to watch the proceedings. The work commenced in the Coblentz wood, and a more difficult task could not have been found for the dogs. Two dogs worked on the right and two dogs on the left, and, notwithstanding the noise and crowds, recovered all the casualties in pitch darkness without lanterns. Two hundred more soldiers had also been placed on various parts of the glaciers of Coblentz; the stretcher-bearers were sent out first this time, and, after having scoured the ground thoroughly, reported eighteen men missing. The four ambulance dogs and keepers were then called for, and in twenty minutes the eighteen men were recovered from the most impossible hiding-places; these men in actual warfare would have been, without a doubt, left to their fate. This trial was considered highly satisfactory by the staff of the Eighth Army Corps, and demonstrated that as, owing to the introduction of smokeless powder, all ranks are obliged to take cover and casualties will chiefly occur in cover where they are most difficult for stretcher-bearers to find, the dog's scenting powers come as a most valuable auxiliary." The report of the director was favorable; but it is apparently the intention of the German government to free the army of work of this nature and leave it to the volunteer ambulance companies. Further experiments in this line have not, as far as known, been undertaken in the German Army.

I have recently received a report concerning an exhibition on a small scale which the president of the German Society for Ambulance Dogs gave with his four-year-old collie bitch, Resi. The ground worked over was limited and known; yet the dog operated with an extraordinary intelligence that permitted a belief of possibly equal performance over a larger, unknown territory. Mr. Bungartz, holding the dog, placed a message in a small wallet tied about her neck. Then he faced to the front, released the dog, and waving his hand in the general direction, commanded, "Forward, march." (The commands are mostly taken from the drill regulations.) At this command, the dog sprang forward, ran alone at full speed across the open separating interval of a hundred yards, up a steep hill into the hands of an assistant. The assistant then held the dog, read the message, prepared an answer, and commanding "Return, march," sent the dog back. Another exchange of messages was similarly effected across an interval of two hundred yards through the brush, where parties were concealed from each other's view and where their positions were only approximately known. In the search for wounded my informant concealed himself in dense underbrush, after doubling on his trail and completely deceiving trainer and dog as to the direction taken. The dog was then released, and ranging to the front, right and left, after the manner of a bird dog, left the open field, entered the woods, and was very soon by my informant's side. The dog returned directly to the trainer, then again to my informant, and repeated this action until the trainer came up.

At the present moment the kennels of the German Society for Ambulance Dogs are empty on account of the demand for dogs to be used in the present wars in Manchuria and German Southwest Africa.

In Italy the training of ambulance dogs has been undertaken, not by civilian associations, but by the army. About eight years ago, Captain Ernesto Ciotola, medical

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officer of the Fiftieth Regiment of Infantry, studied the German methods of training, purchased some dogs, and initiated experiments on his own account. Two years ago the Minister of War gave the work his official sanction by detailing Captain Ciotola to carry on this instruction for the army and assigning four enlisted men to assist in the work.

At the manœuvres of the Italian Army held last autumn near Quero, in the Department of Venetia, there were two important field trials of ambulance dogs. During the night trial the dogs carried little reflecting lanterns about their necks, in addition to the pouch containing stimulant and first-aid packet. In each trial eight or ten hypothetically wounded officers and men, chosen from the observers, were concealed in a rough plot of ground some six hundred yards square, cut up by trenches, roads, walls, trees, and underbrush. The dogs started off quickly in the direction their trainer pointed, and searched every nook and corner of that section of the field until they found a wounded man. Two of the dogs had been taught to return to their master after finding a wounded man, and two had been trained to remain by the side of the patient and bark until the litter-bearers came up. It was thought that the former system worked better in the daytime and the latter at night. Captain Ciotola purposes to combine the two systems by training the dog, after finding a wounded man, to run back to the open space, road, or path over which the bearers would have to travel in order to reach the patient, and bark there until the bearers could come up. During the night exercise one dog found two officers who were supposed to be wounded and ran barking from one to the other. In the other trial a dog which had started out followed by three litter squads was on the search for a fourth wounded man before the litter carrying the first patient had gotten back to the aid station. The trials proved so successful that Captain Ciotola was assured that the Italian Red Cross Association would take up the subject with the intention of giving a larger development to this service.

I am enabled to give an account of a visit recently made by an American to the training station near the Batteria Porta, Furba, Rome. At a word from Captain Ciotola, the dogs ran from their houses to the front of their yards, barking and showing the greatest pleasure at seeing him. They seemed most desirous of recognition and petting. The greatest kindness and gentleness must have been used in the training, for while almost all of the attendants carried dog-whips, these were not used and the dogs did not seem to be afraid of them. The dogs showed none of the cringeing so often seen in the best trained hunting-dogs as well as those taught to perform tricks.

Arrangements were then made for a field trial. For this purpose three dogs were selected, saddled with their canvas packs, and put on leash, each in charge of a trainer. Seven soldiers were ordered to a neighboring field of about five hundred acres, there to secrete themselves under different conditions. This field resembled to a great extent our western country—clear of undergrowth, grassy, cut up by dry watercourses, and rolling. The soldiers were completely hidden from view and the trainers had no idea of their location other than the general one that they were posted on and about the whole field, as would be the case in actual war when a certain portion of the country which had been fought over would be searched. At first two dogs were started, beginning at one corner of the field. They coursed back and forth like hunting-dogs, over a breadth of about three hundred yards and at a distance of about four hundred or five hundred yards in front of the trainers. On finding a wounded man they would at once run directly to the trainer and then back to the place of discovery, and if the trainer were not in plain view they would return again to him. At one time when a dog was working about six hundred yards in front it could be seen that he had made a discovery, as he stopped abruptly in his coursing and ran rapidly back to his trainer, although the ground appeared to be level and neither the wounded man nor the spot where he was lying could be seen by the observers, as he had placed himself in a shallow depression.

After the work of these two dogs was shown, the third dog was started on a search for two men still undiscovered. The work of this dog was similar to that of the others, the only difference being the manner of announcing the finding of a wounded soldier. This dog would run back about fifty yards in the direction of the trainer and would

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bark continuously for several seconds, then returning to the wounded man, he would again run barking to the trainer, and he would keep this up until the trainer was quite near.

The dogs worked with their noses quite near the ground, but they did not, immediately on crossing them, pick up the fresh trails of the men who had gone to the places of hiding, and they did not discover the soldiers until actually reaching the hiding-places, and then, only after thoroughly working the ground. It was particularly noticeable that though the dogs sometimes coursed close together, yet they paid no attention to one another, nor to strange dogs and peasants who were crossing the field during the exhibition.

In the British Army no experiments have been made on the use of dogs for war purposes, either for service with the ambulance corps or as sentinels, but a few individuals have experimented along these lines. Major E. Hautonville Richardson, late of the Forty-fifth Infantry, who is a recognized kennel authority, seems to be the repository of about all the best information on this subject in Great Britain. He studied the methods of training in use in Germany, and brought over a dog to use in training dogs in his own kennel. He has given his attention particularly to the use of dogs in the ambulance service. An unofficial account of test trials which Major Richardson gave at Netley appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of October 18, 1902.

Up to the present war no experiments had been made with ambulance dogs in the Russian Army. But at the instance of her Imperial Majesty the Empress Alexandra Fédorovna, several military sanitary dogs have recently been bought in Berlin and, together with two hunting dogs of the imperial pack, have been sent with the field ambulance attached to the Thirty-seventh Division of Infantry. The results of the work of these dogs are not known as yet.

The United Service Gazette states that three collies which were bought in Scotland to serve as ambulance dogs for the Russian Army in Manchuria left St. Petersburg on the 4th of August for General Kuropatkin's headquarters. "Tests at Gatchina, near St. Petersburg, are described by M. Liadoff, their director, as entirely satisfactory. By night, and in rain and fog, the dogs have found the wounded whom they were sent to seek, and returned to the field hospital, even when it was moved after they had set out, and reaccompanied the bearers back to where they had found the men lying. Asked whether they might not serve equally the Japanese, M. Liadoff said: 'The scent will tell them when the men are Japanese, and they will not help them. Even the lowest animals can distinguish between Europeans and Asiatics. Even sharks, which devour Europeans, will not touch Chinese.' The three dogs will serve the First Army Corps. Later, others will be sent. Ten poods (400 pounds) of patent biscuits are sent with the three dogs for food en route. Each receives three biscuits a day."

In the French Army the training of dogs for military purposes is left to individual initiative. Occasionally an officer, for his pleasure and with the consent of his superiors, has done good work in training dogs and teaching his men to use them, but a change of garrison or a new contingent intervenes, and his work is lost. Some of the Alpine chasseurs battalions have war dogs, but they are not officially noticed.

In the Austro-Hungarian Army no dogs are used or trained for the ambulance service, and no publications on this subject have appeared in Austria-Hungary.

Captain I. G. A. Berdez, of the Swiss Army, has studied the training of ambulance dogs in Germany, and has trained dogs of his own in Switzerland. His manual entitled "Anleitung zur Dresser und Verwendung des Sanitätshundes," is, as far as I know, the only formal treatise on this subject extant.

Various breeds of dogs have been tried in these various countries, but the Scotch collie seems to be the favorite. Less is required of an ambulance dog than of a war dog; but keen vision, hearing, and sense of smell are all desirable qualities in an ambulance dog, and intelligence, docility, activity, and endurance are essential. It may be permissible to doubt how much these dogs rely on the sense of smell, judging from the information which is available. Hunting-dogs have keen scenting powers and range well, but their passion for hunting is liable to lead them astray. Poodles become lazy with age. The bloodhound has extraordinary scenting powers, but is defective in speed and in acuteness of vision and hearing. The greyhound has great speed and excellent

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vision and hearing, but, with the possible exception of the Scotch greyhound or deerhound, is too delicate. St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs are too heavy and suffer from the heat.

The friends of the Airedale terrier claim for this dog an excellent nose and superior tractability. They hold it to be less nervous and more easily handled than the collie. Though the Airedale terrier's coat is dense, it is wiry and lies close to the body and does not collect snow and ice in winter.

The German shepherd dog has been tried in Bavaria with good result, but it is not a well-bred dog. A Society of the German Shepherd Dog has been formed, with a view to improving the breed.

The German Society for Ambulance Dogs has decided in favor of the Scotch collie, but it rejects the enervated, so-called "improved" species. The coat of the collie is one of his most beautiful points, but too much, both of stamina and other essential qualities, has been of late years sacrificed to an inordinate growth. The German Society procures its dogs from the Highlands of Scotland, where the race has been hardened by rough climate, severe treatment, meagre meals, and hard work. These animals, living constantly in the open air, and accustomed to protect, direct, and supervise herds, have a keen scent, good sight and hearing, with great endurance, activity, and intelligence.

In Italy the collie was used in Captain Ciotola's first experiments, and it has proven so satisfactory that it is still used to the exclusion of all other breeds. Major Richardson considers the black or sable collie the best breed. The collie is perhaps a little timid and needs the best of training in order to acquire the courage and confidence necessary for its work when far from the trainer. It is very affectionate and requires considerable petting. Captain Berdez states that in Switzerland, during the past winter, his collies were seriously impeded and eventually entirely checked when working in the mountains by snow collecting on and freezing to their abundant coats.

The principles which should govern the choice of breeding animals, covering, whelping, weaning, the management of the pup, feeding, the training room, the training equipment, rewards and punishment, are the same in the rearing of dogs for ambulance work as in the rearing of dogs for any other purposes.

The method of training is founded solely on the greediness of the young dog, and therefore the training should begin as soon as possible, say when the dog is about six or seven months old. Dogs bought in Scotland and brought to Italy when about a year old require a longer time to instruct than dogs born at the military kennels. The puppies are allowed to run with the mother when she is being exercised, and in that way acquire an early understanding of what is required.

The preliminary course of instruction includes teaching the dog to answer the call, to lead with and without a line, to lie down, to sit down, to jump, to remain on guard, to bark, etc. The special course of training for the ambulance dog includes elimination of gun-shyness and of the desire to hunt, swimming, fetching, seeking lost articles, carrying messages, and finally the seeking of wounded and barking or "indicating." Under no circumstances is the ambulance dog allowed to run aimlessly over the country, but he is taught to search the vicinity of the trainer in any designated direction. Great stress is laid upon his thoroughly searching ditches, thickets, and other hiding-places.

The dog is taught to look upon every prostrate man as the wounded whom he is seeking. The trainer points and moves toward the supposedly wounded man, continually calling out "Seek wounded!" If these exercises are tried first in a place where the dog sees nothing but the trainer and his assistant, he will finally go to the latter, who then caresses him and rewards him after he has barked at command. In the first attempts it can do no harm if the assistant coaxes the dog to him.

The dog is made to understand from the beginning that he must announce his find to his master. He can be taught to do this in either one of two ways: by barking or by "indicating." If he is trained in the first method he remains by the wounded man and barks loud and long until his master arrives. The barking must increase, becoming louder and stronger, developing finally into a mournful howl. If the dog has been accustomed from the beginning every time he finds a wounded man to bark at command until his master arrives, and only then

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to be rewarded, he soon learns to bark without being told. If he is trained to "indicate" he returns at once from the wounded man to his master, and by his demeanor indicates that his master is to come along. It occasionally happens that a particularly intelligent dog who has been trained to announce his find by barking will, of his own accord, learn to combine the two methods. Understanding that his barking is only for the purpose of bringing his master to the scene, and having barked a long time in vain, he suddenly hits upon the idea of going and fetching his master.

Captain Ciotola has succeeded in having four dogs work together in the search for the wounded, and in these exercises they have explored a territory about two kilometres wide and one deep. From this it is assumed that not more than four dogs—perhaps three, will be sufficient for one division This question will receive close attention during the coming year.

Repeated exercises are undertaken under all conditions and in all kinds of weather, by day and night, in order to perfect the dog in his duties and to make him reliable. The complete training of an ambulance dog takes about three months, during which time the exercises take place daily, though only for a short time (not more than half an hour, for example), so as not to fatigue the young dog and disgust him with the work from the start. Each dog is supplied with a khaki-colored canvas saddle secured by a girth and breast band, in which there are the pockets for the purpose of carrying bandages and a bottle of cordial. No collar or small keg is carried, as is supposed to be the case with the St. Bernard dog.

It is not unreasonable to hope that in time wealthy dog owners, militia ambulance companies, and the various civilian associations which have rendered such valuable services in the past by supplementing the medical department of our army, may take up the training of dogs to search for and carry aid to the wounded on the battlefield, and thus be the means in future wars of saving the lives of many soldiers whose names will otherwise swell the long roll of the "missing."

TO A CHILD

By Sophie Jewett

THE leaves talked in the twilight, dear;
Hearken the tale they told:
How, in some far-off place and year,
Before the world grew old,

I was a dreaming forest-tree,
You were a wild, sweet bird
That sheltered at the heart of me
Because the north wind stirred.

How, when the chiding gale was still,
When peace fell soft on fear,
You stayed one golden hour to fill
My dream with singing, dear.

To-night, the self-same songs are sung
The first green forest heard;
My heart and the gray world grow young
To shelter you, my bird.

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THROUGH THE IVORY GATE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

BREEZE-FILTERED through shifting leafage, the June morning sunlight came in at the open window by the boy's bed, under the green shades, across the shadowy, white room, and danced a noiseless dance of youth and freshness and spring-time against the wall opposite. The boy's head stirred on his pillow. He spoke a quick word from out of his dream. "The key?" he said inquiringly, and the sound of his own voice awoke him. Dark, drowsy eyes opened, and he stared half-seeing, at the picture that hung facing him. Was it the play of mischievous sunlight, was it the dream that still held his brain? He knew the picture line by line, and there was no such figure in it. It was a large photograph of Fairfield, the Southern home of his mother's people, and the boy remembered it always hanging there, opposite his bed, the first sight to meet his eyes every morning since his babyhood. So he was certain there was no figure in it, more than all one so remarkable as this strapping little chap in his queer clothes, his dress of conspicuous plaid with large black velvet squares sewed on it, who stood now in front of the old manor-house. Could it be only a dream? Could it be that a little ghost, wandering childlike in dim, heavenly fields, had joined the gay troop of his boyish visions and slipped in with them through the ivory gate of pleasant dreams? The boy put his fists to his eyes and rubbed them and looked again. The little fellow was still there, standing with sturdy legs wide apart as if owning the scene; he laughed as he held toward the boy a key—a small key tied with a scarlet ribbon. There was no doubt in the boy's mind that the key was for him, and out of the dim world of sleep he stretched his young arm for it; to reach it he sat up in bed. Then he was awake and knew himself alone in the peace of his own little room, and laughed shamefacedly at the reality of the vision which had followed him from dreamland into the very boundaries of consciousness, which held him even now with gentle tenacity, which drew him back through the day, from his studies, from his play, into the strong current of its fascination.

The first time Philip Beckwith had this dream he was only twelve years old, and, withheld by the deep reserve of childhood, he told not even his mother about it, though he lived in its atmosphere all day and remembered it vividly days longer. A year after it came again; and again it was a June morning, and as his eyes opened the little boy came once more out of the picture toward him, laughing and holding out the key on its scarlet string. The dream was a pleasant one, and Philip welcomed it eagerly from his sleep as a friend. There seemed something sweet and familiar in the child's presence beyond the one memory of him, as again the boy, with eyes half open to every-day life, saw him standing, small but masterful, in the garden of that old house where the Fairfields had lived for more than a century. Half consciously he tried to prolong the vision, tried not to wake entirely for fear of losing it; but the picture faded surely from the curtain of his mind as the tangible world painted there its heavier outlines. It was as if a happy little spirit had tried to follow him, for love of him, from a country lying close, yet separated; it was as if the common childhood of the two made it almost possible for them to meet; as if a message that might not be spoken, were yet almost delivered.

The third time the dream came it was a December morning of the year when Philip was fifteen, and falling snow made wavering light and shadow on the wall where hung the picture. This time, with eyes wide open, yet with the possession of the dream strongly on him, he lay sub-consciously alert and gazed, as in the odd unmistakable dress that Philip knew now in detail, the bright-faced child swung toward him, always from the

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garden of that old place, always trying with loving, merry efforts to reach Philip from out of it,—always holding to him the red-ribboned key. Like a wary hunter the big boy lay—knowing it unreal, yet living it keenly—and watched his chance. As the little figure glided close to him he put out his hand suddenly, swiftly for the key—he was awake. As always, the dream was gone; the little ghost was baffled again; the two worlds might not meet.

That day Mrs. Beckwith, putting in order an old mahogany secretary, showed him a drawer full of photographs, daguerrotypes. The boy and his gay young mother were the best of friends, for, only nineteen when he was born, she had never let the distance widen between them; had held the freshness of her youth sacred against the time when he should share it. Year by year, living in his enthusiasms, drawing him to hers, she had grown young in his childhood, which year by year came closer to her maturity. Until now there was between the tall, athletic lad and the still young and attractive woman, an equal friendship, a common youth, which gave charm and elasticity to the natural tie between them. Yet even to this comrade-mother the boy had not told his dream, for the difficulty of putting into words the atmosphere, the compelling power of it. So that when she opened one of the old-fashioned black cases which held the early sun-pictures, and showed him the portrait within, he startled her by a sudden exclamation. From the frame of red velvet and tarnished gilt there laughed up at him the little boy of his dream. There was no mistaking him, and if there were doubt about the face, there was the peculiar dress—the black and white plaid with large squares of black velvet sewed here and there as decoration. Philip stared in astonishment at the sturdy figure, the childish face with its wide forehead and level, strong brows; its dark eyes straight-gazing and smiling.

"Mother—who is he? Who is he?" he demanded.

"Why, my lamb, don't you know? It's your little uncle Philip—my brother, for whom you were named—Philip Fairfield the sixth. There was always a Philip Fairfield at Fairfield since 1790. This one was the last, poor baby! and he died when he was five. Unless you go back there some day—that's my hope, but it's not likely to come true. You are a Yankee, except for the big half of you that's me. That's Southern, every inch." She laughed and kissed his fresh cheek impulsively. "But what made you so excited over this picture, Phil?"

Philip gazed down, serious, a little embarrassed, at the open case in his hand. "Mother," he said after a moment, "you'll laugh at me, but I've seen this chap in a dream three times now."

"Oh!" She did laugh at him. "Oh, Philip! What have you been eating for dinner, I'd like to know? I can't have you seeing visions of your ancestors at fifteen—it's unhealthy."

The boy, reddening, insisted. "But, mother, really, don't you think it was queer? I saw him as plainly as I do now—and I've never seen this picture before."

"Oh, yes, you have—you must have seen it," his mother threw back lightly. "You've forgotten, but the image of it was tucked away in some dark corner of your mind, and when you were asleep it stole out and played tricks on you. That's the way forgotten ideas do: they get even with you in dreams for having forgotten them."

"Mother, only listen——" But Mrs. Beckwith, her eyes lighting with a swift turn of thought, interrupted him—laid her finger on his lips.

"No—you listen, boy dear—quick, before I forget it! I've never told you about this, and it's very interesting."

And the youngster, used to these wilful ways of his sister-mother, laughed and put his fair head against her shoulder and listened.

"It's quite a romance," she began, "only there isn't any end to it; it's all unfinished and disappointing. It's about this little Philip here, whose name you have—my brother. He died when he was five, as I said, but even then he had a bit of dramatic history in his life. He was born just before war-time in 1859, and he was a beautiful and wonderful baby; I can remember all about it, for I was six years older. He was incarnate sunshine, the happiest child that ever lived, but far too quick and clever for his years. The servants used to ask him, 'Who is you, Marse Philip, sah?' to hear him answer, before he could speak it plainly, 'I'm Philip Fairfield of Fairfield'; he seemed to realize that, and his responsibility to them and to the place, as soon as

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he could breathe. He wouldn't have a darky scolded in his presence, and every morning my father put him in front of him in the saddle, and they rode together about the plantation. My father adored him, and little Philip's sunshiny way of taking possession of the slaves and the property pleased him more deeply, I think, than anything in his life. But the war came before this time, when the child was about a year old, and my father went off, of course, as every Southern man went who could walk, and for a year we did not see him. Then he was badly wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill; and came home to get well. However, it was more serious than he knew, and he did not get well. Twice he went off again to join our army, and each time he was sent back within a month, too ill to be of any use. He chafed constantly, of course, because he must stay at home and farm, when his whole soul ached to be fighting for his flag; but finally in December, 1863, he thought he was well enough at last for service. He was to join General John Morgan, who had just made his wonderful escape from prison at Columbus, and it was planned that my mother should take little Philip and me to England to live there till the war was over and we could all be together at Fairfield again. With that in view my father drew all of his ready money—it was ten thousand dollars in gold—from the banks in Lexington, for my mother's use in the years they might be separated. When suddenly, the day before he was to have gone, the old wound broke out again, and he was helplessly ill in bed at the hour when he should have been on his horse riding toward Tennessee. We were fifteen miles out from Lexington, yet it might be rumored that father had drawn a large sum of money, and, of course, he was well known as a Southern officer. Because of the Northern soldiers, who held the city, he feared very much to have the money in the house, yet he hoped still to join Morgan a little later, and then it would be needed as he had planned. Christmas morning my father was so much better that my mother went to church, taking me, and leaving little Philip, then four years old, to amuse him. What happened that morning was the point of all this rambling; so now listen hard, my precious thing."

The boy, sitting erect now, caught his mother's hand silently, and his eyes stared into hers as he drank in every word:

"Mammy, who was, of course, little Philip's nurse, told my mother afterward that she was sent away before my father and the boy went into the garden, but she saw them go and saw that my father had a tin box—a box about twelve inches long, which seemed very heavy—in his arms, and on his finger swung a long red ribbon with a little key strung on it. Mother knew it as the key of the box, and she had tied the ribbon on it herself.

"It was a bright, crisp Christmas day, pleasant in the garden—the box hedges were green and fragrant, aromatic in the sunshine. You don't even know the smell of box in sunshine, you poor child! But I remember that day, for I was ten years old, a right big girl, and it was a beautiful morning for an invalid to take the air. Mammy said she was proud to see how her 'handsome boy' kept step with his father, and she watched the two until they got away down by the rose-garden, and then she couldn't see little Philip behind the three-foot hedge, so she turned away. But somewhere in that big garden, or under the trees beside it, my father buried the box that held the money—ten thousand dollars. It shows how he trusted that baby, that he took him with him, and you'll see how his trust was only too well justified. For that evening, Christmas night, very suddenly my father died—before he had time to tell my mother where he had hidden the box. He tried; when consciousness came a few minutes before the end he gasped out, 'I buried the money'—and then he choked. Once again he whispered just two words: 'Philip knows.' And my mother said, 'Yes, dearest—Philip and I will find it—don't worry, dearest,' and that quieted him. She told me about it so many times.

"After the funeral she took little Philip and explained to him as well as she could that he must tell mother where he and father had put the box, and—this is the point of it all, Philip—he wouldn't tell. She went over and over it all, again and again, but it was no use. He had given his word to my father never to tell, and he was too much of a baby to understand how death had dissolved that promise. My mother tried every way, of course, explanations and reasoning first,

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then pleading, and finally severity; she even punished the poor little martyr, for it was awfully important to us all. But the four-year-old baby was absolutely incorruptible. He cried bitterly and sobbed out:

"'Farver said I mustn't never tell anybody—never! Farver said Philip Fairfield of Fairfield mustn't *never* bweak his words,' and that was all.

"Nothing could induce him to give the least hint. Of course there was great search for it, but it was well hidden and it was never found. Finally, mother took her obdurate son and me and came to New York with us, and we lived on the little income which she had of her own. Her hope was that as soon as Philip was old enough she could make him understand, and go back with him and get that large sum lying underground—lying there yet, perhaps. But in less than a year the little boy was dead and the secret was gone with him."

Philip Beckwith's eyes were intense and wide. The Fairfield eyes, brown and brilliant, their young fire was concentrated on his mother's face.

"Do you mean that money is buried down there, yet, mother?" he asked solemnly.

Mrs. Beckwith caught at the big fellow's sleeve with slim fingers. "Don't go to-day, Phil—wait till after lunch, anyway!"

"Please don't make fun, mother—I want to know about it. Think of it lying there in the ground!"

"Greedy boy! We don't need money now, Phil. And the old place will be yours when I am dead——" The lad's arm went about his mother's shoulders. "Oh, but I'm not going to die for ages! Not till I'm a toothless old person with side curls, hobbling along on a stick. Like this!"—she sprang to her feet and the boy laughed a great peal at the hag-like effect as his young mother threw herself into the part. She dropped on the divan again at his side.

"What I meant to tell you was that your father thinks it very unlikely that the money is there yet, and almost impossible that we could find it in any case. But some day when the place is yours you can have it put through a sieve if you choose. I wish I could think you would ever live there, Phil; but I can't imagine any chance by which you should. I should hate to have you sell it—it has belonged to a Philip Fairfield so many years."

A week later the boy left his childhood by the side of his mother's grave. His history for the next seven years may go in a few lines. School days, vacations, the four years at college, outwardly the commonplace of an even and prosperous development, inwardly the infinite variety of experience by which each soul is a person; the result of the two so wholesome a product of young manhood that no one realized under the frank and open manner a deep reticence, an intensity, a sensitiveness to impressions, a tendency toward mysticism which made the fibre of his being as delicate as it was strong.

Suddenly, in a turn of the wheel, all the externals of his life changed. His rich father died penniless and he found himself on his own hands, and within a month the boy who had owned five polo-ponies was a hard-working reporter on a great daily. The same quick-wittedness and energy which had made him a good polo player made him a good reporter. Promotion came fast and, as those who are busiest have most time to spare, he fell to writing stories. When the editor of a large magazine took one, Philip first lost respect for that dignified person, then felt ashamed to have imposed on him, then rejoiced utterly over the check. After that editors fell into the habit; the people he ran against knew about his books; the checks grew better reading all the time; a point came where it was more profitable to stay at home and imagine events than to go out and report them. He had been too busy as the days marched, to generalize, but suddenly he knew that he was a successful writer; that if he kept his head and worked, a future was before him. So he soberly put his own English by the side of that of a master or two from his book-shelves, to keep his perspective clear, and then he worked harder. And it came to be five years after his father's death.

At the end of those years three things happened at once. The young man suddenly was very tired and knew that he needed the vacation he had gone without; a check came in large enough to make a vacation easy—and he had his old dream. His fagged brain had found it but another worry to decide where he should go to rest, but the dream settled the vexed question off-hand—he would go to Kentucky. The very thought of it brought rest to him, for

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like a memory of childhood, like a bit of his own soul, he knew the country—the "God's Country" of its people—which he had never seen. He caught his breath as he thought of warm, sweet air that held no hurry or nerve strain; of lingering sunny days whose hours are longer than in other places; of the soft speech, the serene and kindly ways of the people; of the royal welcome waiting for him as for everyone, heartfelt and heart-warming; he knew it all from a daughter of Kentucky—his mother. It was May now, and he remembered she had told him that the land was filled with roses at the end of May—he would go then. He owned the old place, Fairfield, and he had never seen it. Perhaps it had fallen to pieces; perhaps his mother had painted it in colors too bright; but it was his, the bit of the earth that belonged to him. The Anglo-Saxon joy of landowning stirred for the first time within him—he would go to his own place. Buoyant with the new thought he sat down and wrote a letter. A cousin of the family, of a younger branch, a certain John Fairfield, lived yet upon the land. Not in the great house, for that had been closed many years, but in a small house almost as old, called Westerly. Philip had corresponded with him once or twice about affairs of the estate, and each letter of the older man's had brought a simple and urgent invitation to come South and visit him. So, pleased as a child with the plan, he wrote that he was coming on a certain Thursday, late in May. The letter sent, he went about in a dream of the South, and when its answer, delighted and hospitable, came simultaneously with one of those bleak and windy turns of weather which make New York even in May, a marvellously fitting place to leave, he could not wait. Almost a week ahead of his time he packed his bag and took the Southwestern Limited, and on a bright Sunday morning he awoke in the old Phœnix Hotel in Lexington. He had arrived too late the night before to make the fifteen miles to Fairfield, but he had looked over the horses in the livery-stable and chosen the one he wanted, for he meant to go on horseback, as a Southern gentleman should, to his domain. That he meant to go alone, that no one, not even John Fairfield, knew of his coming, was not the least of his satisfactions, for the sight of the place of his forefathers, so long neglected, was becoming suddenly a sacred thing to him. The old house and its young owner should meet each other like sweethearts, with no eyes to watch their greeting, their slow and sweet acquainting; with no living voices to drown the sound of the ghostly voices that must greet his home-coming from those walls—voices of his people who had lived there, voices gone long since into eternal silence.

A little crowd of loungers stared with frank admiration at the young fellow who came out smiling from the door of the Phœnix Hotel, big and handsome in his riding clothes, his eyes taking in the details of girths and bits and straps with the keenness of a horseman.

Philip laughed as he swung into the saddle and looked down at the friendly faces, most of them black faces, below. "Good-by," he said. "Wish me good luck, won't you?" and a willing chorus of "Good luck, boss," came flying after him as the horse's hoofs clattered down the street.

Through the bright drowsiness of the little city he rode in the early Sunday morning, and his heart sang for joy to feel himself again across a horse, and for the love of the place that warmed him already. The sun shone hotly, but he liked it; he felt his whole being slipping into place, fitting to its environment; surely, in spite of birth and breeding, he was Southern born and bred, for this felt like home more than any home he had known!

As he drew away from the city, every little while, through stately woodlands, a dignified sturdy mansion peeped down its long vista of trees at the passing cavalier, and, enchanted with its beautiful setting, with its air of proud unconsciousness, he hoped each time that Fairfield would look like that. If he might live here—and go to New York, to be sure, two or three times a year to keep the edge of his brain sharpened—but if he might live his life as these people lived, in this unhurried atmosphere, in this perfect climate, with the best things in his reach for every-day use; with horses and dogs, with out-of-doors and a great, lovely country to breathe in; with—he smiled vaguely—with sometime perhaps a wife who loved it as he did—he would ask from earth no better life than that. He could write, he felt certain, better and larger things in such surroundings.

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But he pulled himself up sharply as he thought how idle a day-dream it was. As a fact, he was a struggling young author, he had come South for two weeks' vacation, and on the first morning he was planning to live here—he must be light-headed. With a touch of his heel and a word and a quick pull on the curb, his good horse broke into a canter, and then, under the loosened rein, into a rousing gallop, and Philip went dashing down the country road, past the soft, rolling landscape, and under cool caves of foliage, vivid with emerald greens of May, thoughts and dreams all dissolved in exhilaration of the glorious movement, the nearest thing to flying that the wingless animal, man, may achieve.

He opened his coat as the blood rushed faster through him, and a paper fluttered from his pocket. He caught it, and as he pulled the horse to a trot, he saw that it was his cousin's letter. So, walking now along the brown shadows and golden sunlight of the long white pike, he fell to wondering about the family he was going to visit. He opened the folded letter and read:

"My dear Cousin," it said—the kinship was the first thought in John Fairfield's mind—"I received your welcome letter on the 14th. I am delighted that you are coming at last to Kentucky, and I consider that it is high time you paid Fairfield, which has been the cradle of your stock for many generations, the compliment of looking at it. We closed our house in Lexington three weeks ago, and are settled out here now for the summer, and find it lovelier than ever. My family consists only of myself and Shelby, my one child, who is now twenty-two years of age. We are both ready to give you an old-time Kentucky welcome, and Westerly is ready to receive you at any moment you wish to come."

The rest was merely arrangements for meeting the traveller, all of which were done away with by his earlier arrival.

"A prim old party, with an exalted idea of the family," commented Philip mentally. "Well-to-do, apparently, or he wouldn't be having a winter house in the city. I wonder what the boy Shelby is like. At twenty-two he should be doing something more profitable than spending an entire summer out here, I should say."

The questions faded into the general content of his mind at the glimpse of another stately old pillared homestead, white and deep down its avenue of locusts. At length he stopped his horse to wait for a ragged negro trudging cheerfully down the road.

"Do you know a place around here called Fairfield?" he asked.

"Yessah. I does that, sah. It's that ar' place right hyeh, sah, by yo' hoss. That ar's Fahfiel'. Shall I open the gate fo' you, boss?" and Philip turned to see a hingeless ruin of boards held together by the persuasion of rusty wire.

"The home of my fathers looks down in the mouth," he reflected aloud.

The old negro's eyes, gleaming from under shaggy sheds of eyebrows, watched him, and he caught the words.

"Is you a Fahfiel', boss?" he asked eagerly. "Is you my young Marse?" He jumped at the conclusion promptly. "You favors de fam'ly mightily, sah. I heerd you was comin';" the rag of a hat went off and he bowed low. "Hit's cert'nly good news fo' Fahfiel', Marse Philip, hit's mighty good news fo' us niggers, sah. I'se b'longed to the Fahfiel' fam'ly a hundred years, Marse—me and my folks, and I wishes yo' a welcome home, sah—welcome home, Marse Philip."

Philip bent with a quick movement from his horse, and gripped the twisted old black hand, speechless. This humble welcome on the highway caught at his heart deep down, and the appeal of the colored people to Southerners, who know them, the thrilling appeal of a gentle, loyal race, doomed to live forever behind a veil and hopeless without bitterness, stirred for the first time his manhood. It touched him to be taken for granted as the child of his people; it pleased him that he should be "Marse Philip" as a matter of course, because there had always been a Marse Philip at the place. It was bred deeper in the bone of him than he knew, to understand the soul of the black man; the stuff he was made of had been Southern two hundred years.

The old man went off down the white limestone road singing to himself, and Philip rode slowly under the locusts and beeches up the long drive, grass-grown and lost in places, that wound through the woodland three-quarters of a mile to his house. And as he moved through the park, through sunlight and shadow of these great trees

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that were his, he felt like a knight of King Arthur, like some young knight long exiled, at last coming to his own. He longed with an unreasonable seizure of desire to come here to live, to take care of it, beautify it, fill it with life and prosperity as it had once been filled, surround it with cheerful faces of colored people whom he might make happy and comfortable. If only he had money to pay off the mortgage, to put the place once in order, it would be the ideal setting for the life that seemed marked out for him—the life of a writer.

The horse turned a corner and broke into a canter up the slope, and as the shoulder of the hill fell away there stood before him the picture of his childhood come to life, smiling drowsily in the morning sunlight with shuttered windows that were its sleeping eyes—the great white house of Fairfield. Its high pillars reached to the roof; its big wings stretched away at either side; the flicker of the shadow of the leaves played over it tenderly and hid broken bits of woodwork, patches of paint cracked away, window-panes gone here and there. It stood as if too proud to apologize or to look sad for such small matters, as serene, as stately as in its prime. And its master, looking at it for the first time, loved it.

He rode around to the side and tied his mount to an old horse-rack, and then walked up the wide front steps as if each lift were an event. He turned the handle of the big door without much hope that it would yield, but it opened willingly, and he stood inside. A broom lay in a corner, windows were open—his cousin had been making ready for him. There was the huge mahogany sofa, horse-hair-covered, in the window under the stairs, where his mother had read "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman." Philip stepped softly across the wide hall and laid his head where must have rested the brown hair of the little girl who had come to be, first all of his life, and then its dearest memory. Half an hour he spent in the old house, and its walls echoed to his footsteps as if in ready homage, and each empty room whose door he opened met him with a sweet half familiarity. The whole place was filled with the presence of the child who had loved it and left it, and for whom this tall man, her child, longed now as if for a little sister who should be here, and whom he missed. With her memory came the thought of the five-year-old uncle who had made history for the family so disastrously. He must see the garden where that other Philip had gone with his father to hide the money on the fated Christmas morning. He closed the house door behind him carefully, as if he would not disturb a little girl reading in the window, a little boy sleeping perhaps in the nursery above. Then he walked down the broad sweep of the driveway, the gravel crunching under the grass, and across what had been a bit of velvet lawn, and stood for a moment with his hand on a broken vase, weed-filled, which capped the stone post of a gateway.

All the garden was misty with memories. Where a tall golden flower nodded alone from out of the tangled thicket of an old flower-bed a bright-haired child might have laughed with just that air of startled, gay naughtiness, from the forbidden centre of the blossoms. In the moulded tan-bark of the path was a vague print, like the ghost of a footprint that had passed down the way a lifetime ago. The box, half dead, half sprouted into high unkept growth, still stood stiffly against the riotous overflow of weeds as if it yet held loyally to its business of guarding the borders. Philip shifted his gaze slowly, lingering over the dim contours, the shadowy shape of what the garden had been. Suddenly his eyes opened wide. How was this? There was a hedge as neat, as clipped, as any of Southampton in mid-season, and over it a glory of roses, red and white and pink and yellow, waved gay banners to him in trim luxuriance. He swung toward them, and the breeze brought him for the first time in his life the fragrance of box in sunshine.

Three feet tall, shaven and thick and shining, the old hedge stood, and the garnered sweetness of a hundred years' slow growth breathed delicately from it toward the great-great-grandson of the man who planted it. A box hedge takes as long in the making as a gentleman, and when they are done the two are much of a sort. No plant in all the garden has so subtle an air of breeding, so gentle a reserve, yet so gracious a message of sweetness for all of the world who will stop to learn it. It keeps a firm dignity under the stress of tempest when lighter growths are tossed and torn; it shines bright through the snow; it has a well-bred willingness to be background,

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He held toward the boy a small key tied with a scarlet ribbon.—Page 698.

with the well-bred gift of presence, whether as background or foreground. The soul of the box-tree is an aristocrat, and the sap that runs through it is the blue blood of vegetation.

Saluting him bravely in the hot sunshine with its myriad shining sword-points, the old hedge sent out to Philip on the May breeze its ancient welcome of aromatic fragrance, and the tall roses crowded gayly to look over its edge at the new master. Slowly, a little dazed at this oasis of shining order in the neglected garden, he walked to the opening and stepped inside the hedge. The rose garden! The famous rose garden of Fairfield, and as his mother had described it, in full splendor of cared-for, orderly bloom. Across the paths he stepped swiftly till he stood amid the roses, giant bushes of Jacqueminot and Maréchal Niel; of pink and white and red and yellow blooms in thick array. The glory of them intoxicated him. That he should own all of this beauty seemed too good to be true, and instantly he wanted to taste his ownership. The thought came to him that he would enter into his heritage with strong hands here in the rose garden; he caught a deep-red Jacqueminot almost roughly by its gorgeous head and broke off the stem. He would gather a bunch, a huge, unreasonable bunch of his own flowers. Hungrily he broke one after another; his shoulders bent over them, he was deep in the bushes.

"I reckon I shall have to ask you not to pick any more of those roses," a voice said.

Philip threw up his head as if he had been shot; he turned sharply with a great thrill, for he thought his mother spoke to him. Perhaps it was only the Southern inflection so long unheard, perhaps the sunlight that shone in his eyes dazzled him, but, as he stared, the white figure before him seemed to him to look exactly as his mother had looked long ago. Stumbling over his words, he caught at the first that came.

"I—I think it's all right," he said.

The girl smiled frankly, yet with a dignity in her puzzled air. "I'm afraid I shall have to be right decided," she said. "These roses are private property and I mustn't let you have them."

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"Oh!" Philip dropped the great bunch of gorgeous color guiltily by his side, but still held tightly the prickly mass of stems, knowing his right, yet half wondering if he could have made a mistake. He stammered:

"I thought—to whom do they belong?"

"They belong to my cousin, Mr. Philip Fairfield Beckwith"—the sound of his own name was pleasant as the falling voice strayed through it. "He is coming home in a few days, so I want them to look their prettiest for him—for his first sight of them. I take care of this rose garden," she said, and laid a motherly hand on the nearest flower. Then she smiled. "It doesn't seem right hospitable to stop you, but if you will come over to Westerly, to our house, father will be glad to see you, and I will certainly give you all the flowers you want." The sweet and masterful apparition looked with a gracious certainty of obedience straight into Philip's bewildered eyes.

"The boy Shelby!" Many a time in the months after Philip Beckwith smiled to himself reminiscently, tenderly, as he thought of "the boy Shelby" whom he had read into John Fairfield's letter; "the boy Shelby" who was twenty-two years old and the only child; "the boy Shelby" whom he had blamed with such easy severity for idling at Fairfield; "the boy Shelby" who was no boy at all, but this white flower of girlhood, called—after the quaint and reasonable Southern way—as a boy is called, by the surname of her mother's people.

Toward Westerly, out of the garden of the old time, out of the dimness of a forgotten past, the two took their radiant youth and the brightness of to-day. But a breeze blew across the tangle of weeds and flowers as they wandered away, and whispered a hope, perhaps a promise; for as it touched them each tall stalk nodded gayly and the box hedges rustled delicately an answering undertone. And just at the edge of the woodland, before they were out of sight, the girl turned and threw a kiss back to the roses and the box.

"I always do that," she said. "I love them so!"

Two weeks later a great train rolled into the Grand Central Station of New York at half-past six at night, and from it stepped a monstrosity—a young man without a heart. He had left all of it, more than he had thought he owned, in Kentucky. But he had brought back with him a store of memories which gave him more joy than ever the heart had done, to his best knowledge, in all the years. They were memories of long and sunshiny days; of afternoons spent in the saddle, rushing through grassy lanes where trumpet-flowers flamed over gray farm fences, or trotting slowly down white roads; of whole mornings only an hour long, passed in the enchanted stillness of an old garden; of gay, desultory searches through its length and breadth, and in the park that held it, for buried treasure; of moonlit nights; of roses and June and Kentucky—and always, through all the memories, the presence that made them what they were, that of a girl he loved.

No word of love had been spoken, but the two weeks had made over his life; and he went back to his work with a definite object, a hope stronger than ambition, and, set to it as music to words, came insistently another hope, a dream that he did not let himself dwell on—a longing to make enough money to pay off the mortgage and put Fairfield in order, and live and work there all his life—with Shelby. That was where the thrill of the thought came in, but the place was very dear to him in itself.

The months went, and the point of living now were the mails from the South, and the feast days were the days that brought letters from Fairfield. He had promised to go back for a week at Christmas, and he worked and hoarded all the months between with a thought which he did not formulate, but which ruled his down-sitting and his up-rising, the thought that if he did well and his bank account grew enough to justify it he might, when he saw her at Christmas, tell her what he hoped; ask her—he finished the thought with a jump of his heart. He never worked harder or better, and each check that came in meant a step toward the promised land; and each seemed for the joy that was in it to quicken his pace, to lengthen his stride, to strengthen his touch. Early in November he found one night when he came to his rooms two letters waiting for him with the welcome Kentucky post-mark. They were in John Fairfield's handwriting and in his daughter's, and "*place aux dames*" ruled rather than respect to age, for he opened Shelby's first. His eyes smiling, he read it.

"I am knitting you a diamond necklace

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for Christmas," she wrote. "Will you like that? Or be sure to write me if you'd rather have me hunt in the garden and dig you up a box of money. I'll tell you—there ought to be luck in the day, for it was hidden on Christmas and it should be found on she ended, "for I'm certainly going to catch you 'Christmas gif'.'"

Philip folded the letter back into its envelope and put it in his pocket, and his heart felt warmer for the scrap of paper over it. Then he cut John Fairfield's open

"She saw that my father had a tin box which seemed very heavy."
—Page 700.

Christmas; so on Christmas morning we'll have another look, and if you find it I'll catch you 'Christmas gif' ' as the darkies do, and you'll have to give it to me, and if I find it I'll give it to you; so that's fair, isn't it? Anyway——" and Philip's eyes jumped from line to line, devouring the clear, running writing. "So bring a little present with you, please—just a tiny something for me," dreamily, his mind still on the words he had read, on the threat—"I'm going to catch you 'Christmas gif'.'" What was there good enough to give her? Himself, he thought humbly, very far from good enough for the girl, the lily of the world. With a sigh that was not sad he dismissed the question and began to read the other letter. He stood reading it by the fading light from the win-

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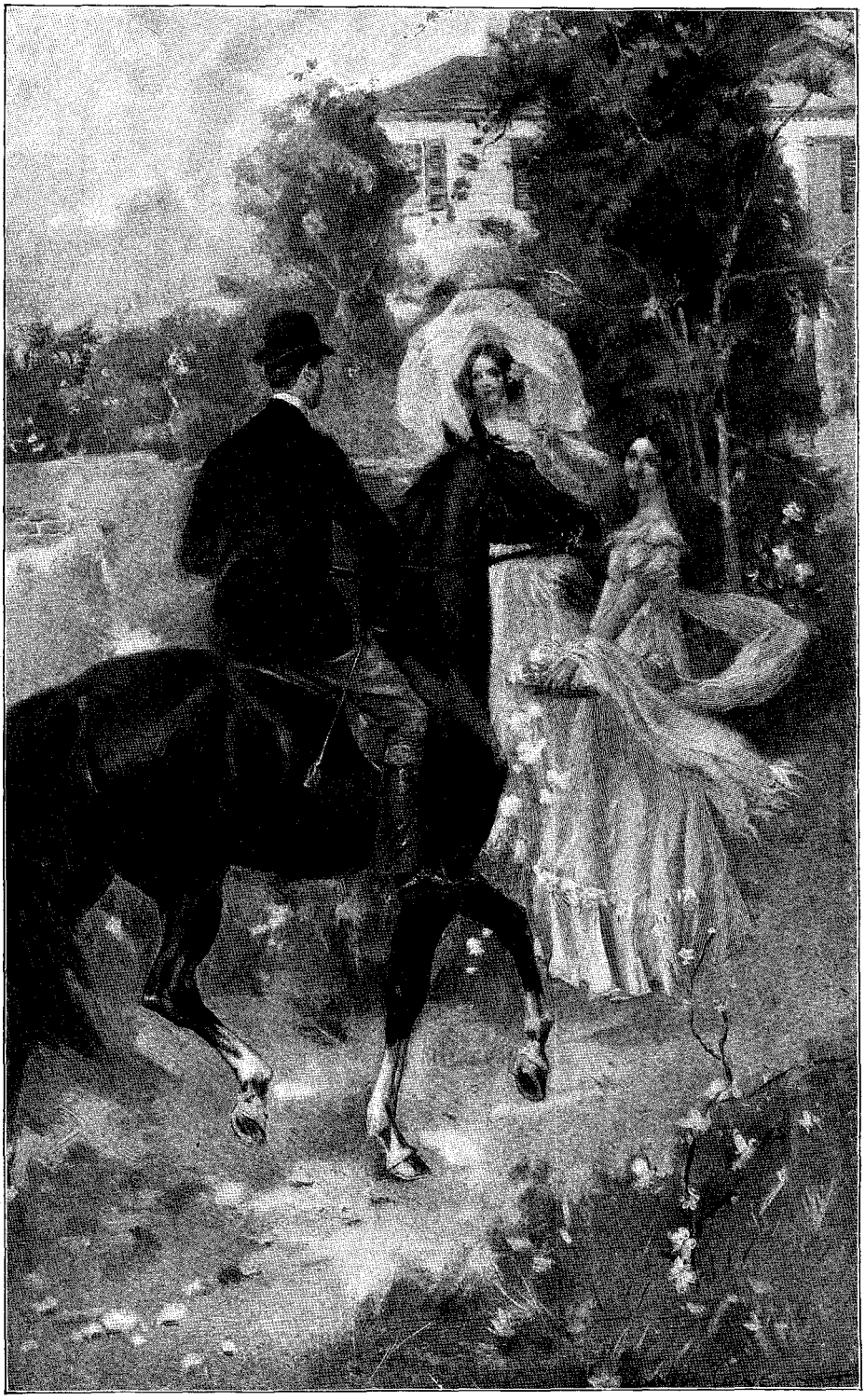

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

With no living voices to drown the sound of the ghostly voices that must greet his home-coming —Page 702.

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dow, his hat thrown by him on a chair, his overcoat still on, and, as he read, the smile died from his face. With drawn brows he read on to the end, and then the letter dropped from his fingers to the floor and he did not notice; his eyes stared widely at the high building across the street, the endless rows of windows, the lights flashing into them here and there. But he saw none of it. He saw a stretch of quiet woodland, an old house with great white pillars, a silent, neglected garden, with box hedges sweet and ragged, all waiting for him to come and take care of them—the home of his fathers, the home he had meant, had expected—he knew it now—would be some day his own, the home he had lost! John Fairfield's letter was to tell him that the mortgage on the place, running now so many years, was suddenly to be foreclosed; that, property not being worth much in the neighborhood, no one would take it up; that on January 2nd Fairfield, the house and land, were to be sold at auction. It was a hard blow to Philip Beckwith. With his hands in his overcoat pockets he began to walk up and down the room, trying to plan, to see if by any chance he might save this place he loved. It would mean eight thousand dollars to pay the mortgage. One or two thousand more would put the estate in order, but that might wait if he could only tide over this danger, save the house and land. An hour he walked so, forgetting dinner, forgetting the heavy coat which he still wore, and then he gave it up. With all he had saved—and it was a fair and promising beginning—he could not much more than half pay the mortgage, and there was no way, which he would consider, by which he could get the money. Fairfield would have to go, and he set his teeth and clenched his fists as he thought how much he wanted to keep it. A year ago it had meant nothing to him, a year from now if things went his way he could have paid the mortgage. That it should happen just this year—just now! He could not go down at Christmas; it would break his heart to see the place again as his own when it was just slipping from his grasp. He would wait until it was all over, and go, perhaps, in the spring. The great hope of his life was still his own, but Fairfield had been the setting of that hope; he must readjust his world before he saw Shelby again. So he wrote them that he would not come at present, and then tried to dull the ache of his loss with hard work.

But three days before Christmas, out of the unknown forces beyond his reasoning swept a wave of desire to go South, which took him off his feet. Trained to trust his brain and deny his impulse as he was, yet there was a vein of sentiment, almost of superstition, in him which the thought of the old place pricked sharply to life. This longing was something beyond him—he must go—and he had thrown his decisions to the winds and was feverish until he could get away.

As before, he rode out from the Phœnix Hotel, and at ten o'clock in the morning he turned into Fairfield. It was a still, bright Christmas morning, crisp and cool, and the air like wine. The house stood bravely in the sunlight, but the branches above it were bare, and no softening leafage hid the marks of time; it looked old and sad and deserted to-day, and its master gazed at it with a pang in his heart. It was his, and he could not save it. He turned away and walked slowly to the garden, and stood a moment as he had stood last May, with his hand on the stone gateway. It was very silent and lonely here, in the hush of winter; nothing stirred; even the shadows of the interlaced branches above lay almost motionless across the walks.

Something moved to his left, down the pathway—he turned to look. Had his heart stopped, that he felt this strange, cold feeling in his breast? Were his eyes—could he be seeing? was this insanity? Fifty feet down the path, half in the weaving shadows, half in clear sunlight, stood the little boy of his life-long vision, in the dress with the black velvet squares, his little uncle, dead forty years ago. As he gazed, his breath stopping, the child smiled and held up to him, as of old, a key on a scarlet string, and turned and flitted as if a flower had taken wing, away between the box hedges. Philip, his feet moving as if without his will, followed him. Again the baby face turned its smiling dark eyes toward him, and Philip knew that the child was calling him, though there was no sound; and again without volition of his own his feet took him where it led. He felt his breath coming difficultly, and suddenly a gasp shook him—there was no footprint on the unfrozen

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Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"I reckon I shall have to ask you to not pick any more of those roses," a voice said.—Page 705.

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earth where the vision had passed. Yet there before him, moving through the deep sunlit silence of the garden, was the familiar, sturdy little form in its old-world dress. Philip's eyes were open; he was awake, walking; he saw it. Across the neglected tangle it glided, and into the trim order of Shelby's rose garden; in the opening between the box walls it wheeled again, and the sun shone clear on the bronze hair and fresh face, and the scarlet string flashed and the key glinted at the end of it. Philip's fascinated eyes saw all of that. Then the apparition slipped into the shadow of the beech trees and Philip quickened his step breathlessly, for it seemed that life and death hung on the sight. In and out through the trees it moved; once more the face turned toward him; he caught the quick brightness of a smile. The little chap had disappeared behind the broad tree-trunk, and Philip, catching his breath, hurried to see him appear again. He was gone. The little spirit that had strayed from over the border of a world—who can say how far, how near?—unafraid in this earth-corner once its home, had slipped away into eternity through the white gate of ghosts and dreams.

Philip's heart was pumping painfully as he came, dazed and staring, to the place where the apparition had vanished. It was a giant beech tree, all of two hundred and fifty years old, and around its base ran a broken wooden bench, where pretty girls of Fairfield had listened to their sweethearts, where children destined to be generals and judges had played with their black mammies, where gray-haired judges and generals had come back to think over the fights that were fought out. There were letters carved into the strong bark, the branches swung down whisperingly, the green tent of the forest seemed filled with the memory of those who had camped there and gone on. Philip's feet stumbled over the roots as he circled the veteran; he peered this way and that, but the woodland was hushed and empty; the birds whistled above, the grasses rustled below, unconscious, casual, as if they knew nothing of a child-soul that had wandered back on Christmas day with a Christmas message, perhaps, of good-will to its own.

As he stood on the farther side of the tree where the little ghost had faded from him, at his feet lay, open and conspicuous, a fresh, deep hole. He looked down absentmindedly. Some animal—a dog, a rabbit—had scratched far into the earth. A bar of sunlight struck a golden arm through the branches above, and as he gazed at the upturned, brown dirt the rays that were its fingers reached into the hollow and touched a square corner, a rusty edge of tin. In a second the young fellow was down on his knees digging as if for his life, and in less than five minutes he had loosened the earth which had guarded it so many years, and staggering with it to his feet had lifted to the bench a heavy tin box. In its lock was the key, and dangling from it a long bit of no-colored silk, that yet, as he untwisted it, showed a scarlet thread in the crease. He opened the box with the little key; it turned scrapingly, and the ribbon crumbled in his fingers, its long duty done. Then, as he tilted the heavy weight, the double eagles, packed closely, slipped against each other with a soft clink of sliding metal. The young man stared at the mass of gold pieces as if he could not trust his eyesight; he half thought even then that he dreamed it. With a quick memory of the mortgage he began to count. It was all there—ten thousand dollars in gold! He lifted his head and gazed at the quiet woodland, the open shadow-work of the bare branches, the fields beyond lying in the calm sunlit rest of a Southern winter. Then he put his hand deep into the gold pieces, and drew a long breath. It was impossible to believe, but it was true. The lost treasure was found. It meant to him Shelby and home; as he realized what it meant his heart felt as if it would break with the joy of it. He would give her this for his Christmas gift, this legacy of his people and hers, and then he would give her himself. It was all easy now—life seemed not to hold a difficulty. And the two would keep tenderly, always, the thought of a child who had loved his home and his people and who had tried so hard, so long, to bring them together. He knew the dream-child would not visit him again—the little ghost was laid that had followed him all his life. From over the border whence it had come with so many loving efforts it would never come again. Slowly, with the heavy weight in his arms, with the eyes of a man who had seen a solemn thing, he walked back to the garden sleeping in the sunshine, and the box

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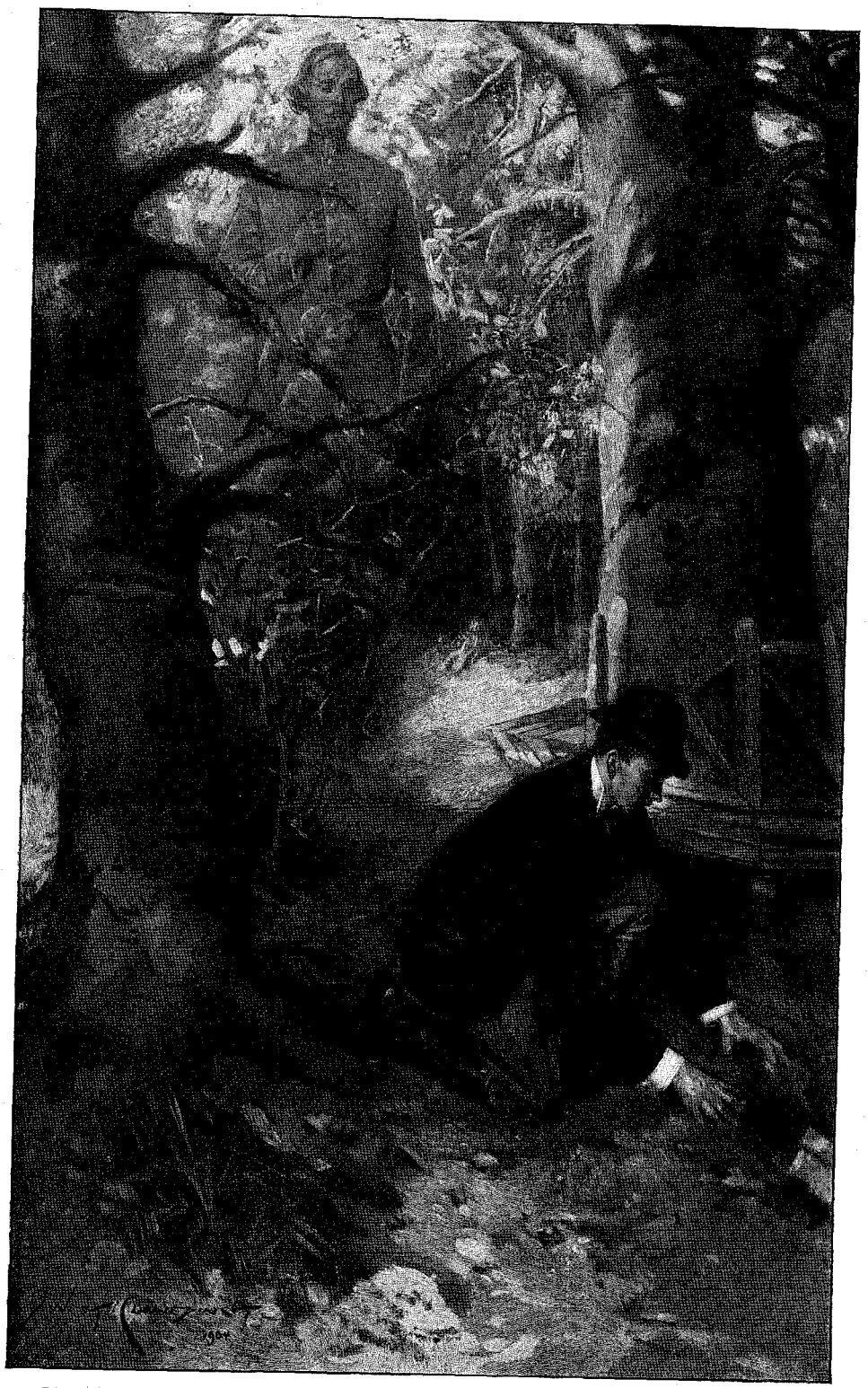

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

In a second the young fellow was down on his knees.—Page 711.

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hedges met him with a wave of fragrance, the sweetness of a century ago; and as he passed through their shining door, looking beyond, he saw Shelby. The girl's figure stood by the stone column of the garden entrance, the light shone on her bare head, and she had stopped, surprised, as she saw him. Philip lifted his hat high, and his pace quickened with his heart-throb as he looked at her and thought of the little ghostly hands that had brought theirs together; and as he looked the smile that meant his welcome and his happiness broke over her face, and with the sound of her voice all the shades of this world and the next dissolved in light.

"'Christmas gif',' Marse Philip!" called Shelby.

THE LAND OF MAKEBELIEVE

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

WHERE is the land of Makebelieve,
The happy land of Makebelieve?
I used to know its haunted streams,
Its people fashioned out of dreams,
Who played with me in wondrous ways,
Throughout the short and sunny days
That gild the land of Makebelieve,
That happy land of Makebelieve.

Where is the land of Makebelieve,
The strange, strange land of Makebelieve?
I cannot find the path of gold
That led so straight in days of old,
Deep, deep within its hidden glades
Where fairies lurked within the shades—
The silver shades of Makebelieve,
The strange, far land of Makebelieve.

Where is the land of Makebelieve,
The long-lost land of Makebelieve?
Do the same spirits haunt it still
With whom I wandered there at will?
Sometimes at night I see the way—
Alas! it vanishes by day!
I cannot get to Makebelieve,
That dear, lost land of Makebelieve!

Where is the land of Makebelieve,
The faerie land of Makebelieve?
I hear two children, hand in hand,
Leap, laughing, on its pearly strand;
I strive to follow—it may not be!
The gates are fastened close to me.
I may not go to Makebelieve,
My faerie land of Makebelieve.

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THE EVERETTS IN ENGLAND

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND DIARIES OF EDWARD EVERETT'S DAUGHTERS DURING HIS MINISTRY, 1841-45

EDWARD EVERETT, Governor of Massachusetts, President of Harvard College, Member of Congress, Senator, and Secretary of State, was Minister to the Court of St. James from 1841 to 1845.

It was a brilliant and interesting period. The young Queen had been recently crowned, and many of the most renowned men in British annals in all walks of life mingled in the society of the day.

Mr. Everett had two daughters, Ann Gorham, who died unmarried; and Charlotte Brooks, afterward the wife of Capt. Henry A. Wise. Miss Everett went into society with her parents from their arrival in England until her failing health obliged her to leave London; when her younger sister, at this time about seventeen years old, was brought from school in Paris to assist Mrs. Everett in the hospitalities and other social obligations of the Legation.

The following pages are made up of extracts from the letters and journals of these young ladies, and show this brilliant society from the point of view of two lively American girls:

From Ann Gorham Everett, London, to her brother.

2d January, 1842.

MY DEAR E.: As I have lately been to the opening of Parliament, I thought it might amuse you to hear an account of it, for it will be as new to you as to me.

We went to the Parliament House a little after one; and found an immense crowd assembled in the streets and near the Queen's palace, to see the royal carriages. We arrived at the House of Lords, and passed through two long lines of soldiers to get to our places, on the floor of the house. Our seats were as near to the throne as our sofa in the *entresol* parlor at Paris was to the fireplace. The Queen was obliged to pass us to get to it. Before her arrival the King of Prussia came in with a small suite. He is about forty-seven years old, not very tall, but very stout, has but little hair of rather a reddish cast, and a good-natured, but stupid and heavy countenance.

At two there was a flourish and the Queen arrived. After going into the robing-room to put on her train, she entered the chamber, preceded by her suite. She is not pretty, but pleasing—particularly while speaking. Her complexion is not fair—no clear red and white—but a general healthy, though not ruddy appearance. Her diamonds were magnificent—a coronet going quite round her head—earrings, necklace, bracelets entirely of brilliants; her deep white satin embroidered in gold, her train red velvet lined with white figured satin and edged with narrow ermine and gold. On the right of the throne is a splendid red velvet chair for the Prince of Wales, which he will sit in when he is old enough. On the left of the throne was another red velvet chair, not quite so rich, for Prince Albert, the Queen's husband. She took her seat on the throne, and after a short interval she read the speech, which began as all the speeches do, "My Lords and Gentlemen." She read very well, in a clear, distinct voice.

We had sent to us the other day a piece of the christening cake of the little Prince of Wales. It came in a small white box, on the outside of which was written, "Christening Cake of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; Windsor, 25th January, 1842"; and at the top the three feathers which compose the crest of the Prince of Wales.

. . . . . .

From Ann Gorham Everett to Charlotte Brooks Everett, at school in Paris.

LONDON, 10th January, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER:— . . . We have at last been to Mrs. M., the great court dressmaker, and she is a very nice person. I must tell you a little of her history, for it is singular. She was lady's maid in a family in Scotland, and married the butler of the family. He turned out badly and treated her very ill; so she had to leave her place, having several children, and live in a garret.

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There she supported them and her husband by making flannel waistcoats, at sixpence apiece. She made a great many friends, who were kind to her, and by degrees she learned the trade of a dressmaker and rose to her present prominence. She has now been thirty years the favorite court dressmaker, and her taste is unquestioned. Lady W., who told us about her, said she was an excellent woman, that when her brother died and left seven children, she took them and brought them up. We have engaged her to make our dresses for the first drawing-room. Mamma's is to be a velvet train, over a white watered silk, or perhaps a white satin. Mine is to be a white tulle over plain white silk, a white watered silk train (not lined at all), and any colored flowers I like.

We are going out to dine next Friday. We were asked ten days beforehand, so I suppose it is to be a great dinner. I shall wear my velvet spencer and a white muslin skirt, with *fourteen* tucks, each about an inch wide.

Journal, A. G. E.

Friday, 31st January, 1843.—Not being able to walk on account of a snowstorm, I did not go out to-day. Papa had the Cabinet and foreign ministers to dine, and everything went off very well. Lord Aberdeen was to have come, but was sent for to Windsor. About twelve a note arrived from him to papa containing her Majesty's commands for us to pass Sunday at Windsor. To-morrow, therefore, we go, without a minute for any preparation, but perhaps this is best. *A demain donc!*

Saturday, February 1st. We left town to-day at three for Windsor, and arrived here at about five. We were shown to a very nice suite of rooms, and as dinner was not till eight, tea was brought us. At eight we went into the Green Drawing-room, where we were joined by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord and Lady Lincoln. The Queen soon entered, accompanied by the Prince, the Duchess of Kent, and her ladies-in-waiting.

We then went in to dinner, the Prince escorting the Queen. Papa sat on her right hand. The gold service was superb, and the whole dinner exceedingly splendid. The Queen's private band played during dinner. Her Majesty had on a black and gold checked dress, a black lace scarf, a white wreath, and pearls. After dinner we went into the Red Drawing-room, where coffee was served and the Queen shook hands and spoke to us all. When the gentlemen came in we went into the Green Room again, where tea and drinks were served, the Queen sitting at one table with the married ladies; the young people sat at a table opposite.

Sunday, 2d. This morning at ten, we went to breakfast in the Oaken Chamber with the maids of honor and the gentlemen-in-waiting. After breakfast we walked up and down the corridor, looking at the beautiful pictures, statues, etc., until her Majesty entered with the Prince and Duchess of Kent. She saluted us, and then passed on to the chapel, where we all followed. Divine service was then performed, the whole household being present. After service the Queen and Prince remained a little while in the corridor, and then left, the former running just as a merry school-girl would.

At two we lunched, and after lunch the Queen sent for us to be presented to the Prince of Wales. He is a beautiful boy, with large blue eyes. He looks delicate, but is not. He shook hands with us all, and looked very cheerful and happy. Her Majesty then led the way to a room where there is a large picture, still unfinished, of the Queen presenting the Prince of Wales to Louis Philippe. Winterhalter, the painter, has caught the Prince's intelligent expression exactly, and the other likenesses are also very good. After talking a few minutes the Queen withdrew. Miss Murray then kindly took mamma and me to walk. The day was very cold, but clear, and we had a nice walk to the kennel and poultry house, of about two hours. The dinner was much as the day before, but the company were rather differently disposed. The Queen wore a black dress and a wreath of flowers. She was in high spirits and laughed a great deal. After dinner she had a little conversation and then seated herself at a table with some of the ladies. We young folks sat at another. Different games were produced, in which the Queen joined till eleven, when she shook hands and bid us good-by, as we are to leave early to-morrow.

31st May. We breakfasted this morning with Mr. Rogers.* He has been a good

* Samuel Rogers, poet, author of "Italy," "Pleasures of Memory," etc.

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deal in Italy, and among his other works has written a beautiful poem on that country, which we read last summer at Careggi. He has a noble collection of pictures, many by the first masters, many Etruscan vases, and other antiquities, and some very curious autographs. His house, in the rear, opens on Green Park, and there is a delightful view from the windows.

We had at breakfast, beside ourselves, the Van Rensselaers, New York friends of ours, and Mr. M., the Master of the Queen's Household, who has been in America, and is a very entertaining gentleman. Some curious anecdotes were told at breakfast, but I forget them almost all, for I was not well. One, however, I recollect. "A nobleman," whose name I did not catch, "thought himself obliged to fight a duel with his friend, Lord A. So one morning he went to his bedside, before Lord A. had risen, and said, 'Now, my lord, you must fight me; here are the pistols, so get up!' 'Surely,' said Lord A., 'you would not shoot a man in his bed?' 'No,' replied the other, 'I will never do that.' 'Then,' said Lord A., 'I will never rise, as long as I live.' His opponent went away, baffled." This story caused great laughter.

After breakfast we looked at the pictures and the articles of interest, one of the most curious of which is the contract for Milton's "Paradise Lost," with his own signature. Mr. Rogers showed us also a copy of the first edition that was ever printed of "Paradise Lost." Milton received but five guineas at first for his great work.

To-morrow we go to a breakfast given in the country by the Duchess of Buccleugh, where the Queen and the Prince are to be present. The breakfast is at five in the afternoon! Breakfast, indeed!

1st. We went to the breakfast to-day, and as it is a long drive to Richmond, we started about 4. When we arrived near the Duke of Buccleugh's villa there was a long train of carriages, and we did not get there till some time after five. The house is rather old and like most old houses, cut up into small, low rooms and long passages.

The Queen and her suite did not arrive till very late. After she had come, the company left the house and walked about the grounds. These are very pretty, the land sloping down to the River Thames, which was covered with boats, gaily decorated. But all this pretty scene was marred by the weather being very damp and raw, with a sharp, cold wind, so that almost everybody put on large shawls to keep themselves warm, which entirely hid their gay dresses. There were several bands of music playing, and whenever the people along the river saw the Queen walking about they cheered.

About seven there was a breakfast (dinner) served. The Queen, royal family, and suite had a table to themselves, elegantly covered and served. . . .

About eight they began to light some of the lamps prepared for the illuminations, which had a very pretty effect, glancing out from among the green trees, where they were suspended from the branches. The lamps on the bank of the river, too, which hung in festoons, were very tasteful. The Queen walked about among the company with the King and Queen of the Belgians, who are now visiting her, and appeared to enjoy the scene. All the royal family were there, and about five hundred other persons.

We came away about nine, as we had a long drive home; but there were fireworks and illuminations afterward, and most of the company stayed till midnight. It was, altogether, a very brilliant *fête*, and would have been still more so had it not been so cold.

8th. This morning we breakfasted with Dean and Mrs. Milman in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. They had promised afterward to show us the Abbey, which we had never entirely seen. Our party at breakfast was very pleasant; besides ourselves, there were Messrs. Macaulay, Hallam, and Hayward, and a sister of Mrs. Milman's. Mr. Macaulay was as brilliant as usual at breakfast, and told many pleasant anecdotes. One I remember, of a police officer at Paris, when the famous *cantatrice*, Mademoiselle Sontag, applied for a passport. Instead of filling up the *signalement* with a precise description of forehead, hair, eyes, nose, etc., he drew a line down the whole and wrote, "*Angelique.*" *Galant, n'est-ce-pas?*

Miss Charlotte Brooks Everett now joined her family in London, and the following journals and letters are by her:

C. B. E. to P. C. Brooks, in Boston.

LONDON, 1st June, 1843.

DEAR GRANDPAPA: You say in your last that papa promised one of us should write

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you about Belvoir,* and it seems to me that I did describe our visit to one of the family last winter, but I shall with great pleasure repeat it to you, though it is rather an old story.

We left Grosvenor Place early in the morning and proceeded to the railroad, where our carriage was put into a car attached to the train, and we remained in it. This is a common mode of travelling here, and it is certainly very pleasant not to change one's seat, but the motion is much more violent. At about two we reached Siston (about twenty miles from Belvoir), where we took post-horses and reached Belvoir at five.

We were shown to our rooms, which were in the clock-tower and very commodious. When the dinner hour arrived, we proceeded to the drawing-room, through the picture gallery, and were ushered into the duke's presence to the sound of martial music. The drawing-room, or Regent's Gallery, as it is called, is 130 feet long, and has a bow in the centre, comprising three windows. It is the most cheerful room imaginable. There were three fires, it was brilliantly lighted, and so crowded with furniture, flowers, statues, etc., that one could hardly cross it. The walls were hung with old tapestry and pictures. The duke received us most cordially. He had on a scarlet coat, being in the hunting season, as also all the other gentlemen who hunted. The party was small; the first two days we sat down to table eighteen in number, the two last twenty-four, including the family. During the dessert some musicians sung. In the evening the band played in the castle hall most beautifully.

The next day being Sunday, we attended two services in the chapel, and afterward took a walk to see Lord Granby's hunters. He has ten, all very fine, and he seemed quite proud of them. I walked home with him, but did not find him very talkative. These poor oldest sons learn to be shy, through the persecutions of the match-making English mothers.

The next day there was a fox-hunt, but it snowed so violently that all the ladies were deterred from going, with the exception of mamma and myself; but we set off in spite of weather, in an open carriage and four, two postilions, and an outrider. We put up the top, and managed to keep quite dry, so the more it snowed, the more we laughed at our odd appearance, for mamma had the captain's coat, and our tartan shawls figured as curtains. We were soon joined by the duke, Lord Granby, and Lady Adeliza Manners, on horseback. When we reached the lodge, we met all the hunters, and the sun just then coming out bright, off started hounds and huntsmen. We followed, and soon reached the cover. In a few minutes the fox was started, and with a loud cry away went the dogs, and the men after them. We had an admirable view of the sport, for they crossed the field on our right, at full gallop, leaped a bramble hedge five feet high, crossed the road, leaped another hedge on our left, and galloped away. It was a glorious sight! The horses are so eager and the red coats so picturesque, that the sight is well worth seeing. One pities the poor little fox, however. This day they lost two and killed one. But not being able to keep up, we returned to the castle in time to escape a perfect deluge. Lady Adeliza came in toward evening, having ridden forty miles, and the next day she was not tired. The English women are more masculine than our men.

The remainder of our visit was spent in walking and looking about, as much as the weather would permit, but in that we were very unfortunate.

When we left, the duke was kind enough to hope we would come again, and I, for my part, should be most happy, as I am sure would all the others.

The duke's family has now come to town for a month or two. We often meet them, and find them uniformly amiable and kind. . . .

From C. B. E.

LONDON, 16th July, 1843.

DEAREST GRANDPAPA:* . . . The evening of the Queen's birthday the Duke of Wellington always gives a ball, and he accordingly did this year. The principal streets were also illuminated, which was a very pretty sight; we saw it greatly to advantage, as previous to the ball we went to Lord Aberdeen's, where papa was dining, and passed through the best lighted streets. The ball at the duke's was magnificent. The

* Seat of the Duke of Rutland.

* The first part of this letter describes her presentation at court, at St. James's Palace.

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great Waterloo Gallery, brilliantly lighted, filled with splendid pictures, the floor crowded with dancers, and the whole animated by most beautiful music, was a sight such as I never saw before, and shall very likely never see again. The crowd was so great that we did not stay long, but the ball lasted till three or four o'clock. The duke is wise—he always goes to bed before supper, and leaves his guests to take care of themselves.

The next night we went to a charming little concert at the palace. The Queen was very gracious and the music particularly fine, all the best Italian singers performing. We heard Mario, the tenor, for the first time; his voice is powerful, but not so sweet as that of our old acquaintance, Moriani, and I was rather disappointed in him. Persiani and Lablache sang beautifully; we heard them in Paris; and Ronconi, who was hoarse the other night at the opera, had recovered his voice, and sang with great power.

I am now about tired of going out every night, and hope the gayety will soon be at an end.

August 1st, 1843.

. . . Last evening we went to the Queen's ball. Her Majesty had on a blue crape, with a tunic trimmed at intervals all round with pink roses mixed with white ones and diamonds, the same up the two sides in front; also a wreath on her head. She looked better than I have ever seen her. Your humble servant wore a white dress trimmed with pink roses.

The *enemy* asked me to waltz, and there was no get off. But as a quadrille was in progress I went off, telling him I was ready whenever he was. I dodged and dodged, and I think papa took as much interest in escaping as I did. At last he caught me, and the music striking up, I thought I was in for it, when it turned out to be another quadrille. I always shall be under eternal obligations to the Queen for that quadrille. So my persecutor proposed to try another room, when again the Queen came to my relief and went in to supper. . . . The dresses were, as usual, some handsome, but more absurd. Mamma and I flattered ourselves we looked uncommonly well!

Friday 6th. The day of the fancy ball has come and gone. We had to work hard all day to complete our dresses, though Miss Ireland, our dressmaker, very obligingly came to the house to finish everything and dress us. At two the hair-dressers came. Mamma wore a false front and had her own hair behind; I had my own hair powdered. Mamma looked uncommonly well. I did not fancy my coiffure, but everyone said I looked very well, too. Mamma was dressed about eight, and went down to see our friends, who had mustered in great force. She had on an old brocade, with a dark-purple ground and bright flowers, and a gold figure all over it. Her petticoat was China rose damask trimmed with old lace; her stomacher was the same, covered with diamonds. In her hair she had a white feather and diamonds, also a diamond necklace and earrings. I never saw her look better. I was rather belated about my dressing, and got down only ten minutes before nine. My dress was a cherry and silver satin looped up with red roses, a white satin petticoat trimmed with tulle, silver, and roses, and a white satin stomacher with a bouquet of flowers in front. I had a wreath of roses on one side of my head. Both of us had very high-heeled shoes. After we were dressed we went up to show ourselves to our poor maid, who was too ill to get out of bed. Papa had a dark velvet coat trimmed with gold and smalls of the same. A gold-tissue waistcoat embroidered with flowers, point lace shirt, shirt frill, and sleeve ruffles, high shoes with paste buckles, also paste knee and stock buckles, a steel sword, a powdered wig, and a smart three-cornered hat completed his attire. I never saw him look so well; the dress became him particularly.

You may guess the cost of all this finery. Mamma says this little *chit* of a Queen will be the ruin of us.

After seeing our parlor friends we had to show ourselves to an immense circle of servants, and then at nine we got with some difficulty into the carriage and drove off. When we first entered the rooms we were unable to recognize the people, but one soon gets used to the dress, and then people are not much changed.

The royal party came in at ten. Her Majesty looked very well, but I like her better in her common dress. She had a gold and flowered brocade over a silver and red petticoat and most superb diamonds. The Duchesse de Nemours looked very handsome in her wig, and was magnificently dressed. The Prince was in red velvet,

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and looked remarkably handsome. The royal party passed on to the ball-room, and we were about to follow as fast as our hoops and the crowd would permit, when an order was given to make room for the Queen, and she appeared, led by the Duc de Nemours; the duchesse followed with Prince Albert, and then came, two by two, all the court. Imitating what we saw, papa and I took hands and stepped along, following mamma and the Persian *chargé!* In this way the whole company perambulated the suite of rooms, the band playing all the while. This, it seems, was dancing a polonaise, an old dance much in vogue formerly. After the polonaise the company passed before her Majesty. She then went to the Throne Room and danced a minuet and quadrille, and later another minuet. She afterward returned to the ball-room, where were danced in succession Lady Jersey's Minuet, Lady Breadalbane's Strathspey, and Lady Chesterfield's Minuet, which I managed to see very well by climbing up on my seat. The minuets were very well danced and had a charming effect. Her Majesty then went to supper. This was a terrible crush, the hoops took up so much room. After supper the Queen and royal party and all the company went into the Long Gallery, where Sir Roger de Coverly was danced, while the rest of the people, mounting on their seats, looked on. The Queen danced with the Duc de Nemours, the duchesse with the Prince. After this dance the Queen retired.

Upon the whole, people did not look so well as usual. Some few individuals looked surprisingly lovely, but in general the dress was unbecoming. As we stood high and looked down upon the mass of powdered heads the effect was very singular. Then the people not recognizing each other and failing to know their best friends was also very funny. The show of jewels was beyond all imagination magnificent. Altogether, it was a thing to see, and I am very glad, after all our doubting, that we decided to go. As we were at the private entrance, we soon got our carriage and reached home at two, very tired.

Saturday, 7th. When I woke this morning and saw the bright sun shining on my last night's finery, looking crumpled and shabby, I thought to myself, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The ball is then over, for which hundreds have labored for a month, for which so much money has been spent, and I venture to say so many tears shed by those not asked, from grief at the omission; and from those various annoyances and disappointments that all experienced who went there, tears may have flowed, too. I am very glad it is over, and hope I may never assist at another!

LONDON, 3d March, 1844.

DEAR GRANDPAPA: We have a great deal of excitement here about O'Connell's trial. The speeches on both sides at the trial were very interesting and the sentence almost seemed unjust. After reading Mr. Sheil's speech I was rather inclined to be a Repealer, he seemed to make out his case so well. The Irish debate in Parliament was also very interesting, and O'Connell's taking his seat seemed rather an odd step. Mamma and I had long wanted to go to the House of Commons, and we went one evening, hoping to hear Sir Robert Peel speak. The honorable gentlemen are certainly not very gallant toward the ladies, for we were locked into a little hole about three or five feet square, and with only a little loophole to look through. Here we sat five hours, and what was more provoking, heard nothing worth listening to. The evening before papa had had the good fortune to hear Macaulay, who made a glorious speech. I read it the next day, and would willingly have sat ten hours with a chance of hearing it. There is something irresistible about Mr. Macaulay, whether you hear him talk or read what he writes. His manner is so hearty, his voice so good, and his face so interesting that one can hardly imagine a greater treat than to hear him talk.

We breakfasted the other morning with Mr. Rogers, who, in his way, is as agreeable as Mr. Macaulay. His house is a perfect fairy-land, and every picture, bust, and autograph it contains calls forth some pleasant little anecdote from Mr. R. When one hears him talk of scenes in the French Revolution and of familiar conversations with Sheridan, Scott, Byron, etc., one quite forgets the age in which one is living, and is carried back to the time of which he is speaking. We asked him the other day if he ever attended the debates in the House of Commons. "Yes," said he; "the last time I went was to hear Sheridan speak on Warren Hastings' case!" I fancy he would find a few changes since then, if he were now to go.

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We had a very agreeable visit the other day from Miss Edgeworth. I was very glad to see her, for her stories have afforded me many happy hours, and I may say still do. She is the least of little women, and looks her age, which I believe is seventy-six, but she is very cheerful and lively in her conversation and active in her movements. She is not good-looking, but has a very amiable expression of countenance. She was the daughter of Mr. Edgeworth's first wife, and is living with her sister, Mrs. Wilson, who is his daughter by his fifth wife. So you can imagine they look more like grandmother and granddaughter than like sisters. She kindly expressed a wish to see us some day at Edgeworthtown, which I hope may come to pass.

Speaking of these great people, we had a *great man* to lunch with us yesterday, though his personal appearance is not very imposing. This person was a countryman of ours, by name General *Tom Thumb*. He is twelve years old, twenty-five inches high, and weighs fifteen pounds nine ounces.

There seems quite a rage here now for American things. American cheese has been quite the fashion for some time, and now there is a new shop opened in the Strand for American wooden ware, which attracts a great many people. I wonder what will come next? *Ice*, I believe, for they are building a receptacle for American ice on the Thames!

The next extracts from Miss Charlotte Brooks Everett's journal contain an account of a visit to Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane's seat.

Journal, C. B. E.

Wednesday, June 4th (TAYMOUTH), 1844.

. . . We left Freeland this morning with regret, for Lord and Lady Ruthven are charming people and have treated us with the greatest attention. We took one day to Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, who has kindly invited us to witness some Highland games in commemoration of the second anniversary of her Majesty's visit to the castle. We made his acquaintance through a letter of introduction from Mr. Dennison.* Our road lay through Perth, the scene of one of Sir Walter's novels, and Dunkeld, where we stopped for a half hour to see the old church and a fine view from the bridge. There are two old larches near the church, which were reared in a greenhouse in flower-pots, and from them all the larches in the neighborhood have sprung. Between Dunkeld and Taymouth we passed by Scone, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield, and formerly the place where the Kings of Scotland were crowned. The whole road from Freeland to Taymouth is most picturesque and beautiful. When we reached Lord Breadalbane's park gates, the porter, in full Highland costume, blew some notes on a horn, to warn them of our arrival at the castle. The avenue wound through the most beautiful park and descended gradually into the valley, where the castle lay surrounded by high mountains. It is an immense pile, mostly modern, with a velvet lawn dotted with clumps of trees and enlivened by herds of deer, feeding side by side with American bison.

We were received by a host of servants, and conducted through a splendid hall, up the grand staircase, into an anteroom, across another splendid hall, along a superb gallery to the library, where we awaited Lady B.'s arrival. We had a good opportunity of examining the room, which had the most beautiful ceiling I ever saw—carved oak, with blue and gold panels; the woodwork in the room was also all of carved oak. Soon Lady B. entered and received us sweetly, and without the least embarrassment, though we were perfect strangers to her. She is a very pretty person, but looked very ill. After we had sat a few moments, a gentleman in a kilt entered the room, whom Lady B. introduced as Sir Alexander Campbell. I was, I must confess, a little startled at his appearance, for it was the first person I had ever seen in Highland dress, and the bare knees and other peculiarities struck me very oddly. The housekeeper now appeared and showed us to our rooms, saying that dinner was at half past seven. Accordingly at that hour we went to the library, where we found ourselves the first, but were soon joined by two ladies. We did not know them, and sat looking at each other, which of all things is the most tiresome. At length the youngest of the two ladies crossed the room and very kindly entered into conversation with me. I afterward found out that she was Lady Elizabeth Duncan, the

*Speaker of the House of Commons.

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daughter of Lady Camperdown, and I shall always bless her name for that first act of friendship. Lord Breadalbane next entered the room and welcomed us kindly to Taymouth. When Lady B. came, we passed on to the hall, where we found a quantity of other people, and dinner was announced. Oh, the horror of waiting till some one shall step forward to take one to dinner! The formidable phalanx of ladies appals the gentlemen, and the same cause deters the ladies from stepping forward. Sir A. Campbell at length offered his arm to me, and I found myself going to dinner with the only person in Highland dress. I found out at dinner that he, being a relation of Lord B.'s, and not very rich, lives at Taymouth, to help him entertain his friends, etc. The dining-room was superb, built as is the whole house, with pointed arches, the windows painted glass and the walls hung with fine pictures. The plate on the sideboard was the finest I ever saw, principally gold, and the effect of the whole, brilliantly lighted, was magnificent. We sat down thirty-six to table. The service was all of plate, the candelabra, wine-coolers, and salt-cellars being gold. After dinner we returned to the library till the gentlemen left the table, when we all adjourned to the hall to dance. This hall is perhaps the handsomest room in the house. The ceiling is painted with all the quarterings of the Breadalbanes; and at either end there is a noble window. The fireplace is mostly carved stone with little statues of knights in full armor, in the niches of it. There are also two large breastplates, one of which belonged to Henri IV of France. There were two little corners cut off at one end of this hall, and separated by carved oaken screens, the doors hung with Aubusson tapestry, as are all the doors in the house. The floor is inlaid oak, and the carving of the room corresponds. Two young women, whom Lord B. had come from Edinburgh, played the piano very well—indeed, quite wonderfully. Apropos of music, I forgot to mention that during dinner the piper played. The sound of the pipes at a distance is not unpleasant, though not musical, but near to, it is very shrill. When the dessert came, the pipes ceased and the band played. This is composed of Lord B.'s people, dressed in kilts, and they play remarkably well. To return to the dance. We had quadrilles and waltzes (I waltzed with Lord Breadalbane), and then they danced Highland reels, which are wonderful to behold. The gentlemen jump as high as possible, doing the most difficult steps, throwing their arms in the air, and snapping their fingers. I could have looked at them forever, they seemed to enjoy it so much. The ladies took steps, but not so violently. But how different all the dancing was from that in London! There people look half asleep; here they jumped about and seemed to dance for dancing's sake. The gentlemen were very kind in making my acquaintance and asking me to dance, and all the ladies spoke to us without introduction.

Thursday, 5th.

This was the day for the Highland games, and the weather promised finely, though after such an unusual duration of fair weather there had been great fears entertained lest it should rain. We all met at breakfast at ten, everybody dressed in their best, and all who had any right had something tartan on. Miss Bailie, Lady B.'s sister, who is excessively pretty, had on a white gown with Breadalbane Campbell ribbons, and a scarf of the same tartan fastened on her left shoulder with a huge cairngorm brooch. The breakfast-room was formerly the dining-room, and is very handsome. After breakfast we adjourned to the drawing-rooms, which are splendid, with beautiful Aubusson carpets and tapestries, rich gold-painted ceilings, superb damask furniture, inlaid cabinets, pictures, etc. There was a little boudoir adjoining, which had miniatures of the Scottish sovereigns, beginning at Robert the Bruce. After we had looked about the drawing-rooms, Lord B. entered and presented us each with a bit of gale, which is the badge of the Breadalbane branch of the Campbell clan; this we all stuck in some part of our dress.

Lady B. now made her appearance for the first time, for being an invalid she never comes to breakfast. She was superbly dressed.

Part of the party were to walk to the scene of action and part to drive, which after a good deal of talking was satisfactorily arranged. We were all of the walking party, and proceeded under Lord B.'s guidance to mount the hill near the house, which gave us a beautiful view of the latter, with all its array of towers. We walked on to the

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dairy, which stands on a lovely little knoll, surrounded by a pretty flower-garden. It looked beautifully cool and neat inside, and from the upper story commanded a splendid view of Loch Tay, Ben More, Drummond Hill, and the rest of the splendid panorama which surrounds Taymouth. We looked and admired and then continued our walk, just as the cannon began to thunder forth a royal salute.

> Round and around the sounds were cast
> Till echo seemed an answering blast.

I never heard anything so fine as the echo which reverberated again and again round the chain of the Grampian Hills, and sounded like far-off thunder.

The persons in the carriage now joined us and we proceeded to the stand. This was admirably placed on the slope of the hill, above the plain where the games were to be, and was a kind of tent, constructed of boards and completely covered with heather. On the top were two flags and two boars (arms of Lord Breadalbane's family), also made of heather. There were two rows of seats, so that the ladies were amply accommodated. The scene below was very striking, the people, mostly in the Highland dress, were crowded around a barrier to witness the games, and quantities of the neighboring gentry were ranged outside in their carriages. Beyond was the lovely loch among the mountains. Within the circle we recognized several of the gentlemen of our party in their kilts, which altered their appearance sensibly, but vastly improved it, for to my mind nothing is so becoming to most men as the Highland dress. Walter Campbell of Isla looked particularly well in his, and as a chief had a single eagle's plume in his bonnet.

Soon the performance began by a trial of playing among the pipers, which, however, was not suffered to continue long, for finding it rather tiresome, they were sent away a short distance to finish their music, with judges to decide as to their respective merits. The next game was called "putting the stone." About six Highlanders proceeded to take off all their trappings, retaining only their shirts and kilts; some only stripped down their stockings, after taking off their shoes, others took them off. The stone was a ball weighing about fourteen pounds. A board was laid on the ground, and each man tried to throw the ball as far as possible from the mark. Immense strength was displayed, each man trying three times, John Cameron of Taymouth, one of Lord Breadalbane's forester's sons, having thrown the ball seventy-six feet. The next game was throwing the hammer, which was essentially like the former, only the object thrown was a heavy hammer. Here also immense strength was shown, but I neither remember who won nor what was the longest throw. The next game was called throwing the "kabber" (I doubt if this is the way to spell the word), and consists in carrying an immensely long trunk of a larch (small at the bottom and heavier at the top) some distance and then throwing it with force sufficient to make it turn over in the air. The stick was of a fixed weight and height, but no one succeeded in doing it. The feats of strength over, followed dancing. On a small platform four Highlanders stood up to dance a reel and the ladies were to be judges of the dancing. There were four of these reels, wonderfully well danced for anybody, but particularly for common laborers, as most of these were. In the second reel, the prize for the best dancing was adjudged to Donald Mackenzie (a beautiful boy of fourteen, the son of Lord B.'s piper), who danced wonderfully and also bids fair to equal his father in playing the pipes. After the reels, followed several Highland flings and sword dances, which were really most wonderful, two swords being crossed on the platform, and the dancer jumps over them, avoiding to touch them with the greatest dexterity. We descended from the stand and went down among the people to see the latter dances, and thus obtained a beautiful view of the whole scene, the bank crowded with people gayly dressed, most of the men in tartans. It was really one of the finest sights I ever saw. We again mounted the hill to our seats, but first went to a tent where sandwiches and different drinks were served, after partaking of which we settled ourselves to see the rest of the games. The next thing was, who could take the longest standing jump, the competitors being all common people, excepting young Isla, the son of Campbell of Isla, who had just arrived, and being famous for his skill in Highland games, tried with the others. He did not win, which we all regretted, but jumped nine feet and some inches, his opponent winning by an inch! The next prize was to

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be given to the best dressed Highlander—that is, of those dressed in domestic manufacture. At the distance at which we were we could not judge of the fabrics, but the gentlemen pronounced them excellent. The ground was now cleared for the race, which was to end the games, and about six men with nothing on but their shirts and kilts started for the trial. The result was uncertain, as two men in the Menzies (Mengiss) tartan were running absolutely neck and neck. At last one was foremost, when just as he reached the goal he stopped and let the other pass him. A murmur ran through the crowd and the people pressed him, saying "Why did you let him pass?" Drawing himself up, the man answered: "He is my brother; you would not have had me beat him?" How few people would have done such a generous action as this poor peasant. The race was three-quarters of a mile, and was run in two minutes and a half.

The games over, we proceeded home, followed by a long string of carriages, containing people who were invited to the luncheon and the ball, which was to take place in the evening. Soon after six we reached the castle, luncheon was announced, and we sat down, one hundred and twenty in the dining-room and about fifty more in the breakfast-room. Lady B. did not come to the table. When the fruit was served, Lord B. proposed the Queen's health, with all the honors, which was enthusiastically drunk, after which the band played the anthem. Lord B. then proposed Prince Albert's health, the band afterward playing the "Coburg March." Papa then rose, and after saying a few words, proposed the health of the noble host and hostess. This was drunk standing, with three times three, and one cheer more, all the Highlanders at the table uttering their peculiar cry, which resembles the war-whoop of our North American Indians. The band played "The Campbells are Coming." Lord B. then rose to return thanks in a short speech and begged leave to propose "the health of Mr. and Mrs. Everett, and the continued friendship between America and England." This was drunk with all the honors, and "Hail Columbia" played. Papa then returned thanks in a beautiful little speech, alluding to Lord B. as a neighbor, his possessions extending to the Atlantic Ocean; this elicited loud cries of "Hear! hear!" There were several other happy allusions in the speech, which was, however, quite short. We all left the table together. Mamma and I were really overwhelmed with congratulations concerning papa's speech. The people by this time felt rather tired, and with one accord retired to rest and dress.

We found ourselves reassembling at about half-past nine in the ball-room, all ready for a dance in good earnest. I danced first with Lord Fielding, a delightful young man, and then waltzed with Lord Breadalbane. After these two dances Mrs. Campbell introduced me to young Isla, who asked me to dance a quadrille. He is, I think, about the handsomest man I ever saw. Rather small, but finely formed, with a head like a Grecian statue, or a Roman coin of some emperor. His expression is cold, proud, and without a smile, but his manners have nothing of this, but are excessively amiable, and there is a shy expression of fun about his mouth when he hears or says a funning or clever thing, which lights up his handsome face exceedingly. His dress, of the Campbell tartan and of beautiful material, set off his fine form to the greatest advantage, and to complete his perfections he was the finest dancer imaginable. Our first salutation was on each side the exclamation "I am sure we have met before," and I soon recalled him to my mind as a gentleman whom I had seen daily in London, dancing the polka, but his kilt had changed him so I did not know him again.

At one there was supper, of which I did not eat much, though Isla took me in and did all that in his power lay to serve me. The reels this evening were even more amusing than those of the night before, inasmuch as the gentlemen were mostly in kilts, and when they danced uttered the peculiar cry before mentioned. As to their feet, it was something marvellous to see them double-shuffle, cut, etc., and their merry faces did one's heart good to look at. I summoned courage to dance one reel, but the looking on amused me so much more that I preferred it to dancing them. In the course of the evening I danced a waltz and a polka with Isla, who dances them as well as he does Highland dances and keeps such good time that it is delightful to dance with him. The evening finished off with a country dance and a Sir Roger de Coverly, two regular romps, which tired us out. Lady

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Breadalbane retired early, being tired with her day's exertions, though she had done comparatively nothing. She seems a sad invalid. She was magnificently dressed, and had a tartan scarf on her left shoulder, fastened with an immense cairngorm and embroidered in gold thistles. I got to bed about half past four, having passed a very exciting and interesting day.

Friday, 6th.

This morning people assembled rather later than usual at breakfast, being tired with their last night's exertions.

After lunch a party was proposed to row up Loch Tay to a place called "the Hermitage of Acharn." Part of the party were to drive the whole way, and part were to walk to the place of embarkation. I was of the walking party, as indeed were most of the ladies. The boat was one of two which was built for the Queen's trip up the loch, and had at one end an awning of tartans over a nice little carpeted square place, with cushioned seats and footstools. There were eight rowers in Breadalbane tartan shirts and caps. The day was rather wet and drizzly, but still the loch, with its superb border of mountains, looked very beautiful. On our reaching the landing-place, we were joined by the driving party and proceeded to climb up a very steep hill to the Hermitage. Arrived at the top, we groped our way through a passage in the rock to the hermit's cave, which was a nice little room, hung round with skins and stuffed beasts. There was a niche in the wall called the hermit's couch, and a few book-shelves, dignified by the name of his library. The window commanded a lovely view of the pretty little fall Acharn, which dashes down over the rocks into a little basin. We were amazingly amused by our *cicerone*, who was a poor half-witted country person, who talked broad Scotch and used the longest and most sentimental words in the English language. The hermit also made his appearance in a suit of bear's skins. We mounted the hill higher, after leaving the Hermitage, and proceeded to visit another fall and basin, called Breadalbane's lunch-bowl. This was a lovely little spot, surrounded by high rocks and very wild. Here Isla gathered some bracken, two bits of which he gave me for my hair. We now proceeded to descend to the boat, and had it been fine we should have had a splendid view of the loch and mountains, but there was a regular Scotch mist, which prevented our seeing anything. We changed about a little going home, but I still kept in the boat. Isla and Sir A. Campbell followed in a small boat, rowing themselves, and we thought it would be good fun to have a race, so we lay to for them to come up to us, and then both boats started at a tremendous pace. It was a very unequal race. Eight stout practised rowers against two oars rowed by young men, particularly as Isla Sr., was in their boat, and weighed fifteen stone, besides another man. We reached the shore first, but they having no ladies to land, sprung out of the boat first, and fairly beat. We walked to the castle, and arrived with our feet wet through, and thoroughly draggled. At dinner, however, everything was renovated, and we were in fine spirits again. Isla took me in to dinner and was very agreeable. I had the fern in my hair, which pleased him. In the course of the dinner, the piper came into the room and played, walking round the table. This was quite deafening, and I was glad when he left. In the evening dancing was again got up, but not with the same spirit as formerly. We all joined, however, in the end, in an Irish jig, which was excessively entertaining. In the course of the evening I had a delicious polka and waltz with Isla, and as we were to leave in the morning early, took quite a sentimental leave of him, presenting him with a carnation, which he was to keep till our next meeting, though I much doubt if that ever takes place. I should really be sorry not to see him again, joking apart.

Again it was three before I got to bed!

Journal, C. B. E.

London, October, 1844.

Tuesday, 15th. The disastrous termination of Louis Philippe's visit to the Queen is too bad. The visit in itself had been a highly successful one. His Majesty arrived at Windsor on Tuesday, 8th; the following day he looked about the castle and park; on Thursday the Queen accompanied him to Twickenham, where he had formerly resided; on Friday he was elected a knight of the Order of the Garter, and in the evening there was a grand banquet at which covers were laid for ninety, and similar banquets took place every evening during his visit, the principal nobility being on a visit

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to her Majesty. On Saturday the King visited Eton, and passed the Sunday quietly at the castle. Yesterday morning it was agreed he should leave Windsor for Portsmouth, to which place the Queen and Prince should accompany him, and after sailing a little while in company proceed to the Isle of Wight, while his Majesty went on to Treport. So far so good. But yesterday morning early it poured; however, after waiting in vain for the rain to cease the royal party started and reached Portsmouth very safely. The weather, however, grew worse, and the naval officers declared it would be impossible for the King to reach Treport, and as it was necessary he should return immediately to France, the only way would be for him to go up to London from Dover, and so across to Boulogne. Of course, this entire change of plan was a work of time, and three hours did the unfortunate royal party wait in a miserable little house at Portsmouth, the troops without, drenching with rain, while a special team went up to London to prepare for the King's arrival. At length, at eight o'clock, he left Portsmouth, and reached London in safety at ten, when lo and behold, the station-house had taken fire and was raging with flames! All, however, preserved their presence of mind and the King was despatched to Dover, where, to crown the whole, the tide did not permit of his sailing till 10 A.M. to-day. Was there ever such a chapter of accidents? But Louis Philippe has seen too much of the real evils of life to care for such trifles, and kept his good-humor through it all. The Queen, too, was not cast down, though she seldom is subjected to inconvenience. Her Majesty slept on board her yacht.

Monday, 25th November, 1844. This morning came the news of Mr. Polk's election to the presidency. This will send us packing pretty soon! I expected Mr. Clay would have been chosen.

There is now serious talk of going to America. Dear me! I don't want to go! How I shall disappoint everybody, for I go home without beauty, without accomplishments, with nothing but a warm heart, and everything is expected of a young lady after a five years' absence. What shall I do? Courage! nous verrons, mais dans tous les cas, je suis déterminée d'être heureuse, et je suis sûre que je réussirai.

Tuesday, 10th. This morning papa had friends to breakfast, viz., Sir Henry Pottinger, Lord Mahon, Sir Charles Vaughan, Mr. Macaulay, Mrs. Dundas, Rives, and ourselves. The conversation was very pleasant, and we were all delighted with Sir Henry Pottinger, who related many interesting things about China and the Chinese.

After lunch Mrs. Murchison called, and while she was here came Lady Davy, that most entertaining of women. She gave us sad news of poor Sydney Smith, who seems to be gradually sinking.

Friday. Papa called on Mr. Sydney Smith, and found that for a week he had kept his bed. I fear he will never recover.

Miss Agnes Berry called. She is over seventy, and her sister, whom Horace Walpole was attached to, is over eighty, and has only begun to grow old the last year.

Saturday, 15th. We dined at Fulham with the Bishop of London. I was not invited, and seated myself for a cosey evening, when lo and behold! a note from mamma to say I was omitted by mistake and they were so distressed, I must come instantly. Judge of my consternation when, on rushing up to dress, I discovered my maid had just gone out. I managed somehow to get a gown on which did very well. They were all glad to see me and the affair ended better than I expected. The cold weather has returned. Sir John Dillon took me in to dinner, and made himself excessively agreeable.

Sunday, 16th. It snowed fast this morning, so we did not walk. Papa read as usual After lunch Mr. Mackintosh and Dr. Buckland called, and chatted for some time.

Papa went out toward dusk and learned that poor Mr. Smith was dead! This is a loss indeed; there is no one to take his place in society. We shall feel his loss particularly, for he has been uniformly attentive and kind to us. I shall never forget the good-nature with which on several occasions he has invited me to sit by him, has entertained me by his inexhaustible fund of wit and anecdote, and encouraged me to join in the conversation. Wherever he went his portly person and good-humored face seemed to put people in good spirits, and since his illness his friends have never met at the little breakfasts and parties he was so fond of, without saying, "Ah, if poor Sydney were only here!" Alas, poor Sydney, it will not be easy to find your equal in truth, information, good sense, inexhaustible wit,

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and a kind heart! His sufferings for the last two months have been extreme, and particularly trying to one of his temperament, so that his death is for him a blessed release.

Mr. Everett was recalled in 1845. These last pages from Miss C. B. Everett's journal show her sentiments on leaving England.

Saturday, August 16th. We did a little packing this morning. We were delighted by the arrival of a parcel from the palace, containing prints of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the royal children, sent by the Queen and Prince to mamma. Papa had written to the Prince concerning his departure and had requested her Majesty's autograph for mamma, but we had not expected so charming a present and so kind a note from the Prince as accompanied it. We dined at Sir R. Peel's to meet the Duchess of Gloucester. Everybody said very kind things about losing us. We afterward went to a party at Lady Palmerston's.

Saturday, 23rd. Packing again this morning. Papa, I forgot to mention, had his farewell audience of her Majesty yesterday, and to-day went to see her prorogue Parliament. Immediately after the ceremony, the Queen left for the Continent. Papa was fortunate enough to meet the royal carriage and got a very gracious bow from her Majesty. I should so have liked to have seen her once more, for she has not in her kingdom a more loyal subject than myself. I fear I never shall see her again.

Lady Chantrey sent me to-day a lovely little cushion worked by herself. How kind of her! The Duke of Wellington sent papa a print of himself from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture. It is an excellent likeness. I left some farewell cards this afternoon. Oh, how tired I am!

Monday. We left our dear Grosvenor Place this morning about nine and proceeded to the Euston Square Station. The parting with the servants was quite affecting, and as we drove on through the parks and streets which we should see no more our eyes filled with tears. We left London at ten, and provided with plenty of books and a large basket of luncheon, we got on very comfortably. Our party filled one carriage, so we were not disturbed. The weather was very fine till we reached Birmingham, when it began to rain, and rained for the rest of the day. We reached Liverpool at half past five and drove to Mrs. Blodget's boarding-house, where we found some Americans staying.

Wednesday, 27th. We left Liverpool at one to-day for Capesthorne, Mr. Davenport's place in Cheshire, where behold us comfortably established. Mr. and Mrs. Rush are of the party.

Wednesday, 3rd September, 1845.

Our last day in Liverpool. We did a little shopping and packed up everything to send on board.

Thursday, 4th September, 1845.

This morning at half past ten we went on board the little boat which brought us off to the *Britannia*. I can not express how unhappy I felt at leaving dear England. I am not going home, I am quitting it forever, I fear. Many of our friends saw us on board the steamer. The saying good-by is awful.

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A YELLOW MAN AND A WHITE

By Eleanor Gates

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

FONG WU sat on the porch of his little square-fronted house, chanting into the twilight. Across his padded blouse of purple silk lay his *sam-yen* banjo. And as, from time to time, his hymn to the Three Pure Ones was prolonged in high, fine quavers, like the uneven, squeaky notes of a woman's voice, he ran his left hand up the slender neck of the instrument, rested a long nail of his right on its taut, snake's-skin head, and lightly touched the strings; then, in quick, thin tones, they followed the song to Sang-Ching.

The warm shadows of a California summer night were settling down over the wooded hills and rocky gulches about Fong Wu's, and there was little but his music to break the silence. Long since, the chickens had sleepily sought perches in the hen yard, with its high wall of rooty stumps and shakes, and on the branches of the Digger pine that towered beside it. Up the dry creek bed, a mile away, twinkled the lights of Whiskeytown; but no sounds from the homes of the white people came down to the lonely Chinese. If his clear treble was interrupted, it was by the cracking of a dry branch as a cottontail sped past on its way to a stagnant pool, or it was by a dark-emboldened coyote, howling, dog-like, at the moon which, white as the snow that eternally coifs the Sierras, was just rising above their distant, cobalt line.

One year before, Fong Wu, heavily laden with his effects, had slipped out of the stage from Redding and found his way to a forsaken, ramshackle building below Whiskeytown. His coming had proved of small interest. When the news finally got about that "a monkey" was living in "Sam Kennedy's old place," it was thought, for a while, that laundrying, thereafter, would be cheaply done. This hope, however, was soon dispelled. For, shortly after his arrival, as Fong Wu asked at the grocery store for mail, he met Radigan's inquiry of "You do my washee, John?" with a grave shake of the head. Similar questions from others were met, later, in a similar way. Soon it became generally known that the "monkey at Sam Kennedy's" did not do washing; so he was troubled no further.

Yet if Fong Wu did not work for the people of Whiskeytown, he was not, therefore, idle. Many a sunrise found him wandering through the chaparral thickets back of his house, digging here and there in the red soil for roots and herbs. These he took home, washed, tasted, and, perhaps, dried. His mornings were mainly spent in cooking for his abundantly supplied table, in tending his fowls and house, and in making spotless and ironing smooth various undergarments—generous of sleeve and leg.

But of an afternoon, all petty duties were laid aside, and he sorted carefully into place upon his shelves numerous little bunches and boxes of dried herbs and numerous tiny phials of pungent liquid that had come to him by post; he filled wide sheets of foolscap with vertical lines of queer characters and consigned them to big, plainly addressed, well-stamped envelopes: he scanned closely the last newspapers from San Francisco, and read from volumes in divers tongues; and he pored over the treasured Taoist book, "The Road to Virtue."

Sunday was his one break in the week's routine. Then, the coolies who panned or cradled for gold in the tailings of near-by abandoned mines, gathered at Fong Wu's. On such occasions, there was endless, lively chatter, a steady exchange of barbering—one man scraping another clean, to be, in turn, made hairless in a broad band about the poll and on cheek and chin—and much consuming of tasty chicken, dried fish, pork, rice, and melon seeds. To supplement all this, Fong Wu recounted the news: the arrival of a consul in San Francisco, the raid on a slave- or gambling-den, the progress of a tong war under the very noses

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of the baffled police, and the growth of Coast feeling against the continued, quiet immigration of Chinese. But of the social or political affairs of the Flowery Kingdom —of his own land beyond the sea, Fong Wu was consistently silent.

Added to his Sunday responsibilities as host and purveyor of news, Fong Wu had others. An ailing countryman, whether seized with malaria or suffering from an injury, found ready and efficient attention. The bark of dogwood, properly cooked, gave a liquid that killed the ague; and oil from a diminutive bottle, or a red powder whetted upon the skin with a silver piece, brought out the soreness of a bruise.

Thus, keeping his house, herb-hunting, writing, studying, entertaining, doctoring, Fong Wu lived on at Whiskeytown.

Each evening, daintily manipulating ivory chop-sticks, he ate his supper of rice out of a dragon-bordered bowl. Then, when he had poured tea from a pot, all gold-encrusted—a cluster of blossoms nodding in a vase at his shoulder, the while—he went out upon the porch of the square-fronted house.

And there, as now, a scarlet-buttoned cap on his head, his black eyes soft with dreaming, his richly wrought sandals tapping the floor in time, his long queue—a smooth, shining serpent—in thick coils about his tawny neck, Fong Wu thrummed gently upon the three-stringed banjo, and, in peace, chanted into the twilight.

. . . . . .

Flying hoofs scattered the gravel on the strip of road before Fong Wu's. He looked through the gloom and saw a horse flash past, carrying a skirted rider toward Whiskeytown. His song died out. He let his banjo slip down until its round head rested between his feet. Then, he turned his face up the gulch.

Despite the dusk, he knew the traveller: Mrs. Anthony Barrett, who, with her husband, had recently come to live in a house near Stillwater. Every evening, when the heat was over, she went by, bound for the day's mail at the post-office. Every evening, in the cool, Fong Wu saw her go, and sometimes she gave him a friendly nod.

Her mount was a spirited, mouse-dun mustang, with crop-ears, a roached mane, and the back markings of a mule. She always rode at a run, sitting with easy erectness. A wide army hat rested snugly on her fair hair, and shaded a white forehead and level-looking eyes. But notwithstanding the sheltering brim, on her girlish face were set the glowing, scarlet seals of wind and sun.

As he peered townward after her, Fong Wu heard the hurrying hoof beats grow gradually fainter and fainter—and cease. Presently the moon topped the pines on the foot-hills behind him, bathing the gulch in light. The road down which she would come sprang into view. He watched its farthest open point. In a few moments the hoof beats began again. Soon the glint of a light waist showed through the trees. Next, horse and rider rounded a curve at hand. Fong Wu leaned far forward.

And then, just as the mustang gained the strip of road before the square-fronted house, it gave a sudden, unlooked-for, outward leap, reared with a wild snort, and, whirling, dashed past the porch—riderless.

With an exclamation, Fong Wu flung his banjo aside and ran to the road. There under a manzanita bush, huddled and still, lay a figure. He caught it up, bore it to the porch, and put it gently down.

A brief examination, made with the deftness practice gives, showed him that no bones were broken. Squatting beside the unconscious woman, he next played slowly with his long-nailed fingers upon her pulse. Its beat reassured him. He lighted a lamp and held it above her. The scarlet of her cheeks was returning.

The sight of her, who was so strong and active, stretched weak and fainting, compelled Fong Wu into spoken comment. "The petal of a plum blossom," he said compassionately, in his own tongue.

She stirred a little. He moved back. As, reviving, she opened her eyes, they fell upon him. But he was half turned away, his face as blank and lifeless as a mask.

She gave a startled cry and sat up. "Me hurtee?" she asked him, adopting pidgeon-English. "Me fallee off?"

Fong Wu rose. "You were thrown," he answered gravely.

She colored in confusion. "Pardon me," she said, "for speaking to you as if you were a coolie." Then, as she got feebly to her feet—"I believe my right arm is broken."

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Fong Wu's black eyes were still fixed searchingly upon the white man.—Page 730.

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"I have some knowledge of healing," he declared: "let me look at it." Before she could answer, he had ripped the sleeve away. "It is only a sprain," he said. "Wait." He went inside for an amber liquid and bandages. When he had laved the injured muscles, he bound them round.

"How did it happen?" she asked, as he worked. He was so courteous and professional that her alarm was gone.

"Your horse was frightened by a rattler in the road. I heard it whir."

She shuddered. "I ought to be thankful that I didn't come my cropper on it," she said, laughing nervously.

He went inside again, this time to prepare a cupful of herbs. When he offered her the draught, she screwed up her face over its nauseating fumes.

"If that acts as strongly as it tastes," she said, after she had drunk it, "I'll be well soon."

"It is to keep away inflammation."

"Oh! Can I go now?"

"Yes. But to-morrow return, and I will look at the arm." He took the lamp away and replaced his red-buttoned cap with a black felt hat. Then he silently preceded her down the steps to the road. Only when the light of her home shone plainly ahead of them, did he leave her.

They had not spoken on the way. But as he bowed a good-night, she addressed him. "I thank you," she said. "And may I ask your name?"

"Kwa"—he began, and stopped. Emotion for an instant softened his impassive countenance. He turned away. "Fong Wu," he added, and was gone.

The following afternoon the crunch of cart wheels before the square-fronted house announced her coming. Fong Wu closed "The Book of Virtue," and stepped out upon the porch.

A white man was seated beside her in the vehicle. As she sprang from it, light-footed and smiling, and mounted the steps, she indicated him politely to the Chinese.

"This is my husband," she said. "I have told him how kind you were to me last night."

Fong Wu nodded.

Barrett hastened to voice his gratitude. "I certainly am very much obliged to you," he said. "My wife might have been bitten by the rattler, or she might have lain all night in pain if you hadn't found her. And I want to say that your treatment was splendid. Why, her arm hasn't swollen or hurt her. I'll be hanged if I can see—you're such a good doctor—why you stay in this——"

Fong Wu interrupted him. "I will wet the bandage with medicine," he said, and entered the house.

They watched him with some curiosity as he treated the sprain and studied the pulse. When he brought out her second cup of steaming herbs, Mrs. Barrett looked up at him brightly.

"You know we're up here for Mr. Barrett's health," she said. "A year or so after we were married, he was hurt in a railway collision. Since then, though his wounds healed nicely, he has never been quite well. Dr. Lord, our family physician, prescribed plenty of rough work, and a quiet place, far from the excitement of a town or city. Now, all this morning, when I realized how wonderful it was that my arm wasn't aching, I've been urging my husband—what do you suppose?—to come and be examined by you!"

Fong Wu, for the first time, looked fully at the white man, marking the sallow, clayey face, with its dry, lined skin, its lustreless eyes and drooping lids.

Barrett scowled at his wife. "Nonsense, dear," he said crossly; "you know very well that Lord would never forgive me."

"But Fong Wu might help you, Anthony," she declared.

Fong Wu's black eyes were still fixed searchingly upon the white man. Before their scrutiny, soul-deep, the other's faltered and fell.

"You might help him, mightn't you, Fong Wu?" Mrs. Barrett repeated.

An expression, curious, keen, and full of meaning, was the answer. Then, "I might if he——" Fong Wu said, and paused.

Past Mrs. Barrett, whose back was toward her husband, the latter had shot a warning glance. "Come, come, Edith," he cried irritably, "let's get home."

Mrs. Barrett emptied her cup bravely. "When shall we call again?" she asked.

"You need not come again," Fong Wu replied. "Each day you have only to dampen the bandages from these." He handed her a green-flowered box containing twelve tiny compartments; in each was a phial.

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"And I sha'n't have to take any more of this—this awful stuff?" she demanded gaily, giving back the cup.

"No."

"Ah! And now, I want to thank you again, with all my heart. Here—" she reached into the pocket of her walking-skirt—"here is something for your trouble." Two double-eagles lay on her open palm.

Then she went by one morning before sunrise, riding like the wind. A little later she repassed, whipping her horse at every gallop. Fong Wu, called to his door by the clatter, saw that her face was white and drawn. At noon, going up to the post-office, he heard a bit of gossip that seemed to bear upon her unwonted trip. Radigan was rehearsing it excitedly to his wife, and

"Give it to me, for God's sake! give it to me."—Page 732.

Fong Wu frowned at them. "I take no money," he said, a trifle gruffly. And as she got into the cart, he closed the door of his home behind him.

It was a week before Mrs. Barrett again took up her rides for the mail. When she did, Fong Wu did not fail to be on his porch as she passed. For each evening, as she cantered up the road, spurring the mustang to its best paces, she reined to speak to him. And he met her greetings with unaccustomed good humor.

the Chinese busied himself with his mail and listened—apparently unconcerned.

"I c'n tell you she ain't afraid of anythin', that Mrs. Barrett," the post-master was saying; "neither th' cayuse she rides or a critter on two legs. An' that fancy little drug-clerk from 'Frisco got it straight from th' shoulder."

"S-s-sh!" admonished his wife, from the back of the office. "Isn't there someone outside?"

"Naw, just th' chink from Kennedy's.

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Well, as I remarked, she did jus' light into that dude. 'It was criminal!' she says, an' her eyes snapped like a whip; 'it was criminal! an' if I find out for sure that you are guilty, I'll put you where you'll never do it again.' Th' young gent smirked at her an' squirmed like a worm. 'You're wrong, Mrs. Barrett,' he says, lookin' like th' meek puppy he is, 'an' you'll have t' look some place else for th' person that done it.' But she wouldn't talk no longer —jus' walked out, as mad as a hornet."

"Well, well," mused Mrs. Radigan. "I wonder what 'twas all about. 'Criminal,' she said, eh? That's funny!" She walked to the front of the office and peeked through the wicket. But no one was loitering near except Fong Wu, and his face was the picture of dull indifference.

That night, long after the hour for Mrs. Barrett's regular trip, and long past the time for his supper-song, Fong Wu heard slow, shuffling steps approach the house. A moment afterward, the knob of his door was rattled. He put out his light and slipped a knife into his loose sleeve.

After some fumbling and moving about on the porch, a man called out to him. He recognized the voice.

"Fong Wu! Fong Wu!" it begged. "Let me in. I want to see you; I want to ask you for help—for something I need. Let me in; let me in."

Fong Wu, without answering, relit his lamp, and, with the air of one who is at the same time both relieved and a witness of the expected, flung the door wide.

Then into the room, writhing as if in fearful agony, his hands palsied, his face a-drip and, except for dark blotches about the mouth, green-hued, his eyes wild and sunken, fell, rather than tottered, Anthony Barrett.

"Fong Wu," he pleaded, from the floor at the other's feet, "you helped my wife, when she was sick, now help me. I'm dying! I'm dying! Give it to me, for God's sake! give it to me." He caught at the skirt of Fong Wu's blouse.

The Chinese retreated a little, scowling. "What do you want?" he asked.

A paroxysm of pain seized Barrett. He half rose and stumbled forward. "You know," he panted, "you know. And if I don't have some, I'll die. I can't get it anywhere else. She's found me out, and scared the drug-clerk. Oh, just a little, old man, just a little!" He sank to the floor again.

"I can give you nothing," said Fong Wu bluntly. "I do not keep—what you want."

With a curse, Barrett was up again. "Oh, you don't," he screamed, leering frenziedly. "You yellow devil! You almond-eyed pigtail! But I know you do! And I must have it. Quick! quick!" He hung, clutching, on the edge of Fong Wu's wide ironing-table, an ashen wreck.

Fong Wu shook his head.

With a cry, Barrett came at him and seized his lean throat. "You damned high-binder!" he gasped. "You saddle-nosed monkey! You'll get me what I want or I'll give you away. Don't I know why you're up here in these woods, with your pretty clothes and your English talk? A-*ha!* You bet I do! You're hiding, and your wanted" —he dropped his voice to a whisper—"the tongs would pay head-money for you. If you don't give it to me, I'll put every fiend in 'Frisco on your trail."

Fong Wu had caught Barrett's wrists. Now he cast him to one side. "Tongs!" he said with a shrug, as if they were beneath his notice. And "Fiends!" he repeated contemptuously, a taunt in his voice.

The white man had fallen prone and was grovelling weakly. "Oh, I won't tell on you," he wailed imploringly. "I won't, I won't, Fong Wu; I swear it on my honor."

Fong Wu grunted and reached to a handy shelf. "I will make a bargain with you," he said craftily; "first, you are to drink what I wish."

"Anything! anything!" Barrett cried.

From a box of dry herbs, long untouched, the Chinese drew out a handful. There was no time for brewing. Outraged nature demanded instant relief. He dropped them into a bowl, covered them with water, and stirred swiftly. When the stems and leaves were broken up and well mixed, he strained a brown liquid from them and put it to the other's lips.

"Drink," he commanded, steadying the shaking head.

Barrett drank, unquestioning.

Instantly the potion worked. Calmed as if by a miracle, made drowsy to a point where speech was impossible, the white man, tortured but a moment before, tipped sleepily into Fong Wu's arms. The Chinese

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"You *dog* of a Chinaman!" she said at last —Page 734.

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waited until a full effect was secured, when he lifted his limp patient to the blanket-covered ironing-table. Then he went out for fuel, built a fire, and, humming softly—with no fear of waking the other—sat down to watch the steeping of more herbs.

. . . . . .

What happened next at the square-fronted house was the unexpected. Again there was a sound of approaching footsteps, again someone gained the porch. But this time there was no pausing to ask for admission, there were no weak requests for aid. A swift hand felt for the knob and found it; a strong arm pushed at the unlocked door. And through it, bareheaded, with burning eyes and blanched cheeks, her heavy riding-whip dangling by a thong from her wrist, came the wife of Anthony Barrett.

Just across the sill she halted and swept the dim room. A moment, and the burning eyes fell upon the freighted ironing-table. She gave a piercing cry.

Fong Wu neither spoke nor moved.

After the first outburst, she was quiet—the quiet that is deliberative, threatening. Then she slowly closed her fingers about the whip butt. Fixing her gaze in passionate anger upon him, she advanced a few steps.

"*So it was you*," she said, and her voice was hollow.

To that he made no sign, and even his colorless face told nothing.

She came forward a little farther, and sucked in a long, deep breath. "You *dog* of a Chinaman!" she said at last, and struck her riding-skirt.

Fong Wu answered silently. With an imperative gesture, he pointed out the figure on the ironing-table.

She sprang to her husband's side and bent over him. Presently she began to murmur to herself. When, finally, she turned, there were tears on her lashes, she was trembling visibly, and she spoke in whispers.

"Was I wrong?" she demanded brokenly. "I *must* have been. He's not had it; I can tell by his quick, easy breathing. And his ear has a faint color. You are trying to help him! I know! I know!"

A gleaming white line showed between the yellow of Fong Wu's lips. He picked up a rude stool and set it by the table. She sank weakly upon it, letting the whip fall.

"Thank God! thank God!" she sobbed prayerfully, and buried her face in her arms.

Throughout the long hours that followed, Fong Wu, from the room's shadowy rear, sat watching. He knew sleep did not come to her. For now and then he saw her shake from head to heel convulsively, as he had seen men in his own country quiver beneath the scourge of bamboos. Now and then, too, he heard her give a stifled moan, like the protest of a dumb creature. But in no other ways did she bare her suffering. Quietly, lest she wake her husband, she fought out the night.

Only once did Fong Wu look away from her. Then, in anger and disgust his eyes shifted to the figure on the table. "The petal of a plum blossom"—he muttered in Chinese—"the petal of a plum blossom beneath the hoofs of a pig!" And again his eyes dwelt upon the grief-bowed wife.

But when the dawn came stealing up from behind the purple Sierras, and Mrs. Barrett raised her wan face, he was studiously reviewing his rows of bottles, outwardly unaware of her presence.

"Fong Wu," she said, in a low voice, "when will he wake?"

"When he is rested; at sunrise, maybe, or at noon."

"And then?"

"He will be feeble. I shall give him more medicine, and he will sleep again."

He rose and busied himself at the fire. Soon he approached her, bringing the gold-incrusted teapot and a small, handleless cup.

She drank thirstily, filling and emptying the cup many times. When she was done, she made as if to go. "I shall see that everything is all right at home," she told him. "After that, I shall come back." She stooped and kissed her husband tenderly.

Fong Wu opened the door for her, and she passed out. In the road, unhitched, but waiting, stood the mustang. She mounted and rode away.

When she returned, not long afterward, she was a new woman. She had bathed her face and donned a fresh waist. Her eyes were alight, and the scarlet was again flaming in her cheeks. Almost cheerfully, and altogether hopefully, she resumed her post at the ironing-table.

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Taking the horse by the bridle, she moved away down the slope to the road.—Page 737.

It was late in the afternoon before Barrett woke. But he made no attempt to get up, and would not eat. Fong Wu administered another dose of herbs, and without heeding his patient's expostulations. The latter, after seeking his wife's hand, once more sank into sleep.

Just before sunset, Fong Wu, who scorned to rest, prepared supper. Gratefully Mrs. Barrett partook of some tender chicken and rice cakes. When darkness shut down, they took up their second long vigil.

But it was not the vigil of the previous night. She was able to think of other things than her husband's condition and the doom that, of a sudden, had menaced her happiness. Her spirits having risen, she was correspondingly impatient of a protracted, oppressive stillness, and looked about for an interruption, and for diversion. Across from her, a Celestial patrician in his blouse of purple silk and his red-buttoned cap, sat Fong Wu. Consumed with curiosity—now that she had time to observe him closely—she longed to lift the yellow, expressionless mask from his face—a face which might have patterned that of an Oriental sphinx. At midnight, when he approached the table to satisfy himself of Barrett's progress, and to assure her of it, she essayed a conversation.

Glancing up at his laden shelves, she said, "I have been noticing your medicines, and how many kinds there seem to be."

"For each ailment that is visited upon man, earth offers a cure," he answered. "Life would be a mock could Death, unchallenged, take it."

"True. Have you found in the earth, then, the cure for each ailment of man?"

"For most, yes. They seek yet, where I learned the art of healing, an antidote for the cobra's bite. I know of no other they lack."

"Where you were taught they must know more than we of this country know."

Fong Wu gave his shoulders a characteristic shrug.

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"But," she continued, "you speak English so perfectly. Perhaps you were taught that in this country."

"No—in England. But the other, I was not."

"In England! Well!"

"I went there as a young man."

"But these herbs, these medicines you have—they did not come from England, did they?"

He smiled. "Some came from the hills at our back." Then, crossing to his shelves and reaching up, "This"—he touched a silk-covered package—"is from Sumbawa in the Indian Sea; and this"—his finger was upon the cork of a phial—"is from Feng-shan, Formosa; and other roots are taken in winter from the lake of Ting-ting-hu, which is then dry; and still others come from the far mountains of Chamur."

"Do you know," Mrs. Barrett said tentatively, "I have always heard that Chinese doctors give horrid things for medicine—sharks' teeth, frogs' feet, lizards' tails, and—and all sorts of dreadful things."

Fong Wu proffered no enlightenment.

"I am glad," she went on, "that I have learned better."

After a while she began again: "Doubtless there is other wonderful knowledge, besides that about doctoring, which Chinese gentlemen possess."

Fong Wu gave her a swift glance. "The followers of Laou-Tsze know many things," he replied, and moved into the shadows as if to close their talk.

Toward morning, when he again gave her some tea, she spoke of something that she had been turning over in her mind for hours.

"You would not take money for helping me when I was hurt," she said, "and I presume you will refuse to take it for what you are doing now. But I should like you to know that Mr. Barrett and I will always, always be your friends. If"—she looked across at him, no more a part of his rude surroundings than was she—"if ever there comes a time when we could be of use to you, you have only to tell us. Please remember that."

"I will remember."

"I cannot help but feel," she went on, and with a sincere desire to prove her gratitude, rather than to pry out any secret of his, "that you do not belong here—that you are in more trouble than I am. For what can a man of your rank have to do in a little town like this!"

He was not displeased with her. "The ancient sage," he said slowly, "mounted himself upon a black ox and disappeared into the western wilderness of Thibet. Doubtless others, too, seek seclusion for much thinking."

"But you are not the hermit kind," she declared boldly. "You belong to those who stay and fight. Yet here you are, separated from your people and your peoples' graves—alone and sorrowful."

"As for my living people, they are best without me; as for my people dead, I neither worship their dust nor propitiate devils. The wise one said: 'Why talk forever on of men who are long gone?' "

"Yet——" she persisted.

He left the stove and came near her. "You are a woman, but you know much. You are right. My heart is heavy for a thing I cannot do—for the shattered dreams of the men of Hukwang." He beat his palms together noiselessly, and moved to and fro on soft sandals. "Those dreams were of a young China that was to take the place of the old—but that died unborn."

She followed his words with growing interest. "I have heard of those dreams," she answered; "they were called 'reform.' "

"Yes. And now all the dreamers are gone. They had voyaged to glean at Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and in the halls of Oxford. There were 'five loyal and six learned,' and they shed their blood at the Chen Chih Gate. One there was who died the death that is meted a slave at the court of the Son of Heaven. And one there was"—his face shrank up, as if swiftly aging; his eyes became dark, upturning slits; as one who fears pursuit he cast a look behind him—"and one there was who escaped beyond the blood-bathed walls of the Hidden City and gained the Sumatra Coast. Then, leaving Perak, in the Straits Settlements, he finally set foot upon a shore where men, without terror, may reach toward higher things."

"And was he followed?" she whispered, comprehending.

"He fled quietly, quietly. For long are the claws of the she-panther that is crouched on the throne of the Mings."

Both fell silent. The Chinese went back

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to the stove, where the fire was dying. The white woman, wide awake, and lost in the myriad of scenes his tale had conjured, sat by the table, for once almost forgetful of her charge.

The dragging hours of darkness past, Anthony Barrett found sane consciousness. He was pale, yet strengthened by his long sleep, and he was hungry. Relieved and overjoyed, Mrs. Barrett ministered to him. When he had eaten and drunk, she helped him from the table to the stool, and thence to his feet. Her arm about him, she led him to the door. Fong Wu had felt his pulse and it had ticked back the desired message, so he was going home.

"Each night you are to come," Fong Wu said, as he bade them good-by. "And soon, very soon, you may go from here to the place from which you came."

Mrs. Barrett turned at the door. A plea for pardon in misjudging him, thankfulness for his help, sympathy for his exile—all these shone from her eyes. But words failed her. She held out her hand.

He seemed not to see it; he kept his arms at his sides. A "dog of a Chinaman" had best not take a woman's hand.

She went out, guiding her husband's footsteps, and helped him climb upon the mustang from the height of the narrow porch. Then, taking the horse by the bridle, she moved away down the slope to the road.

Fong Wu did not follow, but closed the door gently and went back to the ironing table. A handkerchief lay beside it—a dainty linen square that she had left. He picked it up and held it before him by two corners. From it there wafted a faint, sweet breath.

Fong Wu let it flutter to the floor. "The perfume of a plum petal," he said softly, in English; "the perfume of a plum petal."

A COMMENT

By Frank Preston Smart

DEAD! Why, the word seems strange
And, somehow, out of place.
I cannot conceive such a change
In that eager, empty face.

I remember him at school.
Futilely plodding—no drone,
Yet scarce one remove from a fool.
And, now—but to think!—*he* has known

The utter terror's grip—
What it is (the thought bites like a knife)
To feel the fingers slip
On the last smooth ledge of life.

To clutch at the breath as it goes,
To see the light shrink to a spark,
Then flicker and fail—and he knows
What happens out there in the dark.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I—(Continued)

XIV

GERTY FARISH, the morning after the Wellington Brys' entertainment, woke from dreams as happy as Lily's. If they were less vivid in hue, more subdued to the half-tints of her personality and her experience, they were for that very reason better suited to her mental vision. Such flashes of joy as Lily moved in would have blinded Miss Farish, who was accustomed, in the way of happiness, to such scant light as shone through the cracks of other people's lives.

Now she was the centre of a little illumination of her own: a mild but unmistakeable beam, compounded of Lawrence Selden's growing kindness to herself and the discovery that he extended his liking to Lily Bart. If these two factors seem incompatible to the student of feminine psychology, it must be remembered that Gerty had always been a parasite in the moral order, living on the crumbs of other tables, and content to look through the window at the banquet spread for her friends. Now that she was enjoying a little private feast of her own, it would have seemed incredibly selfish not to lay a plate for a friend; and there was no one with whom she would rather have shared her enjoyment than Miss Bart.

As to the nature of Selden's growing kindness, Gerty would no more have dared to define it than she would have tried to learn a butterfly's colours by knocking the dust from its wings. To seize on the wonder would be to brush off its bloom, and perhaps see it fade and stiffen in her hand: better the sense of beauty palpitating out of reach, while she held her breath and watched where it would alight. Yet Selden's manner at the Brys' had brought the flutter of wings so close that they seemed to be beating in her own heart. She had never seen him so alert, so responsive, so attentive to what she had to say. His habitual manner had an absent-minded kindliness which she accepted, and was grateful for, as the liveliest sentiment her presence was likely to inspire; but she was quick to feel in him a change implying that for once she could give pleasure as well as receive it.

And it was so delightful that this higher degree of sympathy should be reached through their interest in Lily Bart! Gerty's affection for her friend—a sentiment that had learned to keep itself alive on the scantiest diet—had grown to active adoration since Lily's restless curiosity had drawn her into the circle of Miss Farish's work. Lily's taste of beneficence had wakened in her a momentary appetite for well-doing. Her visit to the Girls' Club had first brought her in contact with the dramatic contrasts of life. She had always accepted with philosophic calm the fact that such existences as hers were pedestalled on foundations of obscure humanity. The dreary limbo of dinginess lay all around and beneath that little illuminated circle in which life reached its finest efflorescence, as the mud and sleet of a winter night enclose a hot-house filled with tropical flowers. All this was in the natural order of things, and the orchid basking in its artificially created atmosphere could round the delicate curves of its petals undisturbed by the ice on the panes.

But it is one thing to live comfortably with the abstract conception of poverty, another to be brought in contact with its human embodiments. Lily had never conceived of these victims of fate otherwise than in the mass. That the mass was composed of individual lives, innumerable separate centres of sensation, with her own eager reachings for pleasure, her own fierce re-

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vulsions from pain—that some of these bundles of feeling were clothed in shapes not so unlike her own, with eyes meant to look on gladness, and young lips shaped for love—this discovery gave Lily one of those sudden shocks of pity that sometimes decentralize a life. Lily's nature was incapable of such renewal: she could feel other demands only through her own, and no pain was long vivid which did not press on an answering nerve. But for the moment she was drawn out of herself by the interest of her direct relation with a world so unlike her own. She had supplemented her first gift by personal assistance to one or two of Miss Farish's most appealing subjects, and the admiration and interest her presence excited among the tired workers at the club ministered in a new form to her insatiable desire to please.

Gerty Farish was not a close enough reader of character to disentangle the mixed threads of which Lily's philanthropy was woven. She supposed her beautiful friend to be actuated by the same motive as herself —that sharpening of the moral vision which makes all human suffering so near and insistent that the other aspects of life fade into remoteness. Gerty lived by such simple formulas that she did not hesitate to class her friend's state with the emotional "change of heart" to which her dealings with the poor had accustomed her; and she rejoiced in the thought that she had been the humble instrument of this renewal. Now she had an answer to all criticisms of Lily's conduct: as she had said, she knew "the real Lily," and the discovery that Selden shared her knowledge raised her placid acceptance of life to a dazzled sense of its possibilities—a sense farther enlarged, in the course of the afternoon, by the receipt of a telegram from Selden asking if he might dine with her that evening.

While Gerty was lost in the happy bustle which this announcement produced in her small household, Selden was at one with her in thinking with intensity of Lily Bart. The case which had called him to Albany was not complicated enough to absorb all his attention, and he had the professional faculty of keeping a part of his mind free when its services were not needed. This part—which at the moment seemed dangerously like the whole—was filled to the brim with the sensations of the previous evening. Selden understood the symptoms: he recognized the fact that he was paying up, as there had always been a chance of his having to pay up, for the voluntary exclusions of his past. He had meant to keep free from permanent ties, not from any poverty of feeling, but because, in a different way, he was, as much as Lily, the victim of his environment. There had been a germ of truth in his declaration to Gerty Farish that he had never wanted to marry a "nice" girl: the adjective connoting, in his cousin's vocabulary, certain utilitarian qualities which are apt to preclude the luxury of charm. Now it had been Selden's fate to have a charming mother: her graceful portrait, all smiles and Cashmere, still emitted a faded scent of the undefinable quality. His father was the kind of man who delights in a charming woman: who quotes her, stimulates her, and keeps her perennially charming. Neither one of the couple cared for money, but their disdain of it took the form of always spending a little more than was prudent. If their house was shabby, it was exquisitely kept; if there were good books on the shelves there were also good dishes on the table. Selden senior had an eye for a picture, his wife an understanding of old lace; and both were so conscious of restraint and discrimination in buying that they never quite knew how it was that the bills mounted up.

Though many of Selden's friends would have called his parents poor, he had grown up in an atmosphere where restricted means were felt only as a check on aimless profusion: where the few possessions were so good that their rarity gave them a merited relief, and abstinence was combined with elegance in a way exemplified by Mrs. Selden's knack of wearing her old velvet as if it were new. A man has the advantage of being delivered early from the home point of view, and before Selden left college he had learned that there are as many different ways of going without money as of spending it. Unfortunately, he found no way as agreeable as that practised at home; and his views of womankind in especial were tinged by the remembrance of the one woman who had given him his sense of "values." It was from her that he inherited his detachment from the sumptuary side of life: the stoic's carelessness of material things, combined with the Epicurean's pleasure in them. Life shorn of either feeling appeared to him a

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diminished thing; and nowhere was the blending of the two ingredients so essential as in the character of a pretty woman.

It had always seemed to Selden that experience offered a great deal besides the sentimental adventure, yet he could vividly conceive of a love which should broaden and deepen till it became the central fact of life. What he could not accept, in his own case, was the makeshift alternative of a relation that should be less than this: that should leave some portions of his nature unsatisfied, while it put an undue strain on others. He would not, in other words, yield to the growth of an affection which might appeal to pity yet leave the understanding untouched: sympathy should no more delude him than a trick of the eyes, the grace of helplessness than a curve of the cheek.

But now—that little *but* passed like a sponge over all his vows. His reasoned-out resistances seemed for the moment so much less important than the question as to when Lily would receive his note! He yielded himself to the charm of trivial preoccupations, wondering at what hour her reply would be sent, with what words it would begin. As to its import he had no doubt—he was as sure of her surrender as of his own. And so he had leisure to muse on all its exquisite details, as a hard worker, on a holiday morning, might lie still and watch the beam of light travel gradually across his room. But if the new light dazzled, it did not blind him. He could still discern the outline of facts, though his own relation to them had changed. He was no less conscious than before of what was said of Lily Bart, but he could separate the woman he knew from the vulgar estimate of her. His mind turned to Gerty Farish's words, and the wisdom of the world seemed a groping thing beside the insight of innocence. *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*—even the hidden god in their neighbour's breast! Selden was in the state of impassioned self-absorption that the first surrender to love produces. His craving was for the companionship of one whose point of view should justify his own, who should confirm, by deliberate observation, the truth to which his intuitions had leaped. He could not wait for the midday recess, but seized a moment's leisure in court to scribble his telegram to Gerty Farish.

Reaching town, he was driven direct to his club, where he hoped a note from Miss Bart might await him. But his box contained only a line of rapturous assent from Gerty, and he was turning away disappointed when he was hailed by a voice from the smoking room.

"Hallo, Lawrence! Dining here? Take a bite with me—I've ordered a canvas-back."

He discovered Trenor, in his day clothes, sitting, with a tall glass at his elbow, behind the folds of a sporting journal.

Selden thanked him, but pleaded an engagement.

"Hang it, I believe every man in town has an engagement tonight. I shall have the club to myself. You know how I'm living this winter, rattling round in that empty house. My wife meant to come to town today, but she's put it off again, and how is a fellow to dine alone in a room with the looking-glasses covered, and nothing but a bottle of Harvey sauce on the side-board? I say, Lawrence, chuck your engagement and take pity on me—it gives me the blue devils to dine alone, and there's nobody but that canting ass Wetherall in the club."

"Sorry, Gus—I can't do it."

As Selden turned away, he noticed the dark flush on Trenor's face, the unpleasant moisture of his intensely white forehead, the way his jewelled rings were wedged in the creases of his fat red fingers. Certainly the beast was predominating—the beast at the bottom of the glass. And he had heard this man's name coupled with Lily's! Bah—the thought sickened him; all the way back to his rooms he was haunted by the sight of Trenor's fat creased hands——

On his table lay the note: Lily had sent it to his rooms. He knew what was in it before he broke the seal—a grey seal with *Beyond!* beneath a flying ship. Ah, he would take her beyond—beyond the ugliness, the pettiness, the attrition and corrosion of the soul——

Gerty's little sitting-room sparkled with welcome when Selden entered it. Its modest "effects," compact of enamel paint and ingenuity, spoke to him in the language just then sweetest to his ear. It is surprising how little narrow walls and a low ceiling matter, when the roof of the soul has suddenly been raised. Gerty sparkled too; or at least shone with a tempered radiance.

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He had never before noticed that she had "points"—really, some good fellow might do worse . . . Over the little dinner (and here, again, the effects were wonderful) he told her she ought to marry—he was in a mood to pair off the whole world. She had made the caramel custard with her own hands? It was sinful to keep such gifts to herself. He reflected with a throb of pride that Lily could trim her own hats—she had told him so the day of their walk at Bellomont.

He did not speak of Lily till after dinner. During the little repast he kept the talk on his hostess, who, fluttered at being the centre of observation, shone as rosy as the candle-shades she had manufactured for the occasion. Selden evinced an extraordinary interest in her household arrangements: complimented her on the ingenuity with which she had utilized every inch of her small quarters, asked how her servant managed about afternoons out, learned that one may improvise delicious dinners in a chafing-dish, and uttered thoughtful generalizations on the burden of a large establishment.

When they were in the sitting-room again, where they fitted as snugly as bits in a puzzle, and she had brewed the coffee, and poured it into her grandmother's egg-shell cups, his eye, as he leaned back, basking in the warm fragrance, lighted on a recent photograph of Miss Bart and the desired transition was effected without an effort. The photograph was well enough—but to catch her as she had looked last night! Gerty agreed with him—never had she been so radiant. But could photography capture that light? There had been a new look in her face—something different; yes, Selden agreed there had been something different. The coffee was so exquisite that he asked for a second cup: such a contrast to the watery stuff at the club! Ah, your poor bachelor with his impersonal club fare, alternating with the equally impersonal *cuisine* of the dinner-party! A man who lived in lodgings missed the best part of life— He pictured the flavourless solitude of Trenor's repast, and felt a moment's compassion for the man . . . But to return to Lily—and again and again he returned, questioning, conjecturing, leading Gerty on, draining her inmost thoughts of their stored tenderness for her friend.

At first she poured herself out unstintingly, happy in this perfect communion of their sympathies. His understanding of Lily helped to confirm her own belief in her friend. They dwelt together on the fact that Lily had had no chance. Gerty instanced her generous impulses—her restlessness and discontent. The fact that her life had never satisfied her proved that she was made for better things. She might have married more than once—the conventional rich marriage which she had been taught to consider the sole end of existence—but when the opportunity came she had always shrunk from it. Percy Gryce, for instance, had been in love with her—every one at Bellomont had supposed them to be engaged, and her dismissal of him was thought inexplicable. This view of the Gryce incident chimed too well with Selden's mood not to be instantly adopted by him, with a flash of retrospective contempt for what had once seemed the obvious solution. If rejection there had been—and he wondered now that he had ever doubted it!—then he held the key to the secret, and the hillsides of Bellomont were lit up, not with sunset, but with dawn. It was he who had wavered and disowned the face of opportunity—and the joy now warming his breast might have been a familiar inmate if he had captured it in its first flight.

It was at this point, perhaps, that a joy just trying its wings in Gerty's heart dropped to earth and lay still. She sat facing Selden, repeating mechanically: "No, she has never been understood——" and all the while she herself seemed to be sitting in the centre of a great glare of comprehension. The little confidential room, where a moment ago their thoughts had touched elbows like their chairs, grew to unfriendly vastness, separating her from Selden by all the length of her new vision of the future—and that future stretched out interminably, with her lonely figure toiling down it, a mere speck on the solitude.

"She is herself with a few people only; and you are one of them," she heard Selden saying. And again: "Be good to her, Gerty, won't you?" and: "She has it in her to become whatever she is believed to be—you'll help her by believing the best of her?"

The words beat on Gerty's brain like the sound of a language which has seemed familiar at a distance, but on approaching is found to be unintelligible. He had come to

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talk to her of Lily—that was all! There had been a third at the feast she had spread for him, and that third had taken her own place. She tried to follow what he was saying, to cling to her own part in the talk—but it was all as meaningless as the boom of waves in a drowning head, and she felt, as the drowning may feel, that to sink would be nothing beside the pain of struggling to keep up.

Selden rose, and she drew a deep breath, feeling that soon she could yield to the blessed waves.

"Mrs. Fisher's? You say she was dining there? There's music afterward; I believe I had a card from her." He glanced at the foolish pink-faced clock that was drumming out this hideous hour. "A quarter past ten? I might look in there now; the Fisher evenings are amusing. I haven't kept you up too late, Gerty? You look tired—I've rambled on and bored you." And in the unwonted overflow of his feelings, he left a cousinly kiss upon her cheek.

At Mrs. Fisher's, through the cigar-smoke of the studio, a dozen voices greeted Selden. A song was pending as he entered, and he dropped into a seat near his hostess, his eyes roaming in search of Miss Bart. But she was not there, and the discovery gave him a pang out of all proportion to its seriousness; since the note in his breast-pocket assured him that at four the next day they would meet. To his impatience it seemed immeasurably long to wait, and half-ashamed of the impulse, he leaned to Mrs. Fisher to ask, as the music ceased, if Miss Bart had not dined with her.

"Lily? She's just gone. She had to run off, I forget where. Wasn't she wonderful last night?"

"Who's that? Lily?" asked Jack Stepney, from the depths of a neighbouring armchair. "Really, you know, I'm no prude, but when it comes to a girl standing there as if she was up at auction—I thought seriously of speaking to cousin Julia."

"You didn't know Jack had become our social censor?" Mrs. Fisher said to Selden with a laugh; and Stepney spluttered, amid the general derision: "But she's a cousin, hang it, and when a man's married —*Town Talk* was full of her this morning."

"Yes: lively reading that was," said Mr. Ned Van Alstyne, stroking his moustache to hide the smile behind it. "Buy the dirty sheet? No, of course not; some fellow showed it to me—but I'd heard the stories before. When a girl's as good-looking as that she'd better marry; then no questions are asked. In our imperfectly organized society there is no provision as yet for the young woman who claims the privileges of marriage without assuming its obligations."

"Well, I understand Lily is about to assume them in the shape of Mr. Rosedale," Mrs. Fisher said with a laugh.

"Rosedale—good heavens!" exclaimed Van Alstyne, dropping his eye-glass. "Stepney, that's your fault for foisting the brute on us."

"Oh, confound it, you know, we don't *marry* Rosedale in our family," Stepney languidly protested; but his wife, who sat in oppressive bridal finery at the other side of the room, quelled him with the judicial reflection: "In Lily's circumstances it's a mistake to have too high a standard."

"I hear even Rosedale has been scared by the talk lately," Mrs. Fisher rejoined; "but the sight of her last night sent him off his head. What do you think he said to me after her tableau? 'My God, Mrs. Fisher, if I could get Paul Morpeth to paint her like that, the picture'd appreciate a hundred per cent in ten years.'"

"By Jove,—but isn't she about somewhere?" exclaimed Van Alstyne, restoring his glass with an uneasy glance.

"No; she ran off while you were all mixing the punch down stairs. Where was she going, by the way? What's on tonight? I hadn't heard of anything."

"Oh, not a party, I think," said an inexperienced young Farish who had arrived late. "I put her in her cab as I was coming in, and she gave the driver the Trenors' address.

"The Trenors'?" exclaimed Mrs. Jack Stepney. "Why, the house is closed—Judy telephoned me from Bellomont this evening."

"Did she? That's queer. I'm sure I'm not mistaken. Well, come now, Trenor's there, anyhow—I—oh, well—the fact is, I've no head for numbers," he broke off, admonished by the nudge of an adjoining foot, and the smile that circled the room.

In its unpleasant light Selden had risen and was shaking hands with his hostess. The air of the place stifled him, and he wondered why he had stayed in it so long.

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On the doorstep he stood still, remembering a phrase of Lily's: "It seems to me you spend a good deal of time in the element you disapprove of."

Well—what had brought him there but the quest of her? It was her element, not his. But he would lift her out of it, take her beyond! That *Beyond!* on her letter was like a cry for rescue. He knew that Perseus's task is not done when he has loosed Andromeda's chains, for her limbs are numb with bondage, and she cannot rise and walk, but clings to him with dragging arms as he beats back to land with his burden. Well, he had strength for both—it was her weakness which had put the strength in him. It was not, alas, a clean rush of waves they had to win through, but a clogging morass of old associations and habits, and for the moment its vapours were in his throat. But he would see clearer, breath freer in her presence: she was at once the dead weight at his breast and the spar which should float them to safety. He smiled at the whirl of metaphor with which he was trying to build up a defence against the influences of the last hour. It was pitiable that he, who knew the mixed motives on which social judgments depend, should still feel himself so swayed by them. How could he lift Lily to a freer vision of life, if his own view of her was to be coloured by any mind in which he saw her reflected?

The moral oppression had produced a physical craving for air, and he strode on, opening his lungs to the reverberating coldness of the night. At the corner of Fifth Avenue Van Alstyne hailed him with an offer of company.

"Walking? A good thing to blow the smoke out of one's head. Now that women have taken to tobacco we live in a bath of nicotine. It would be a curious thing to study the effect of cigarettes on the relation of the sexes. Smoke is almost as great a solvent as divorce: both tend to obscure the moral issue."

Nothing could have been less consonant with Selden's mood than Van Alstyne's after-dinner aphorisms, but as long as the latter confined himself to generalities his listener's nerves were in control. Happily Van Alstyne prided himself on his summing up of social aspects, and with Selden for audience was eager to show the sureness of his touch. Mrs. Fisher lived in an East side street near the Park, and as the two men walked down Fifth Avenue the new architectural developments of that versatile thoroughfare invited Van Alstyne's comment.

"That Greiner house, now—a typical rung in the social ladder! The man who built it came from a *milieu* where all the dishes are put on the table at once. His façade is a complete architectural meal; if he had omitted a style his friends might have thought the money had given out. Not a bad purchase for Rosedale, though: attracts attention, and awes the Western sight-seer. By and bye he'll get out of that phase, and want something that the crowd will pass and the few pause before. Especially if he marries my clever cousin——"

Selden dashed in with the query: "And the Wellington Brys'? Rather clever of its kind, don't you think?"

They were just beneath the wide white façade, with its rich restraint of line, which suggested the clever corseting of a redundant figure.

"That's the next stage: the desire to imply that one has been to Europe, and has a standard. I'm sure Mrs. Bry thinks her house a copy of the *Trianon;* in America every marble house with gilt furniture is thought to be a copy of the *Trianon.* What a clever chap that architect is, though—how he takes his client's measure! He has put the whole of Mrs. Bry in his use of the composite order. Now for the Trenors, you remember, he chose the Corinthian: exuberant, but based on the best precedent. The Trenor house is one of his best things—doesn't look like a banqueting-hall turned inside out. I hear Mrs. Trenor wants to build out a new ball-room, and that divergence from Gus on that point keeps her at Bellomont. The dimensions of the Brys' ball-room must rankle: you may be sure she knows 'em as well as if she'd been there last night with a yard-measure. Who said she was in town, by the way? That Farish boy? She isn't, I know; Mrs. Stepney was right; the house is dark, you see: I suppose Gus lives in the back."

He had halted opposite the Trenors' corner, and Selden perforce stayed his steps also. The house loomed obscure and uninhabited; only an oblong gleam above the door spoke of provisional occupancy.

"They've bought the house at the back: it gives them a hundred and fifty feet in the

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side street. There's where the ball-room's to be, with a gallery connecting it: billiard-room and so on above. I suggested changing the entrance, and carrying the drawing-room across the whole Fifth Avenue front: you see the front door corresponds with the windows——"

The walking-stick which Van Alstyne swung in demonstration dropped to a startled "Hallo!" as the door opened and two figures were seen silhouetted against the hall-light. At the same moment a hansom halted at the curb-stone, and one of the figures floated down to it in a haze of evening draperies; while the other, black and bulky, remained persistently projected against the light.

For an immeasurable second the two spectators of the incident were silent; then the house-door closed, the hansom rolled off, and the whole scene slipped by as if with the turn of a stereopticon.

Van Alstyne dropped his eye-glass with a low whistle.

"A—hem—nothing of this, eh, Selden? As one of the family, I know I may count on you—appearances are deceptive—and Fifth Avenue is so imperfectly lighted——"

"Goodnight," said Selden, turning sharply down the side street without seeing the other's extended hand.

Alone with her cousin's kiss, Gerty stared upon her thoughts. He had kissed her before—but not with another woman on his lips. If he had spared her that she could have drowned quietly, welcoming the dark flood as it submerged her. But now the flood was shot through with glory, and it was harder to drown at sunrise than in darkness. Gerty hid her face from the light, but it pierced to the crannies of her soul. She had been so contented, life had seemed so simple and sufficient—why had he come to trouble her with new hopes? And Lily—Lily, her best friend! Woman-like, she accused the woman. Perhaps, had it not been for Lily, her fond imagining might have become truth. Selden had always liked her—had understood and sympathized with the modest independence of her life. He, who had the reputation of weighing all things in the nice balance of fastidious perceptions, had been uncritical and simple in his view of her: his cleverness had never overawed her because she had felt at home in his heart. And now she was thrust out, and the door barred against her by Lily's hand! Lily, for whose admission there she herself had pleaded! The situation was lighted up by a dreary flash of irony. She knew Selden—she saw how the force of her faith in Lily must have helped to dispel his hesitations. She remembered, too, how Lily had talked of him—she saw herself bringing the two together, making them known to each other. On Selden's part, no doubt, the wound inflicted was inconscient; he had never guessed her foolish secret; but Lily—Lily must have known! When, in such matters, are a woman's perceptions at fault? And if she knew, then she had deliberately despoiled her friend, and in mere wantonness of power, since, even to Gerty's suddenly flaming jealousy, it seemed incredible that Lily should wish to be Selden's wife. Lily might be incapable of marrying for money, but she was equally incapable of living without it, and Selden's eager investigations into the small economies of housekeeping made him appear to Gerty as tragically duped as herself.

She remained long in her sitting-room, where the embers were crumbling to cold gray, and the lamp paled under its gay shade. Just beneath it stood the photograph of Lily Bart, looking out imperially on the cheap gim-cracks, the cramped furniture of the little room. Could Selden picture her in such an interior? Gerty felt the poverty, the insignificance of her surroundings: she beheld her life as it must appear to Lily. And the cruelty of Lily's judgments smote upon her memory. She saw that she had dressed her idol with attributes of her own making. When had Lily ever really felt, or pitied, or understood? All she wanted was the taste of new experiences: she seemed like some cruel creature experimenting in a laboratory.

The pink-faced clock drummed out another hour, and Gerty rose with a start. She had an appointment early the next morning with a district visitor on the East side. She put out her lamp, covered the fire, and went into her bedroom to undress. In the little glass above her dressing-table she saw her face reflected against the shadows of the room, and tears blotted the reflection. What right had she to dream the dreams of loveliness? A dull face invited a dull fate. She cried quietly as she undressed, laying aside

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her clothes with her habitual precision, setting everything in order for the next day, when the old life must be taken up as though there had been no break in its routine. Her servant did not come till eight o'clock, and she prepared her own tea-tray and placed it beside the bed. Then she locked the door of the flat, extinguished her light and lay down. But on her bed sleep would not come, and she lay face to face with the fact that she hated Lily Bart. It closed with her in the darkness like some formless evil to be blindly grappled with. Reason, judgment, renunciation, all the sane daylight forces, were beaten back in the sharp struggle for self-preservation. She wanted happiness—wanted it as fiercely and unscrupulously as Lily did, but without Lily's power of obtaining it. And in her conscious impotence she lay shivering, and hated her friend——

A ring at the door-bell caught her to her feet. She struck a light and stood startled, listening. For a moment her heart beat incoherently, then she felt the sobering touch of fact, and remembered that such calls were not unknown in her charitable work. She flung on her dressing-gown to answer the summons, and unlocking her door, confronted the shining vision of Lily Bart.

Gerty's first movement was one of revulsion. She shrank back as though Lily's presence flashed a too sudden light upon her misery. Then she heard her name in a cry, had a glimpse of her friend's face, and felt herself caught and clung to.

"Lily—what is it?" she exclaimed.

Miss Bart released her, and stood breathing brokenly, like one who has gained shelter after a long flight.

"I was so cold—I couldn't go home. Have you a fire?"

Gerty's compassionate instincts, responding to the swift call of habit, swept aside all her reluctances. Lily was simply someone who needed help—for what reason, there was no time to pause and conjecture: disciplined sympathy checked the wonder on Gerty's lips, and made her draw her friend silently into the sitting-room and seat her by the darkened hearth.

"There is kindling wood here: the fire will burn in a minute."

She knelt down, and the flame leapt under her rapid hands. It flashed strangely through the tears which still blurred her eyes, and smote on the white ruin of Lily's face. The girls looked at each other in silence; then Lily repeated: "I couldn't go home."

"No—no—you came here, dear! You're cold and tired—sit quiet, and I'll make you some tea."

Gerty had unconsciously adopted the soothing note of her trade: all personal feeling was merged in the sense of ministry, and experience had taught her that the bleeding must be stayed before the wound is probed.

Lily sat quiet, leaning to the fire: the clatter of cups behind her soothed her as familiar noises hush a child whom silence has kept wakeful. But when Gerty stood at her side with the tea she pushed it away, and turned an estranged eye on the familiar room.

"I came here because I couldn't bear to be alone," she said.

Gerty set down the cup and knelt beside her.

"Lily! Something has happened—can't you tell me?"

"I couldn't bear to lie awake in my room till morning. I hate my room at Aunt Julia's—so I came here——"

She stirred suddenly, broke from her apathy, and clung to Gerty in a fresh burst of fear.

"Oh, Gerty, the furies . . . you know the noise of their wings—alone, at night, in the dark? But you don't know—there is nothing to make the dark dreadful to you——"

The words, flashing back on Gerty's last hours, struck from her a faint derisive murmur; but Lily, in the blaze of her own misery, was blinded to everything outside it.

"You'll let me stay? I shan't mind when daylight comes— Is it late? Is the night nearly over? It must be awful to be sleepless—everything stands by the bed and stares——"

Miss Farish caught her straying hands "Lily, look at me! Something has happened—an accident? You have been frightened—what has frightened you? Tell me if you can—a word or two—so that I can help you."

Lily shook her head.

"I am not frightened: that's not the word. Can you imagine looking into your glass some morning and seeing a disfigurement—some hideous change that has come to you while you slept? Well, I seem to myself like

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that—I can't bear to see myself in my own thoughts—I hate ugliness, you know—I've always turned from it—but I can't explain to you—you wouldn't understand."

She lifted her head and her eyes fell on the clock.

"How long the night is! And I know I shan't sleep tomorrow. Some one told me my father used to lie sleepless and think of horrors. And he was not wicked, only unfortunate—and I see now how he must have suffered, lying alone with his thoughts! But I am bad—a bad girl—all my thoughts are bad—I have always had bad people about me. Is that any excuse? I thought I could manage my own life—I was proud—proud! but now I'm on their level——"

Sobs shook her, and she bowed to them like a tree in a dry storm.

Gerty knelt beside her, waiting, with the patience born of experience, till this gust of misery should loosen fresh speech. She had first imagined some physical shock, some peril of the crowded streets, since Lily was presumably on her way home from Carry Fisher's; but she now saw that other nerve-centres were smitten, and her mind trembled back from conjecture.

Lily's sobs ceased, and she lifted her head.

"There are bad girls in your slums. Tell me—do they ever pick themselves up? Ever forget, and feel as they did before?"

"Lily! You mustn't speak so—you're dreaming."

"Don't they always go from bad to worse? There's no turning back—your old self rejects you, and shuts you out."

She rose, stretching her arms as if in utter physical weariness. "Go to bed, dear! You work hard and get up early. I'll watch here by the fire, and you'll leave the light, and your door open. All I want is to feel that you are near me." She laid both hands on Gerty's shoulders with a smile that was like sunrise on a sea strewn with wreckage.

"I can't leave you, Lily. Come and lie on my bed. Your hands are frozen—you must undress and be made warm." Gerty paused with sudden compunction. "But Mrs. Peniston—it's past midnight! What will she think?"

"She goes to bed. I have a latch-key. It doesn't matter—I can't go back there."

"There's no need to: you shall stay here. But you must tell me where you have been. Listen, Lily—it will help you to speak!" She regained Miss Bart's hands, and pressed them against her. "Try to tell me—it will clear your poor head. Listen—you were dining at Carry Fisher's." Gerty paused and added with a flash of heroism: "Lawrence Selden went from here to find you."

At the word, Lily's face melted from locked anguish to the open misery of a child. Her lips trembled and her gaze widened with tears.

"He went to find me? And I missed him! Oh, Gerty, he tried to help me. He told me—he warned me long ago—he foresaw that I should grow hateful to myself!"

The name, as Gerty saw with a clutch at the heart, had loosened the springs of self-pity in her friend's dry breast, and tear by tear Lily poured out the measure of her anguish. She had dropped sideways in Gerty's big armchair, her head buried where lately Selden's had leaned, in a beauty of abandonment that drove home to Gerty's aching senses the inevitableness of her own defeat. Ah, it needed no deliberate purpose on Lily's part to rob her of her dream! To look on that prone loveliness was to see in it a natural force, to recognize that love and power belong to such as Lily, as renunciation and service are the lot of those they despoil. But if Selden's infatuation seemed a fatal necessity, the effect that his name produced shook Gerty's steadfastness with a last pang. Men pass through such superhuman loves and outlive them: they are the probation subduing the heart to human joys. How gladly Gerty would have welcomed the ministry of healing: how willingly have soothed the sufferer back to tolerance of life! But Lily's self-betrayal took this last hope from her. The mortal maid on the shore is helpless against the siren who loves her prey: such victims are floated back dead from their adventure.

Lily sprang up and caught her with strong hands. "Gerty, you know him—you understand him—tell me; if I went to him, if I told him everything—if I said: 'I am bad through and through—I want admiration, I want excitement, I want money—' yes, *money!* That's my shame, Gerty—and it's known, it's said of me—it's what men think of me— If I said it all to him—told him the whole story—said plainly: 'I've sunk lower than the lowest, for I've taken what they take, and not paid as they pay'—oh, Gerty, you know him, you can

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speak for him: if I told him everything would he loathe me? Or would he pity me, and understand me, and save me from loathing myself?"

Gerty stood cold and passive. She knew the hour of her probation had come, and her poor heart beat wildly against its destiny. As a dark river sweeps by under a lightning flash, she saw her chance of happiness surge past under a flash of temptation. What prevented her from saying: "He is like other men"? She was not so sure of him, after all! But to do so would have been like blaspheming her love. She could not put him before herself in any light but the noblest: she must trust him to the height of her own passion.

"Yes: I know him; he will help you," she said; and in a moment Lily's passion was weeping itself out against her breast.

There was but one bed in the little flat, and the two girls lay down on it side by side when Gerty had unlaced Lily's dress and persuaded her to put her lips to the warm tea. The light extinguished, they lay still in the darkness, Gerty shrinking to the outer edge of the narrow couch to avoid contact with her bed-fellow. Knowing that Lily disliked to be caressed, she had long ago learned to check her demonstrative impulses toward her friend. But tonight every fibre in her body shrank from Lily's nearness: it was torture to listen to her breathing, and feel the sheet stir with it. As Lily turned, and settled to completer rest, a strand of her hair swept Gerty's cheek with its fragrance. Everything about her was warm and soft and scented: even the stains of her grief became her as rain-drops do the beaten rose. But as Gerty lay with arms drawn down her side, in the motionless narrowness of an effigy, she felt a stir of sobs from the breathing warmth beside her, and Lily flung out her hand, groped for her friend's, and held it fast.

"Hold me, Gerty, hold me, or I shall think of things," she moaned; and Gerty silently slipped an arm under her, pillowing her head in its hollow as a mother makes a nest for a tossing child. In the warm hollow Lily lay still and her breathing grew low and regular. Her hand still clung to Gerty's as if to ward off evil dreams, but the hold of her fingers relaxed, her head sank deeper into its shelter, and Gerty felt that she slept.

XV

WHEN Lily woke she had the bed to herself, and the winter light was in the room.

She sat up, bewildered by the strangeness of her surroundings; then memory returned, and she looked about her with a shiver. In the cold slant of light reflected from the back wall of a neighbouring building, she saw her evening dress and opera cloak lying in a tawdry heap on a chair. Finery laid off is as unappetizing as the remains of a feast, and it occurred to Lily that, at home, her maid's vigilance had always spared her the sight of such incongruities. Her body ached with fatigue, and with the constriction of her attitude in Gerty's bed. All through her troubled sleep she had been conscious of having no space to toss in, and the long effort to remain motionless made her feel as if she had spent her night in a train.

This sense of physical discomfort was the first to assert itself; then she perceived, beneath it, a corresponding mental prostration, a languor of horror more insufferable than the first rush of her disgust. The thought of having to wake every morning with this weight on her breast roused her tired mind to fresh effort. She must find some way out of the slough into which she had stumbled: it was not so much compunction as the dread of her morning thoughts that pressed on her the need of action. But she was unutterably tired; it was weariness to think connectedly. She lay back, looking about the poor slit of a room with a renewal of physical distaste. The outer air, penned between high buildings, brought no freshness through the window; steam-heat was beginning to sing in a coil of dingy pipes, and a smell of cooking penetrated the crack of the door.

The door opened, and Gerty, dressed and hatted, entered with a cup of tea. Her face looked sallow and swollen in the dreary light, and her dull hair shaded imperceptibly into the tones of her skin.

She glanced shyly at Lily, asking in an embarrassed tone how she felt; Lily answered with the same constraint, and raised herself up to drink the tea.

"I must have been over-tired last night; I think I had a nervous attack in the carriage," she said, as the drink brought clearness to her sluggish thoughts.

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"You were not well; I am so glad you came here," Gerty returned.

"But how am I to get home? And Aunt Julia——?"

"She knows; I telephoned early, and your maid has brought your things. But won't you eat something? I scrambled the eggs myself."

Lily could not eat; but the tea strengthened her to rise and dress under her maid's searching gaze. It was a relief to her that Gerty was obliged to hasten away: the two kissed silently, but without a trace of the previous night's emotion.

Lily found Mrs. Peniston in a state of agitation. She had sent for Grace Stepney and was taking digitalis. Lily breasted the storm of enquiries as best she could, explaining that she had had an attack of faintness on her way back from Carry Fisher's; that, fearing she would not have strength to reach home, she had gone to Miss Farish's; but that a quiet night had restored her, and that she had no need of a doctor.

This was a relief to Mrs. Peniston, who could give herself up to her own symptoms, and Lily was advised to go and lie down, her aunt's panacea for all physical and moral disorders. In the solitude of her own room she was brought back to a sharp contemplation of facts. Her daylight view of them necessarily differed from the cloudy vision of the night. The winged furies were now prowling gossips who dropped in on each other for tea. But her fears seemed the uglier, thus shorn of their vagueness; and besides, she had to act, not rave. For the first time she forced herself to reckon up the exact amount of her debt to Trenor; and the result of this hateful computation was the discovery that she had, in all, received nine thousand dollars from him. The flimsy pretext on which it had been given and received shrivelled up in the blaze of her shame: she knew that not a penny of it was her own, and that to restore her self-respect she must at once repay the whole amount. The inability thus to solace her outraged feelings gave her a paralyzing sense of insignificance. She was realizing for the first time that a woman's dignity may cost more to keep up than her carriage; and that the maintenance of a moral attribute should be dependent on dollars and cents, made the world appear a more sordid place than she had conceived it.

After luncheon, when Grace Stepney's prying eyes had been removed, Lily asked for a word with her aunt. The two ladies went upstairs to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Peniston seated herself in her black satin armchair tufted with yellow buttons, beside a bead-work table bearing a bronze box with a miniature of Beatrice Cenci in the lid. Lily felt for these objects the same distaste which the prisoner may entertain for the fittings of the court-room. It was here that her aunt received her rare confidences, and the pink-eyed smirk of the turbaned Beatrice was associated in her mind with the gradual fading of the smile from Mrs. Peniston's lips. That lady's dread of a scene gave her an inexorableness which the greatest strength of character could not have produced, since it was independent of all considerations of right or wrong; and knowing this, Lily seldom ventured to assail it. She had never felt less like making the attempt than on the present occasion; but she had sought in vain for any other means of escape from an intolerable situation.

Mrs. Peniston examined her critically. "You're a bad colour, Lily: this incessant rushing about is beginning to tell on you," she said.

Miss Bart saw an opening. "I don't think it's that, Aunt Julia; I've had worries," she replied.

"Ah," said Mrs. Peniston, shutting her lips with the snap of a purse closing against a beggar.

"I'm sorry to bother you with them," Lily continued, "but I really believe my faintness last night was brought on partly by anxious thoughts——"

"I should have said Carry Fisher's cook was enough to account for it. She has a woman who was with Maria Railton in 1891—the spring of the year we went to Aix—and I remember dining there two days before we sailed, and feeling *sure* the coppers hadn't been scoured."

"I don't think I ate much; I can't eat or sleep." Lily paused, and then said abruptly: "The fact is, Aunt Julia, I owe some money."

Mrs. Peniston's face clouded perceptibly, but did not express the astonishment her niece had expected. She was silent, and Lily was forced to continue: "I have been foolish——"

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"No doubt you have: extremely foolish," Mrs. Peniston interposed. "I fail to see how any one with your income, and no expenses—not to mention the handsome presents I've always given you——"

"Oh, you've been most generous, Aunt Julia; I shall never forget your kindness. But perhaps you don't quite realize the expense a girl is put to nowadays——"

"I don't realize that *you* are put to any expense except for your clothes and your railway fares. I expect you to be handsomely dressed; but I paid Céleste's bill for you last October."

Lily hesitated: her aunt's implacable memory had never been more inconvenient. "You were as kind as possible; but I have had to get a few things since——"

"What kind of things? Clothes? How much have you spent? Let me see the bill—I dare say the woman is swindling you."

"Oh, no, I think not: clothes have grown so frightfully expensive; and one needs so many different kinds, with country visits, and golf and skating, and Aiken and Tuxedo——"

"Let me see the bill," Mrs. Peniston repeated.

Lily hesitated again. In the first place, Mme. Céleste had not yet sent in her account, and secondly, the amount it represented was only a fraction of the sum that Lily needed.

"She hasn't sent in the bill for my winter things, but I *know* it's large; and there are one or two other things; I've been careless and imprudent—I'm frightened to think of what I owe——"

She raised the troubled loveliness of her face to Mrs. Peniston, vainly hoping that a sight so moving to the other sex might not be without effect upon her own. But the effect produced was that of making Mrs. Peniston shrink back apprehensively.

"Really, Lily, you are old enough to manage your own affairs, and after frightening me to death by your performance of last night you might at least choose a better time to worry me with such matters." Mrs. Peniston glanced at the clock, and swallowed a tablet of digitalis. "If you owe Céleste another thousand, she may send me her account," she added, as though to end the discussion at any cost.

"I am very sorry, Aunt Julia; I hate to trouble you at such a time; but I have really no choice—I ought to have spoken sooner—I owe a great deal more than a thousand dollars."

"A great deal more? Do you owe two? She must have robbed you!"

"I told you it was not only Céleste. I—there are other bills—more pressing—that must be settled."

"What on earth have you been buying? Jewelry? You must have gone off your head," said Mrs. Peniston with asperity. "But if you have run into debt, you must suffer the consequences, and put aside your monthly income till your bills are paid. If you stay quietly here until next spring, instead of racing about all over the country, you will have no expenses at all, and surely in four or five months you can settle the rest of your bills if I pay the dressmaker now."

Lily was again silent. She knew she could not hope to extract even a thousand dollars from Mrs. Peniston on the mere plea of paying Céleste's bill: Mrs. Peniston would expect to go over the dress-maker's account, and would make out the cheque to her and not to Lily. And yet the money must be obtained before the day was over!

"The debts I speak of are—different—not like tradesmen's bills," she began confusedly; but Mrs. Peniston's look made her almost afraid to continue. Could it be that her aunt suspected anything? The idea precipitated Lily's avowal.

"The fact is, I've played cards a good deal—bridge; the women all do it; girls too—it's expected. Sometimes I've won—won a good deal—but lately I've been unlucky—and of course such debts can't be paid off gradually——"

She paused: Mrs. Peniston's face seemed to be petrifying as she listened.

"Cards—you've played cards for money? It's true, then: when I was told so I wouldn't believe it. I won't ask if the other horrors I was told were true too; I've heard enough for the state of my nerves. When I think of the example you've had in this house! But I suppose it's your foreign bringing-up—no one knew where your mother picked up her friends. And her Sundays were a scandal—that I know." Mrs. Peniston wheeled round suddenly. "You play cards on Sunday?"

Lily flushed with the recollection of certain rainy Sundays at Bellomont and with the Dorsets.

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"You're hard on me, Aunt Julia: I have never really cared for cards, but a girl hates to be thought priggish and superior, and one drifts into doing what the others do. I've had a dreadful lesson, and if you'll help me out this time I promise you——"

Mrs. Peniston raised her hand warningly. "You needn't make any promises: it's unnecessary. When I offered you a home I didn't undertake to pay your gambling debts."

"Aunt Julia! You don't mean that you won't help me?"

"I shall certainly not do anything to give the impression that I countenance your behaviour. If you really owe your dressmaker, I will settle with her—beyond that I recognize no obligation to assume your debts."

Lily had risen, and stood pale and quivering before her aunt. Pride stormed in her, but humiliation forced the cry from her lips: "Aunt Julia, I shall be disgraced—I——" But she could go no farther. If her aunt turned such a stony ear to the fiction of the gambling debts, in what spirit would she receive the terrible avowal of the truth?

"I consider that you *are* disgraced, Lily: disgraced by your conduct far more than by its results. You say your friends have persuaded you to play cards with them; well, they may as well learn a lesson too. They can probably afford to lose a little money—and at any rate, I am not going to waste any of mine in paying them. And now I must ask you to leave me—this scene has been extremely painful, and I have my own health to consider. Draw down the blinds, please; and tell Jennings I will see no one this afternoon but Grace Stepney."

Lily went up to her own room and bolted the door. She was trembling with fear and anger—the rush of the furies' wings was in her ears. She walked up and down the room with blind irregular steps. The last door of escape was closed—she felt herself shut in with her dishonour——

Suddenly her wild pacing brought her before the clock on the chimney-piece. Its hands stood at half-past three, and she remembered that Selden was to come to her at four. She had meant to put him off with a word—but now her heart leaped at the thought of seeing him. Was there not a promise of rescue in his love? As she had lain at Gerty's side the night before, she had thought of his coming, and of the sweetness of weeping out her pain upon his breast. Of course she had meant to clear herself of its consequences before she met him—she had never really doubted that Mrs. Peniston would come to her aid. And she had felt, even in the full storm of her misery, that Selden's love could not be her ultimate refuge; only it would be so sweet to take a moment's shelter there, while she gathered fresh strength to go on.

But now his love was her only hope, and as she sat alone with her wretchedness the thought of confiding in him became as seductive as the river's flow to the suicide. The first plunge would be terrible—but afterward, what blessedness might come! She remembered Gerty's words: "I know him—he will help you"; and her mind clung to them as a sick person might cling to a healing relic. Oh, if he really understood—if he would help her to gather up her broken life, and put it together in some new semblance in which no trace of the past should remain! He had always made her feel that she was worthy of better things, and she had never been in greater need of such solace. Once and again she shrank at the thought of imperilling his love by her confession: for love was what she needed—it would take the glow of passion to weld together the shattered fragments of her self-esteem. But she recurred to Gerty's words and held fast to them. She was sure that Gerty knew Selden's feeling for her, and it had never dawned upon her blindness that Gerty's own judgment of him was coloured by emotions far more ardent than her own.

Four o'clock found her in the drawing-room: she was sure that Selden would be punctual. But the hour came and passed—it moved on feverishly, measured by her impatient heart-beats. She had time to take a fresh survey of her wretchedness, and to fluctuate anew between the impulse to confide in Selden and the dread of destroying his illusions. But as the minutes passed the need of throwing herself on his comprehension became more urgent: she could not bear the weight of her misery alone. There would be a perilous moment, perhaps: but could she not trust to her beauty to bridge it over, to land her safe in the shelter of his devotion?

But the hour sped on and Selden did not come. Doubtless he had been detained, or had misread her hurriedly scrawled note,

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taking the four for a five. The ringing of the door-bell a few minutes after five confirmed this supposition, and made Lily hastily resolve to write more legibly in future. The sound of steps in the hall, and of a hat and stick laid aside, poured fresh energy into her veins. She felt herself once more the alert and competent moulder of emergencies, and the remembrance of her power over Selden flushed her with sudden confidence. But when the drawing-room door opened it was Rosedale who came in.

The reaction caused her a sharp pang, but after a passing movement of irritation at the clumsiness of fate, and at her own carelessness in not denying the door to all but Selden, she controlled herself and greeted Rosedale amicably. It was annoying that Selden, when he came, should find that particular visitor in possession, but Lily was mistress of the art of ridding herself of superfluous company, and to her present mood Rosedale seemed distinctly negligible.

His own view of the situation forced itself upon her after a few moments' conversation. She had caught at the Brys' entertainment as an easy impersonal subject, likely to tide them over the interval till Selden appeared, but Mr. Rosedale, tenaciously planted beside the tea-table, his hands in his pockets, his legs a little too freely extended, at once gave the topic a personal turn.

"Pretty well done—well, yes, I suppose it was: Welly Bry's got his back up and don't mean to let go till's he's got the hang of the thing. Of course, there were things here and there—things Mrs. Fisher couldn't be expected to see to—the champagne wasn't cold, and the coats got mixed in the coat-room. I would have spent more money on the music. But that's my character: if I want a thing I'm willing to pay: I don't go up to the counter, and then wonder if the article's worth the price. I wouldn't be satisfied to entertain like the Welly Brys; I'd want something that would look more easy and natural, more as if I took it in my stride. And it takes just two things to do that, Miss Bart: money, and the right woman to spend it."

He paused, and examined her attentively while she affected to rearrange the tea-cups.

"I've got the money," he continued, clearing his throat, "and what I want is the woman—and I mean to have her too."

He leaned forward a little, resting his hands on the head of his walking-stick. He had seen men of Ned Van Alstyne's type bring their hats and sticks into a drawing-room, and he thought it added a touch of elegant familiarity to their appearance.

Lily was silent, smiling faintly, with her eyes absently resting on his face. She was in reality reflecting that a declaration would take some time to make, and that Selden must surely appear before the moment of refusal had been reached. Her brooding look, as of a mind withdrawn yet not averted, seemed to Mr. Rosedale full of a subtle encouragement. He would not have liked any evidence of eagerness.

"I mean to have her too," he repeated, with a laugh intended to strengthen his self-assurance. "I generally *have* got what I wanted in life, Miss Bart. I wanted money, and I've got more than I know how to invest; and now the money doesn't seem to be of any account unless I can spend it on the right woman. That's what I want to do with it: I want my wife to make all the other women feel small. I'd never grudge a dollar that was spent on that. But it isn't every woman can do it, no matter how much you spend on her. There was a girl in some history book who wanted gold shields, or something, and the fellows threw 'em at her, and she was crushed under 'em: they killed her. Well, that's true enough: some women kind of get lost in their jewelry. What I want is a woman who'll hold her head higher the more diamonds I put on it. And when I looked at you the other night at the Brys', in that plain white dress, looking as if you had a crown on, I said to myself: 'By gad, if she had one she'd wear it as if it grew on her.'"

Still Lily did not speak, and he continued, warming with his theme: "Tell you what it is, though, that kind of woman costs more than all the rest of 'em put together. If a woman's going to ignore her pearls, they want to be better than anybody else's—and so it is with everything else. You know what I mean—you know it's only the showy things that are cheap. Well, I should want my wife to be able to take the earth for granted if she wanted to. I know there's one thing vulgar about money, and that's the thinking about it; and my wife would never have to demean herself in that way." He paused, and then added, with an unfortunate lapse to an earlier manner: "I guess

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you know the lady I've got in view, Miss Bart."

Lily raised her head, brightening a little under the challenge. Even through the dark tumult of her thoughts, the clink of Mr. Rosedale's millions had a faintly seductive note. Oh, for enough of them to cancel her one miserable debt! But the man behind them grew increasingly repugnant in the light of Selden's expected coming. The contrast was too grotesque: she could scarcely suppress the smile it provoked. She decided that directness would be best.

"If you mean me, Mr. Rosedale, I am very grateful—very much flattered; but I don't know what I have ever done to make you think——"

"Oh, if you mean you're not dead in love with me, I've got sense enough left to see that. And I ain't talking to you as if you were—I presume I know the kind of talk that's expected under those circumstances. I'm confoundedly gone on you—that's about the size of it—and I'm just giving you a plain business statement of the consequences. You're not very fond of me—*yet*—but you're fond of luxury, and style, and amusement, and of not having to worry about cash. You like to have a good time, and not to have to settle for it; and what I propose to do is to provide for the good time and do the settling."

He paused, and she returned with a chilling smile: "You are mistaken in one point, Mr. Rosedale: whatever I enjoy I am prepared to settle for."

She spoke with the intention of making him see that, if his words implied a tentative allusion to her private affairs, she was prepared to meet and repudiate it. But if he recognized her meaning it failed to abash him, and he went on in the same tone: "I didn't mean to give offense; excuse me if I've spoken too plainly. But why ain't you straight with me—why do you put up that kind of bluff? You know there've been times when you were bothered—damned bothered—and as a girl gets older, and things keep moving along, why, before she knows it, the things she wants are liable to move past her and not come back. I don't say it's anywhere near that with you yet; but you've had a taste of bothers that a girl like yourself ought never to have known about, and what I'm offering you is the chance to turn your back on them once for all."

The colour burned in Lily's face as he ended; there was no mistaking the point he meant to make, and to permit it to pass unheeded was a fatal confession of weakness, while to resent it too openly was to risk offending him at a perilous moment. Indignation quivered on her lip; but it was quelled by the secret voice which warned her that she must not quarrel with him. He knew too much about her, and even at the moment when it was essential that he should show himself at his best, he did not scruple to let her see how much he knew. How then would he use his power when her expression of contempt had dispelled his one motive for restraint? Her whole future might hinge on her way of answering him: she had to stop and consider that, in the stress of her other anxieties, as a breathless fugitive may have to pause at the cross-roads and try to decide coolly which turn to take.

"You are quite right, Mr. Rosedale. I *have* had bothers; and I am grateful to you for wanting to relieve me of them. It is not always easy to be quite independent and self-respecting when one is poor and lives among rich people; I have been careless about money, and have worried about my bills. But I should be selfish and ungrateful if I made that a reason for accepting all you offer, with no better return to make than the desire to be free of my anxieties. You must give me time—time to think of your kindness—and of what I could give you in return for it——"

She held out her hand with a charming gesture in which dismissal was shorn of its rigour. Its hint of future leniency made Rosedale rise in obedience to it, a little flushed with his unhoped-for success, and disciplined by the tradition of his blood to accept what was conceded, without undue haste to press for more. Something in his prompt acquiescence frightened her; she felt behind it the stored force of a patience that might subdue the strongest will. But at least they had parted amicably, and he was out of the house without meeting Selden—Selden, whose continued absence now smote her with a new alarm. Rosedale had remained over an hour, and she understood that it was now too late to hope for Selden. He would write explaining his absence, of course; there would be a note from him by the late post. But her confession would have to be postponed; and the chill of the delay settled heavily on her fagged spirit.

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It lay heavier when the postman's last ring brought no note for her, and she had to go upstairs to a lonely night—a night as grim and sleepless as her tortured fancy had pictured it to Gerty. She had never learned to live with her own thoughts, and to be confronted with them through such hours of lucid misery made the confused wretchedness of her previous vigil seem easily bearable.

Daylight disbanded the phantom crew, and made it clear to her that she would hear from Selden before noon; but the day passed without his writing or coming. Lily remained at home, lunching and dining alone with her aunt, who complained of flutterings of the heart, and talked icily on general topics. Mrs. Peniston went to bed early, and when she had gone Lily sat down and wrote a note to Selden. She was about to ring for a messenger to despatch it when her eye fell on a paragraph in the evening paper which lay at her elbow: "Mr. Lawrence Selden was among the passengers sailing this afternoon for Havana and the West Indies on the Windward Liner Antilles."

She laid down the paper and sat motionless, staring at her note. She understood now that he was never coming—that he had gone away because he was afraid that he might come. She rose, and walking across the floor stood gazing at herself for a long time in the brightly-lit mirror above the mantelpiece. The lines in her face came out terribly—she looked old; and when a girl looks old to herself, how does she look to other people? She moved away, and began to wander aimlessly about the room, fitting her steps with mechanical precision between the monstrous roses of Mrs. Peniston's Axminster. Suddenly she noticed that the pen with which she had written to Selden still rested against the uncovered inkstand. She seated herself again, and taking out an envelope, addressed it rapidly to Rosedale. Then she laid out a sheet of paper, and sat over it with suspended pen. It had been easy enough to write the date, and "Dear Mr. Rosedale"—but after that her inspiration flagged. She meant to tell him to come to her, but the words refused to shape themselves. At length she began: "I have been thinking——" then she laid the pen down, and sat with her elbows on the table and her face hidden in her hands.

Suddenly she started up at the sound of the door-bell. It was not late—barely ten o'clock—and there might still be a note from Selden, or a message—or he might be there himself, on the other side of the door! The announcement of his sailing might have been a mistake—it might be another Lawrence Selden who had gone to Havana—all these possibilities had time to flash through her mind, and build up the conviction that she was after all to see or hear from him, before the drawing-room door opened to admit a servant carrying a telegram.

Lily tore it open with shaking hands, and read Bertha Dorset's name below the message: "Sailing unexpectedly tomorrow. Will you join us on a cruise in Mediterranean?"

(To be continued.)

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"OUR WEDDING BREAKFAST—AND KITCHENER"

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER

MRS. MURRAY should have known better than to have been savage about it. I think that was what settled things with Ellen—her mother's vindictive way of going at me when I told her I wanted to marry her daughter. I had been the Murrays' guest over Sunday at their Morristown place. This, Ellen says, made the whole thing inexcusable. And, to be sure, I took Ellen's view.

The rest of the people at the house didn't know anything at all about our difference of opinion. Mrs. Murray and I took good care of that. In fact, I stayed until Monday afternoon, so that it might look as if I were still persona grata with my hostess. It was that Monday morning, on the way back to the new club-house from the links, that the programme—Ellen's and my programme—was arranged. We were the only pair out, and as we weren't really playing golf, I had not taken a caddie. Ellen sat upon a tree bench near the first bunker, I recall. I tossed my clubs beside her.

"I'm afraid you didn't give mamma a rose-colored version of your prospects," said Ellen.

"Rose-colored?" returned I. "Perhaps not, but at least it was a truthful pale pink."

"Did you tell her about the subway bids?"

"Yes," I answered. "And that new Brooklyn power-house for the Edison people. I thought one plus the other might impress her. But they didn't."

"Of course you haven't got either of them yet—really," mused Ellen.

"No," I agreed truthfully. "But you've no idea of the low figures I put in."

"Oh, then you wouldn't make very much money even if you got the contracts."

"Not so very much," I admitted. "But, my dear Ellen, don't you see that if I could once get in with these people, I'd have other chances."

"And charge more?"

"Very much more, dearest."

"Oh," remarked Ellen, her face brightening.

"Your mother said that she thought structural contracting would be slow proggress for a young man without any pull."

"Did mamma say 'pull'?" asked Ellen.

"I think she said 'influence,' but she meant 'pull,'" said I.

"Is that what you are?"

"Am I what, dearest?"

"A structural contractor."

"That's what you've fallen in love with."

"That's what's fallen in love with me," she corrected.

"That's what I meant, darling."

"You're so extravagant, Dickie!" Ellen was gently frowning. "If you use them so often now, they won't seem so nice—and——"

"Nice and——" I echoed.

"Unexpected—when you write."

"Oh!"

"You see, Dickie, every love letter should really be a sort of surprise party."

"There will be a surprise party in the twelve o'clock mail to-morrow," I announced.

Ellen did not smile. The wrinkles on her brow were deepening. "The worst of it all is," she said, "Tom Stransford comes down Friday for the week-end."

"Tom Stransford?"

"Yes, dear."

"He hasn't given up, then?"

"No, dearest."

"I suppose I'm expected to figure estimates calmly at my office, knowing that he *is* genuinely rose-colored."

"It won't be easy, but there isn't anything to be afraid of, dear."

"No?"

"You know that, darling."

"Ellen!"

"Yes, Dickie."

"If you are so very extravagant now——"

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"Don't jest, dear. It will be such a hard week for me to get through."

I was glad we had not taken a caddie. There are rarely any people on the links of a Monday morning.

Mayhap it was Ellen's speech about surprise parties that spurred me on. I made up my mind very suddenly. I felt that I actually had something to go on, for had I not already looked over the little box in East Orange which Fred Harkins had lived in, before the market went up and he fled to a more congenial collection of terraces and greenhouses? Would we not do the same after I had broken into the Tammany aldermanic combine which dished out the tunnel contracts? It was my story of the little box in East Orange that brought Ellen around to my way of thinking. She made me guess at the size of the rooms, for one thing, although I would have brushed aside such detail for more immediate measures.

"At any rate, we shall have a piano, Dickie," she said, as we neared the clubhouse veranda. "The baby-grand in the music-room is mine. They won't dare to refuse to send that on to us. Mamma is just even if she is severe at times."

I did not follow her. Being a structural contractor, I am accustomed first to consider the lowly ground-work of my plans. "There isn't a single free day until Friday," I remarked, reviewing rapidly my schedule of appointments.

"But, dear, Tom Stransford comes that day."

"So he does," said I. "That's awkward."

"And surely, you can choose any day as long as it's the day you're going——"

"We're going to be——"

"Married."

"Jove, think of it, Ellen! It seems too good to be true."

"Be careful, dear. There are some people on the porch," said Ellen.

We sent the man ahead to open the park gates when we drove up to Maple Hill. Ellen leaned to me quickly.

"I sha'n't have another word with you alone. You've barely time to pack and catch your train after luncheon. But perhaps Friday will be best."

"There's a ten-thirty-nine express," I suggested.

"That's the one I'll take. It gets in five minutes before Tom Stransford's."

"But the trap?"

"I'll drive in for him myself. Mamma will think it a good omen. And I'll leave the horse at the hotel stable."

"We can wire about it from Hoboken," said I.

"Dickie, you're so silly!"

"Silly?" I queried.

"Mamma won't be bothering about the *horse*."

"No?"

"She'll be simply crazy about *me*."

"We'll telegraph her about us, too."

"'Us' has such a comfortable, nice sound, Dickie."

Mrs. Murray leaned toward me at table. "Tom Stransford is coming down on Friday, Mr. Maxwell," she said pleasantly.

"Ah," said I. "On Friday."

"On Friday," repeated Mrs. Murray. Her eyes sought her daughter's with a hint of triumph. But Ellen did not see her. She was looking at me vaguely over her jellied bouillon."

"Yes. On Friday," she said.

"Good," said I. "Stransford's a fine fellow. Remember me to him."

Couldn't I afford to be generous? *Couldn't I?*

As I stood waiting for the ten-thirty-nine to pull into Hoboken on Friday—it really had come Friday at last—I felt a sudden sinking at the heart. In fact, I almost wheeled about and started back to the office. Of course, Ellen wouldn't be aboard. It was absurd to think it. The thing had seemed right enough when we'd talked it over on the links; it had even steered clear of the ridiculous in the one or two hurried notes which had crossed in the Morristown mails since Monday. But in the dingy train shed, jostled by the very matter-of-fact and respectable commuting ladies, bound a-shopping, it was—no, by Jove! There she was!

We stood staring at one another while the suburbanites streamed by. We were still staring oddly when the last of them had gone. The man in uniform was impatiently calling to us that the Christopher Street boat was ready to move.

"O, Dickie!" gasped Ellen.

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And "O, Ellen!" gasped I.

"You won't mind?"

"There isn't anything in the world to mind now, dear."

"I mean my coming without even a suit-case."

"What are suit-cases?" I remarked staunchly.

"And in a linen frock."

"Really-and-truly brides should always wear white linen."

"But, you see, I couldn't smuggle anything into the trap," explained Ellen. "My suit-case is all packed, too. They'll find it when they get our telegram."

"Let us hope they don't find it beforehand," I said.

She spoke only once on the ferry-boat. "Mamma will be so angry, darling."

I chuckled brutally. I had regained my composure wonderfully. Was I not a contractor, and although this was the very biggest contract I had ever handled, now that I had the specifications well in hand—— "Tom Stransford will be angrier," said I.

"Poor Tom!"

"He'll have to cease being rose-colored for a time."

"O, Dickie, do be generous."

"I'm going to be."

A certain cabby I knew caught my eye. He brought his hansom up with a flourish. "The Central Park Casino," I called to him as I put her inside.

"I didn't mean luncheon," said she.

"No?"

"No, silly, I meant Tom. But I am hungry. I didn't have any appetite for breakfast."

"You're the only girl I know who takes the near seat when she gets into a hansom," I remarked. We were trotting off past the tangle of street-cars.

"One's skirts always settle better," observed Ellen.

The cabby knew the way I liked, through Greenwich Village to the Washington Arch, and up the asphalt of the avenue. I nodded to the right at a certain corner.

"We'll drive back there after luncheon," I said.

"There?"

"You didn't notice, but that was the 'Little Church Around the Corner.'"

"But that's so actressy, Dickie."

"Ellen!"

"You know, dear, that I'd marry you at the City Hall if you thought best."

"I have a nodding acquaintance with the new mayor," I said. "I could tell him that I voted for him, too. Afterward, you may go shopping."

"Oh, yes—shopping. You're so thoughtful, dear."

"Mrs. Maxwell is going to open several accounts to-day," said I.

Ellen laughed. "I feel as if we'd been married a year already," she said. Then she added very soberly: "I shall want to draw a big check on the Bank of your Caring, Dickie. Have I a very large balance?" By this time we were at the Casino.

I was half-way through giving our order when she leaned across the table. "Who are those horrid men, Dickie—the four at the corner table?"

I glanced toward the right. There, flanked by champagne buckets, sat the God in the Machine. I regarded Ellen reprovingly. I honestly was surprised, for I had not bidden him to our wedding breakfast.

"Gently, Mrs. Maxwell," said I. "The stout man with the diamond shirt-studs——"

"And the very red face?"

"The same. That red face contains our horoscope."

"You mean?"

"I mean that he's 'Big Terry' McCorkle, the chairman of the Aldermanic——"

"The subway contract man!" Ellen's eyes kindled.

"The same," I made answer. "That very red face decides whether it is to be a flat in Harlem to begin with or an apartment hotel downtown."

"Of course, I sha'n't mind the Harlem flat."

"But you'd a deal rather have Gramercy Park?"

"To be frank, Dickie."

"It's safer to begin married life that way."

"Well, then, I would."

"So would I," I agreed. And so I would, I knew. Somehow, even jesting about Harlem made getting married seem a very responsible thing.

Ellen stared at McCorkle—he was much too absorbed in the champagne buckets to be keenly alive to his environment—all through the entrée and the roast. There was a puzzled look in her eyes as she turned to me.

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"That's what's fallen in love with me," she corrected.—Page 754.

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"You don't mean that *that*——"

"McCorkle?"

"Yes—he. Is he the man who could make you?"

"Make or break me," rejoined I cheerfully, although I hated to say it. McCorkle did look unusually unattractive.

"But, Dickie, he's so—well, he *is* common."

"He's uncommon hard to get at."

"He's vulgar. Why he reeks with it."

"He's the lodestar of young——"

"And rising——"

"And rising young structural contractors."

"I've often read about the Board of Aldermen," said Ellen. "But I'd never seen one before."

"He isn't quite all of the Board," I corrected. "He's only, well, say nine-tenths of it."

Just then McCorkle threw back his head and roared. It was not a refined roar. It was noticeably flavored with fizz. Ellen frowned. I reminded her that the salad awaited division. I did this hastily. And I bethought me that a course in McCorkle was a bad preliminary for a hansom dash to the "Little Church Around the Corner," and—I faced it manfully enough, but the gulp would come—the Harlem flat.

We were half silent through the dessert. The McCorkle merriment was intermittent. Ellen's frown was a trifle more than intermittent. Ah, thought I, as I put an extra cube into my coffee, this was *not* the links of a Monday morning.

I was thinking about the luncheon check and our hansom, when it came—the deluge. I saw it pour in through the veranda entrance. Ellen could not, she facing the other way. The deluge was Mrs. Murray, ruffled somewhat beyond her wont—Mrs. Murray and Tom Stransford. He waved the waiters aside, and I saw Nemesis pause at the table nearest the threshold. While I transferred my gaze to Ellen again, I knew the foxes were well run to cover.

"What is the next train after the ten-thirty-nine?" I asked.

"There's an eleven-thirty, if you can induce the station agent to flag it," said Ellen. "Why, Dickie?"

I ventured another glance toward the table by the door. At least there was not to be any immediate scene. Mrs. Murray had lost the hint of ruffledness, and Stransford was making believe with the order card. Had it been Ellen's belated suit-case or a telltale stableman? It is only a quarter hour from the depot to Maple Hill, and there was the drug-store telephone. I reviled myself for not having whispered to cabby at Christopher Street. It had been a fine stroke for Tom Stransford with Mrs. Murray, this pretty bit of Sherlock Holmes work. Doubtless things had become too rose-colored again, for him to realize that he was a cad.

"Why, Dickie?"

"I've got the ring," I said, drawing the box from my waistcoat pocket.

"Not here, dear," whispered Ellen, putting her hand over mine. "Not here, with that dreadful man close by. Somehow, it seems sacrilegious." It did, but there was no way out of it. As I said, the deluge had come.

"There was once a sirdar called Kitchener," mused I.

"Kitchener?" echoed Ellen.

"He didn't do things according to Hoyle. They said he couldn't go down to Khartum. But he did. Do you remember how he did it?"

"Dearest, we were talking about the ring."

"He built his railroad as he went," said I. Just then "Big Terry" McCorkle threw back his head and laughed again. Ellen flashed an annoyed glance to the right. Toward the right was toward the door. Her eyes returned to mine slowly. She did not even start, although I read many things in her look. I liked her for not showing it more. "How long have you known?" she asked.

I think my mind was wandering. "He built his railway as he went," I repeated. It occurred to me that I, too, was in the structural line.

Ellen made a brave show of sipping her coffee, but she choked over the tiny swallow. Had she not been sitting she would have stamped her foot, I felt sure. "To think that *he* dared to come to face us! Dickie, no matter what happens, I'll never speak to him again as long as I live."

Again it came to me that I, too, was in the structural line. My heart jumped to my throat with the inspiration. And yet another time McCorkle—the God in the

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Ellen's smile was blown at him across the rim of the brimming crystal —Page 761.

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Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

"Garge, put down that bottle, and stand attenshun."—Page 761.

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Machine—laughed with an irregularity of ictus, which had to do with the champagne buckets.

"Dearest," I said very earnestly. "Are you going to forgive me for it all?"

This time Ellen was not sipping uselessly at her coffee. But the choke was none the less evident. Three of us were choky—McCorkle, Ellen, and I. What Mrs. Murray and Stransford may have been I do not know.

"O, Dickie, isn't there anything to do?"

That was all I needed, the appeal, with no trace of regret. There *was* something to do. There was McCorkle.

I signalled our waiter. "Ask the gentleman with the red face to come to our table for a moment," said I. "Give him this card." I called back the man as he turned. "Then bring a quart of champagne, quickly."

"McCorkle isn't the mayor, to be sure," said I to Ellen. I saw the waiter bend to the laughing one, thrusting my card into his flabby paw.

"You don't mean?" she began.

"I'm the sirdar," I said, trying to laugh—Heaven knows laughter was far from me then. "And McCorkle is our railway."

"But he doesn't know you. He won't come."

"He will when he sees there's a woman in the case."

And I was right. The God in the Machine lumbered over to us. He was fairly steady, if his face was mottled, and he eyed me strangely as I pumped his hand and thrust him into a chair. Bless the waiter! He was brisk with the wine. With the sound of the popping cork aloofness faded out of the McCorkle's countenance. "Maxwell," he said, turning over my card with his thick fingers. "Maxwell. I'm not much on names."

Kitchener, having laid the first rails, faltered. It was Ellen who started the wheels revolving over them. "You public men meet so many persons, Mr. McCorkle," she said. "You aren't to blame." Never shall I admire her more than then, with that Hieronian patronymic, McCorkle, sounding sweet upon her lips.

Kitchener roused himself. "Glasses round," the sirdar ventured. And glasses round it was. Even the God in the Machine quivered when Ellen's smile was blown at him across the rim of the brimming crystal.

"Here's luck," wheezed McCorkle in return. "Here's luck to you, Mrs. Maxwell."

Ellen put down her glass with a steady hand. "No, Mr. McCorkle," she said. "That's what we asked you over for."

The stout one was puzzled and I could not resist going on with the game. A fleeting glance at Nemesis showed her and the attendant comrade of Orestes dabbling in lobster salad. There was, then, still a half hour's grace.

"The question is, will Kitchener capture Khartum?" said I.

The God in the Machine wabbled his head vaguely. "I haven't been buyin' the war extrys these last few days," he said.

Whereupon Ellen made me grovel with a searing glance, and slowly, but very plainly—the waiter keeping the McCorkle bubble-level stationary—told what there was for telling. At the end of it the God in the Machine mopped his brow with a napkin.

"I believe in gettin' married young," he said. "That's what I tell the young folks in my district. The last chowder party I gave at City Island I tied up three couples hand runnin'. It was all fixed up after dinner—an' say, it was a dinner! I paid for a thousand quarts of ice cream that day. Two of the mothers come to me an' put up a holler. An' I says, 'Madams,' I says, 'if you don't let 'em do it now on the level, they'll be runnin' off to a Hoboken priest, or mebbe a Stanton Street rabbi, an' gettin' hitched on the quiet.' After that I married 'em."

"I feel sure that Mrs. McCorkle——" began Ellen.

A wave of recollection wiped the wine, the perspiration, and the coarseness from the stout one's face. When he spoke, he did it almost softly, forgetting to clutch the stem of his glass. "There ain't any Mrs. McCorkle," he said. "There might have been, but it's a long way from New York to County Longford, and the Irish girls' memories ain't always as green as the shamrocks they tread on." As I regarded him with a funny gripping in the throat, I knew that perhaps never before had the God in the Machine forgot contracts and primary elections long enough to lapse into poetry.

We were all without speech for a while. It was McCorkle who shattered the tense-

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ness. "Garge," he said to the waiter. "Garge, put down that bottle, and stand attenshun. Yer in the witness-box, an' what ye hear keep to yerself to chew on, or the old man in Wantage himself won't be able to keep yer job for ye."

And at that Casino table, with the grouped wine-glasses and the passing waiters, "Big Terry" McCorkle, the alderman, married us, with "Garge," wide-eyed, looking on. It wasn't church by any means. There wasn't a suggestion of shower bouquets nor of "Oh, Promise Me" by the organ, while the rector was reading out of the prayer-book. It didn't take two minutes in all. But it was a wedding, and when the God in the Machine leaned back in his chair, as he might have done when told that he'd carried his assembly district for the wigwam, I knew that Ellen and I were married. Let Nemesis finish her lobster salad at leisure.

McCorkle arose heavily after a final gulp in honor of the bride. "Garge" flitted around us, wildly distraught, uncertain as to what to do next. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell stood up to shake hands—the McCorkle grip still retains traces of the clutch upon pick and spade, which is said to have earned "Big Terry" scant bread and butter the first few years after County Longford.

"Say," said the God in the Machine, as he turned to go back to his own champagne buckets. "I'm after rememberin' now. There's a Maxwell that's put in a bid fer ten blocks of the Broadway tunnel diggin's. Am I right.?"

I nodded.

"I like ter give the youngsters a chanst," said McCorkle. "An' if there ain't no objections to a bit av a Tammany Hall weddin' present——"

Ellen's voice has a sound all its own when her eyes are wet. "O, Mr. McCorkle," she exclaimed, "you're a dear—a dear!"

The stout one grinned. "Am I so?" he said. "Am I so? Well, mebbe, but the papers ain't always sayin' it. God bless ye, dearie!"

We watched him rejoin his friends. Five minutes afterward they were gone.

"Khartum is taken," said I, unashamed of the tremble in my words.

"I salaam, most mighty sirdar," said Ellen shakily. Then she laughed through her wet lashes.

Nemesis and Tom Stransford were in readiness when we stepped upon the veranda. We greeted them cheerily, whereat they were plainly taken aback.

"Mr. Maxwell," began Nemesis with steely composure.

"It's 'Richard' now, mamma," Ellen broke in. The wedding-ring was evidence enough. Stransford stood wide-eyed.

My hansom drove up and the apron doors clicked open. "The Holland House," said I to cabby.

Tom Stransford came down the steps as I put Mrs. Maxwell within. His face was troubled. "Let me offer my congratulations," he said. "I hope you'll understand that I came because I couldn't help it."

"Was it the stableman or the suit-case?" asked Ellen, as she held out her hand.

"It was the suit-case," said Stransford. "Mrs. Murray was on the station platform when I got in. My train was late—twenty minutes, I think."

"Be good to her on the way home, Tom," whispered Ellen, waving her hand to the veranda.

Nemesis beckoned to Stransford, who ran up the steps and returned quickly. "Mrs. Murray asks Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell to put up at Maple Hill over Sunday," he said.

"Say yes, Dickie," urged Ellen.

"Oh, of course," I agreed.

She was out of the hansom and flying up the steps while the cabby stared. I saw Nemesis clasped in her young, strong arms. It is a serious thing to part mother and daughter.

"Thank God for that!" said I aloud.

"Amen," said Stransford, and we gripped hands, this time in earnest. It isn't every defeated army that shows up good sort.

Again I tucked Ellen into place. "Good by until to-morrow, mamma," she called to the top step, as the wheels moved. Then we were out of sight, well into the driveway.

"And now, sirdar?" said Ellen.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE feeling that fifty is the proper age for giving serious consideration to the advisability of "retiring from the activities of life"—if not for oneself at least for others—is, quite apart from its possible scientific justification, amusingly repugnant to the marked modern attitude toward age. It comes as a shock to the lay mind largely because it seems a reversion to a discarded theory. It fits in far better with "old-fashioned" ideas—those rather of the eighteenth than the twentieth century, as when at fifty-six Washington shrank from accepting the presidency on the ground that he had reached "the advanced season of life," the age-limit, as we should say. Or, to hark back merely a quarter of a century, it accords with a curious feeling, probably a survival, expressed by the late James Anthony Froude, when elected rector of St. Andrew's University. Mr. Froude opened his address with an acknowledgment of his special pleasure at the honor conferred because of its recognition of what he "had done." "As we advance in life," he remarked, "the question with us is no longer what we shall do." At the time when he made this confession Mr. Froude had reached the age of fifty-one.

The Modern Attitude Toward Age

A distinguishing mark of the modern attitude has been a "decline in superannuation." It is not that people live longer on the average than they once did—a disputed point of vital statistics—but that they live longer during a normal life in maintaining activity of interest up to the last. This is evident, despite an occasional, and perhaps growing, tendency to impose an age-limit of forty in more strenuous physical service where, under pressure of competition, full bodily vigor is required for efficiency. In social life, notably, the peculiar badges and distinctions of age are increasingly discarded. The passing of a once familiar type of grandmother, at least to the oldest of us, is an illustration—a lovely old lady in a black silk gown, wearing a cap with strings and a neckkerchief, the inevitable book or work-bag in her lap, conversation with her being supposed to be concerned principally with "what she did when she was a girl." It is this type a social chronicler pictures for us in an account of a reception given in New York about sixty years ago to the "venerable" widow of Chancellor Kent, a vigorous and alert woman of seventy, who "sat in a chair of state in one corner of the drawing-room all the evening. The guests, including many notables of the day, paid their respects to her, exchanged a few words, and then withdrew." This conformed to what was then the ritual of life, to pay ceremonious deference to age according to an arbitrary distinction of birthdays.

This change in social attitude toward age truly reflects, as is widely recognized, the changed actual attitude, the attitude of encouragement to continued activity in business, professional or political effort, regardless of conventional limit. That such a change contributes greatly to the promotion of individual happiness in the aggregate, however it may handicap race-efficiency in an industrial age, is hardly open to question.

In case of possible economic scruples on the score of impaired race-efficiency—and the Japanese, at least, can be conceived of as cherishing such scruples—it is reassuring to find so competent an authority as Professor Shaler of Harvard defining this modern attitude toward age as, in effect, a distinguishing mark of a high civilization. In his treatise, "The Individual," Professor Shaler states that "among the brutes, even the gentlest, the superannuated are either quite neglected, or, as is often the case, killed or driven from the association"; and that "among the lowest savages like conditions prevail." When, however, primitive men rise from the savage into the barbaric state, "at once a distinct value is set upon old people." At first placed in a class apart, to be regarded with reverence for their wisdom and dignity, the aged, as civilization develops, are finally "readopted into the association and are allowed to go along with the business of life in the manner of other

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men and women." The great advantage to all of this present attitude Professor Shaler strongly affirms. "It brings into the centre of the social life," he writes, "all the value which inheres in age; the broad view of life, the repose, the sense of relative values which is lacking in the immature, and is scarcely attainable by those who are in the full tide of living." This is the story of the natural evolution of a high civilization. It is convincing as the saner, broader word of science on the proper relation of age to life, because it emphasizes appreciation of relative values as the true ideal of living.

Lessons in Living

THE chronic complaint of the educator everywhere that people expect the school to teach things which it is only possible to teach at home is more acute just now perhaps than ever before. It is also indubitably more acute in our own country than anywhere else. Much of the experimentation with educational methods—shall we not say three-fourths?—is due to nothing else than the desire to make the scholastic machinery, from the primary grades up to the university, supply directions and sign-posts for a series of matters that properly have nothing to do whatever with the specific functions of schooling.

In a new country, where society is not yet very highly organized, this is a natural state of things. Every intelligent person knows that, with life as it is to-day, what a man can get out of books is only half of what he actually requires to make his way and lead any sort of rounded existence. Hence the demand that education should be something more than the learning of printed pages. It is quite obvious that education must indeed be something more, but it should also be equally obvious that the part of education with which schools and colleges are really concerned can be this book part merely. Discipline and fine emulation are social qualities that come incidentally; and a few years at a good college should be much the same lesson in gentlemanly living to a youth as a similar period of knight-errantry might have been to him in the Middle Ages.

But this must be by the way, entirely. A great hampering of educational institutions comes from the effort to make direct aims out of forces which can only, of their nature, be indirect influences Lessons in thinking are, after all, not quite the same as lessons in living.

Instead of the many treatises which we have everywhere on how to make scholastic courses complete "equipments" for the future life, why have we not a few practical suggestions bearing on the duty, or advisability, of mature and educated persons making what the French call a social "situation" for themselves, aside from their occupations, and when they have done with schooling, of all sorts? The American has a way of being a little contemptuous of the pendant wire-pulling of European society, of the manner in which individuals try to "place" themselves in a recognized circle, however small, the manner, in a word, in which they seek to make themselves tell as individuals, *se faire valoir* (for what one may be worth)—to have a personality, or, at least, to be a familiar inmate of circles where there are real personalities—that is, a process of education which the European carries on for himself after he has left his books behind him. His children inherit the benefits of his efforts. They, too, are "placed" before they know it.

Contrast with this the vast hordes of romantic Americans whose impermanent homes in hotels and boarding-houses bring them into contact only with members of society as impermanent as themselves. In any social sense they belong nowhere. They are component parts of no stable circle. They get no lessons, therefore, in organized living. It is these people chiefly who look to schools and colleges to give their children a social start from the material point of view, and, intellectually, the sort of training that enables individuals to become personalities. To be a personality is to have taken a positive hold of life somewhere. It means that you not only develop your own aptitudes, but seek out those who are doing the same. To be a respecter of persons is often the most excellent way to achieve culture.

The reason why the social life of Europe is still spoken of as more agreeable than our own is that, dropping into it here or there, you get more of the feeling of being near the centre of things. What all parents desire is to see their sons and daughters close to the centre. But no education of the schools can alone achieve that result. It comes by a process of selection, of knowing the proper values of life, which the family itself must teach

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THE FIELD OF ART

ST LOUIS

I

IN the memory of one who has been enabled to follow the successive universal exhibitions since that held in Paris in 1878, the effort of some particular nation has left in each instance a predominating impression, a detail of the whole, but distinct and apart from the general effect produced by the comprehensive art exhibit.

In all these expositions an artist of our race may be pardoned to have watched with jealous eye the representation made by our own artists; and patriotism alone, if a fair use of his standards of comparison be conceded, is not the basis of a belief that from the tentative showing of 1878 to the applauded and rewarded exhibit of our countrymen at Paris in 1900, there has been evidence of steady and satisfactory progress, culminating at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in a definite expressional achievement second to the exhibit of no other nation.

Without desiring to qualify this sweeping statement, it is evident that the critical analysis of the art of any country must deal with it as a whole, and leave out of consideration individual proficiencies; otherwise and for instance, the genius of the Swiss Böcklin or the Italian Segantini would by accident raise the level of the art of their respective countries to a plane higher than that generally accorded. Young as is our art, like instances which will occur to everyone might be cited with us, but it so happened that our exhibit at St. Louis lacked representation of a number of our men whose eminence is generally conceded, and in other cases the examples shown by such men were not particularly important. Hence the task of adequately representing the present status of American art was confided more or less to the rank and file of those whose works make up the current exhibitions in our various cities. No such limitations as were prescribed in forming the collections shown by England, France, or Germany were enforced in scattering broadcast among our practising artists the invitation to submit their work to the juries of selection, meeting in our principal cities in the winter preceding the exposition. The United States exhibit in Paris in 1900 was thus selected; in nearly every instance not only the particular artist was invited to exhibit, but a particular work was chosen, and the collection, necessarily limited in number, was in consequence less typical of our current production than that at St. Louis. The jury of selection in choosing works for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition met in cities as far east as Boston and as far west as St. Louis, and thus had opportunities for comparison and selection greater than have been afforded heretofore to bring together a comprehensive and typical exhibit. In addition to the works submitted in response to the general invitation, the juries were empowered to solicit from artists or owners works which would add to the interest of our national representation.

II

THE total number of exhibits in the art section, three thousand, three hundred and seventy-one, far exceeded that of any previous exhibition of American art, and afforded for the first time an opportunity to judge comprehensively of the result of the endeavor of the artists of the republic in close comparison with those of the Old World.

It should be noted that the Art Department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition adopted a broader classification than had prevailed at previous expositions. So recently as the Paris Exposition of 1900 the student of art was obliged to search in buildings devoted to various industries the different objects of original Art workmanship, which at St. Louis were most justly brought within the walls of the Art Palace. In St. Louis, by passing through the successive galleries, one could follow this latest and extremely interesting phase of art effort as expressed by different

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nations, and to mention only our own exhibit, the writer is but one of many visitors who, believing themselves to be tolerably cognizant of the activities of our art, were surprised and charmed with the quantity and quality of the work produced.

Provision was also made for a phase of our art of recent development. Mural painting is so essentially an art that can only be definitely judged in the place for which it is designed, that no adequate exhibition can be made in the galleries in which easel pictures and sculpture unrelated to architecture, are generally shown. Yet it was manifest that no comprehensive exhibit of our painting could be had without representation of our mural painters, for many of our most important artists whose training and practice have fitted them to depict the human figure have abandoned the easel picture and devote their effort to mural painting. Consequently two large alcoves in the sculpture hall of the central art building were given over to drawings, sketches in color, and photographs from completed works in mural painting; and though to the visitor who ignored the very considerable decorative work in various public and private buildings throughout our country the full significance of this exhibit may not have appealed, there were few more interesting, significant, and for our art of the future more hopeful exhibits made than those photographs and sketches.

III

THE foreign nations had responded generously to the invitation to participate in the exposition. France, to quote its commissioner-general, has never sent so large an exhibition outside her own territory, and the whole, comprising the applied arts, numbered nearly fifteen hundred works. The installation of the pictures in this section did not appear to be happy, and consequently many of the most interesting works were seen only as a reward for repeated visits and close scrutiny. When studied, however, there was much to justify the high esteem in which French painting is held. A higher average of technical efficiency than that possessed by any other nation was evident. The defect of this very great merit could be equally felt in instances where the manner overbalanced the importance of the matter, where huge canvases were employed to depict a subject trivial in itself and superficial in its expression. Despite a certain aridity and over-insistence on a quasi-photographic accuracy, it was instructive to find throughout the French section an assiduous study of form. This was strongly felt in the landscapes, where the study of this quality could greatly benefit our own landscape school, and a pleasant sense of certainty in the drawing of trees and in the accuracy with which the varying planes of the ground were represented was most welcome. This sense of form, which throughout the history of their art has seldom deserted the French, prevailed equally in their exhibit of the applied arts, and in works conceived in the historic styles, a knowledge betokening a respectful familiarity with its traditions was shown. This tradition survived even when avowedly abandoned by the exponents of the self-styled *art nouveau*, where the work of Lalique and his followers found an expression which to the writer's mind amply justified itself, however much in works of larger scope this nascent style may be questioned. In sculpture France had little to show in comparison with her notable exhibit in Chicago in 1893. The difficulty of transportation of works of sculpture may be responsible for a showing meagre in quantity and not quite representative in quality.

Lacking the sane academic tradition of her neighbor across the Channel, England had a better representation of her art than repeated visits to the Royal Academy, the Guildhall exhibitions—or even the Tate Gallery would reveal, a collection far superior to that shown in Paris in 1900.

At a period when in the pursuit of realistic effect, painting has insisted overmuch on the characteristic at the expense of the typical, the sense of beauty has suffered, and awaiting a new renascence, survives more in the art of Great Britain than elsewhere. Less authoritative technically than the French, less daring in the application of untried methods than the Swedes, but on the other hand, less set in a routine than such German art as was shown in St. Louis, the English painting evinced much sounder technical methods than those prevailing twenty years ago, and showed progress in that direction since their exhibit in Chicago. It was, in fact, one of the most interesting of the foreign sections, and the picture-making quality, evidenced in contradistinction to the acceptance and rendition of the accidental suggestion of our every-day world, seemed grateful in the

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dearth of imaginative work prevalent elsewhere. This influence permeates the English landscape school no less than her figure painters, and there were many examples where the successful repression of detail harmful to general effect, of deliberate arrangement of line and mass, and of wise selection of the time of day or night that was most expressive, lifted a work from the category of the study into that of the composed and ponderated picture. Little of sculpture save in its minor and more transportable form was shown, but as was to be expected from the birth-land of William Morris and the Arts and Crafts movement, there was a large and interesting exhibit of work in the applied arts.

Sweden must be dismissed with a word, though the exhibit fully sustained the impression made in Chicago; one that has been influential in our own art. Vivid reality, the unconventional choice of subject, with the sole qualification that it be near at home, and the equal disregard for tradition in its presentation, make of Swedish art the most essentially national, almost parochial, expression to be found in any country with the exception of Japan. That nation would demand for an appreciation of the extensive exhibit made in St. Louis of all the arts for which she is renowned a critical competence which the present writer cannot claim. To his Western mind it sufficed to pass many hours in the galleries devoted to Japan and be impressed by qualities of observation which escape our duller senses, by deftness of technical rendering, and by the abstention from the common fault in our practice of overelaboration. For their sculpture in its extraordinary sense of life, we must go back to the Tanagra figurines to find this stately art become familiarly human, though the grace and rhythm of the Greek has escaped his Oriental successor. The glazes, the enamels, the arts of the potter and the bronze founder, were all calculated to sustain their ancient reputation and excite wonder at the mingling of manual dexterity and refined taste, and the only regrettable feature of the exhibit, haply proving that this curious and baffling race are subject to the limitations of average humanity, was a small collection of works by Japanese artists trained in Western schools and painting in accordance with our methods.

Much might have here been said of the German exhibit if the ruler of that land had not, by common report, sought to direct his artists as he directs his armies. The result of this imperial interference was the loss to the Exposition of the representation of the so-called Secession branch of German art, which is among the most interesting of the modern manifestations of painting in Europe. The German exhibit was therefore ultra-official, and while a number of notable works could be found by careful search, the aspect of the whole was dominated by huge canvases depicting historic scenes taken from the history of Germany and the Hohenzollern family.

Holland and Belgium in well-filled galleries had little that was not already familiar to the student of their art, though individual works, no less than the general impression of the whole, proved that in both those nations the traditions of a firmly established and characteristic art are valiantly upheld. Of other countries, limits of space forbid consideration, though all the older peoples were characteristically represented, and newer additions to the family of nations like Bulgaria or our nearest neighbor, Canada, brought welcome contributions in well-chosen and interesting collections of their work.

IV

THE eclectic character of our native art, in consonance to the cosmopolitan character of our population, avows frankly in its production the sources from which it springs. This is but natural, for the painters now in their prime were forced by lack of proper means of instruction at home to seek training in their craft in other lands, and the habit still prevails of seeking at least post-graduate instruction in the Old World. In addition to this the barriers of distance have been displaced by the commercial possibilities of our New World, and the student to-day in our larger cities may find examples of virtually all the schools of painting extant, and find among them models on which to fashion his own endeavor.

Isolation engendering self-dependence undoubtedly fostered in the earlier men qualities which the future historian of our art may not magnify into a school, but which he may recognize as an American manner; and the painter of to-day, his apprenticeship passed, is developing, together with more assured technical power, an expression that bids fair to be equally his own. Even to-day the

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material preoccupation of our people and the indifference to art, except as a luxury, for a restricted class, continue very much the same conditions as those which put these earlier painters on their mettle to produce an art that would pierce the armor of indifference and make their careless countrymen give heed to their endeavor. In this we know that they were for a time successful, and the popular interest evinced at St. Louis last summer may possibly denote a larger appreciation for the American artist, where he may receive the practical recognition so necessary to stimulate production.

V

FEW of the American pictures shown, however, followed the traditions of the exhibition picture. In their honest effort to earn a living our painters have long ago learned that great canvases, such as are commonly produced to solicit popular success in the Salon, can find no place within the restricted space of our houses. Figure painting, except for the demands of decoration, is also, to speak in commercial terms, a drug in the market for the time being, and in consequence there were few figure compositions. Landscape predominated, and here our painters, face to face with the problems of the atmosphere and light of our Western continent, have for the most part been truthful and simple students of nature. The lessons of their various schools are by no means forgotten, but the prevalence of clearer skies, light that through our thinner air falls in sharper definition upon the earth beneath, and more varied local color due to the variety of herbage and trees in our less cultured soil, have acted together to work a change from the grayer skies, the veiled light, and man's arbitrary restriction to the trees and herbage that serve his ends, which govern the landscape painter of the Old World. This note of the soil may at bottom be the charm which held our people, though in all other work in art a something less capable of explanation, possibly escaping definition, that was characteristically our own, could be felt. This was above all true of our sculpture, admirably shown in a spacious hall of the central pavilion of the art building.

Here the human interest dominated, and it was interesting to note how well our sculptors have solved the problem of portraying a contemporary — have faced the difficulties of modern costume and conceived their work as a sculptural mass without sacrifice of the necessary likeness or plausibility of action. Sculpture of a more decorative character due to the opportunities afforded by the architect was also in evidence, and here our men showed great ingenuity of composition.

VI

IN the sculpture as in the painting the presence of the occasional masterpiece by no means denoted the full and perfect fruition due to long culture, but rather a healthy growing art, measurably near its maturity, if skies be clement and the husbandmen give heed. No exhibition of pictures and sculpture alone, such as are annually held in many of our cities, has given this impression of the art of a nation, for none of these have comprised all the allied arts. In painting alone the stranger within our gates or our compatriots, equally ignorant of the fact that much of our most significant art has found place upon the walls of buildings public and private in the past score of years, and has never been seen in exhibition galleries, might conclude from the usual picture show that we have no men who paint the figure other than our portraitists. This error the mural painting exhibit served to correct at St. Louis, as in like manner the decorative sculpture on the various buildings, the grounds, and in the art gallery, proved the capacity of our sculptors for other work than renderings of deceased statesmen in broadcloth. The showing made in the applied arts was a revelation to many, and an answer to the question as to the future of some of the myriad students which our busy art schools are turning out, who may find in these minor arts opportunity and employment.

If in comparison with those older nations whose art has found its definite formulæ, our work appeared less definite, it was also less crystallized; and, since freedom from tradition in the hands of men whose work is based on a sound technical foundation may be counted as an asset, the future would seem to be full of promise.

WILL H. LOW.

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